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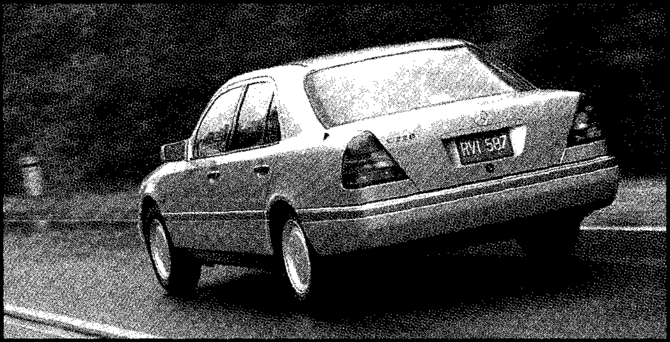

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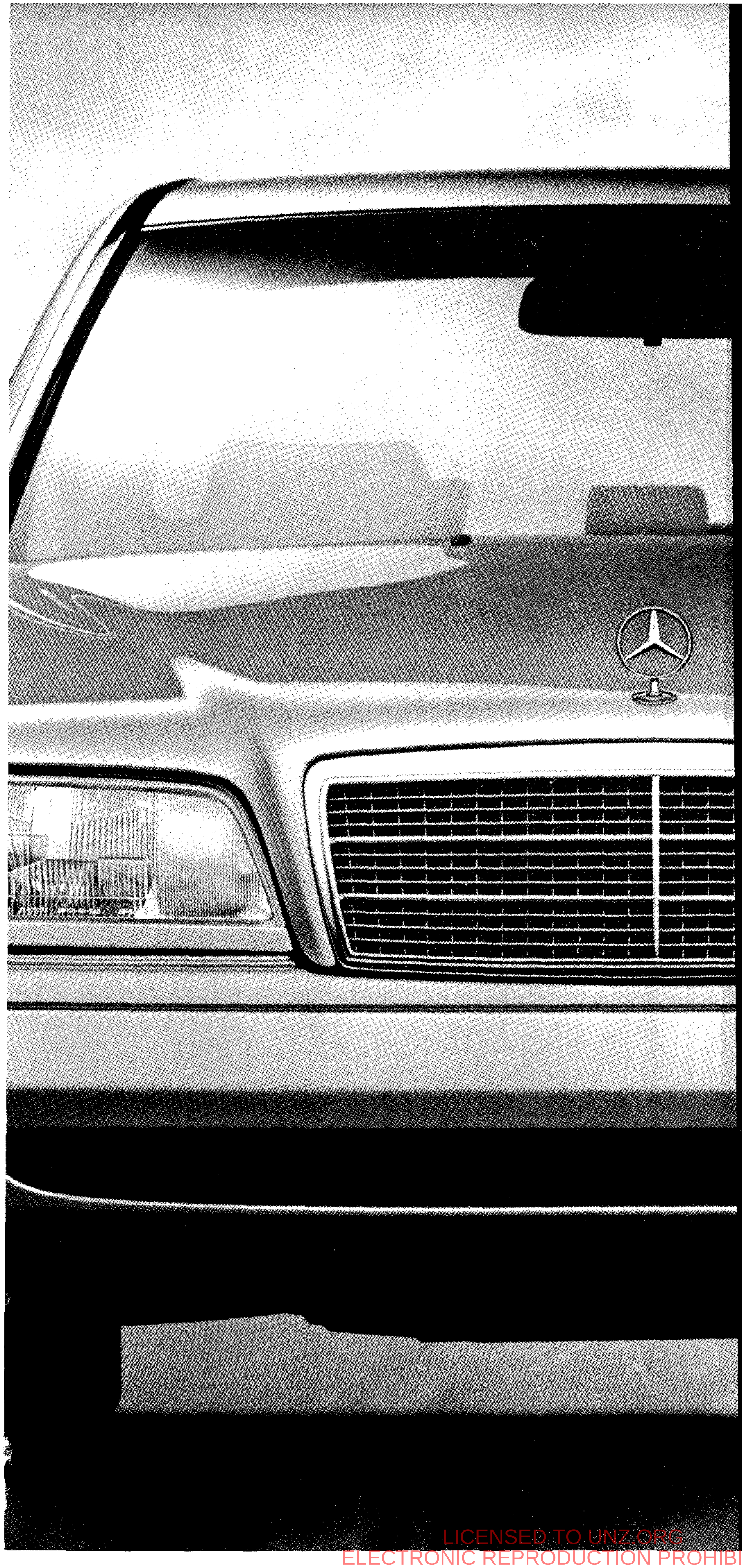

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Contents July 17, 1995

"*Can drag surprise anymore? Can an actor surprise anymore? A piece of music? A painting? There are no limits if one is willing to go beyond the obvious.*"

JOHN KELLY, PAGE 24

24 Drag Busts Out

By Charles Busch

Drag was once a form of personal expression restricted to hole-in-the-wall nightclubs and voguing balls, but now the spectacle of men dressing up like women has moved into the mainstream and begun to clamor—*Go, girl!*—for recognition as a full-fledged art form. We can all agree, at least, that when Patrick Swayze and Wesley Snipes start squeezing into girdles and bustiers, *something's* up. Is this the golden age of drag? A field report from one of its high priest(esse)s.

34 One of Them

By Jeffrey Goldberg

Robert McKinney's passion for things Chinese took him deep into Chinatown's underworld. He lived large from 1988 to 1991, running a nightclub for several gangs while dealing a little heroin on the side. Then he met a girl who made him want to leave the life—but he was in too deep, and now he's paying the price. An exclusive glimpse into the world of Chinese gangs.

40 Stalking The Wild Truite Aux Cattails

By Peter Kaminsky

It's summer, and what better time to plan a feast around food that's never seen a market? Two of New York's most acclaimed chefs—Gray Kunz of Lespinasse and Cascabel's Tom Valenti—go down to Pennsylvania's Delaware River and gather weeds, herbs, and other native comestibles for an experiment in *cuisine naturelle*. Fiddlehead ferns and milkweed from a mossy sedge, fish straight out of the stream: It doesn't get fresher than this.

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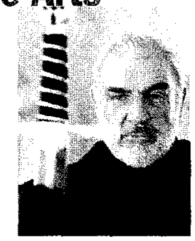

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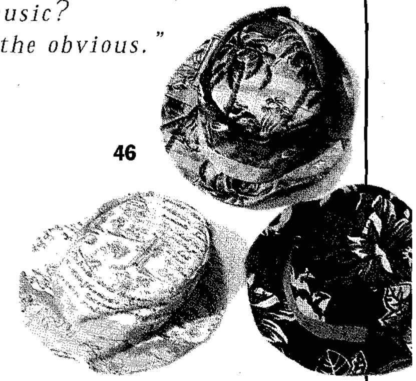

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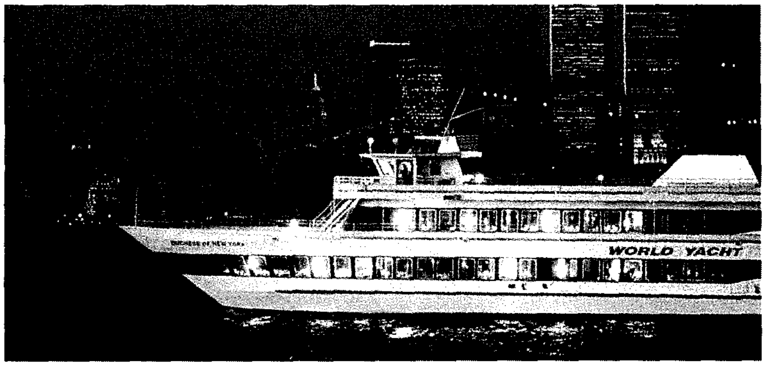

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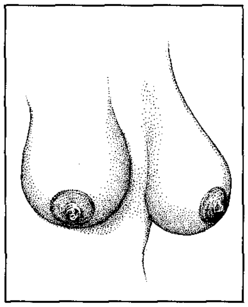
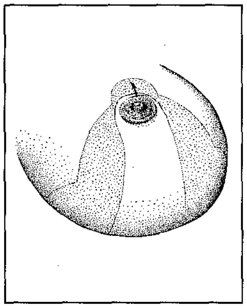
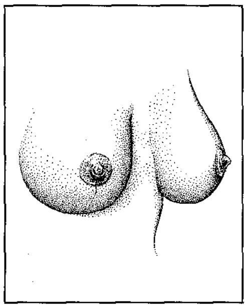


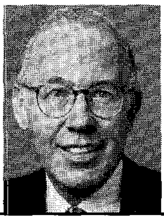
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



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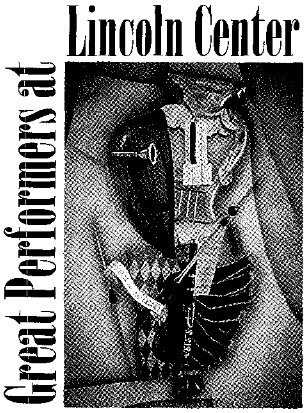

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The Riot Act

Readers find that stand-up comedy in the nineties is no laughing matter. And they love underwater cops.

AFTER THE NAUSEATING SEWAGE OF Larry Doyle's cover story ["The Comedy Zombies and the Ninth Circle of Funny," June 19], I felt the need for a long shower to scrub off the diseased excrement that now passes for comedy.

Valerie Stevens
DURHAM, N.C.

LARRY DOYLE'S ARTICLE MAKES US ASK, "Why were the Bennys, the Aces, the Allens (Steve and Fred, both), Berles, Benchleys, Parkers, Woollcotts intuitively brilliant and where are their kind now?" Answer: These were the products of a literate society, widely read or with extensive cultural experience, which gave them backgrounds upon which to draw. Their cultural achievement was not arrested at the potty-training level. They knew how to think and were well edited, either by erudite editors or by perceptive audiences. Aside from NPR's Michael Feldman (a Bennett Cerf–Groucho Marx reincarnate), Will Durst, and Garrison Keillor (all appropriately denied guilt by association in Doyle's article), there are few first-rate people performing humor.

Allen Brookins-Brown
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

LARRY DOYLE REPORTS THAT HE DOESN'T know what psychological or sociological factors make people laugh at bestiality, incest, pedophilia, and genital mutilation. Well, psychology and sociology aside, one of the main factors is drunkenness. The comedians who cherish their audience-slaying jokes about having sex with cats or urinating on doughnuts and consider them to be among the crown jewels of late-twentieth-century comedy ought to try them out in a dry club sometime.

I've seen many articles examining the current state of comedy but almost none that use the word *humor*. Looking for humor in comedy clubs is like looking for true love in a strip joint. There is plenty of delightful wit being produced in this country, but it is in written form, in comic novels and essays. And in other places too; Doyle's own "Bad Publicity" strip in *New York* (done in collaboration with artist Kyle Baker) has, after a shaky start, developed into just about the funniest cartoon feature now running.

David English
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via E-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

LARRY DOYLE'S PIECE ON THE WORLD of stand-up is a rare thing: an article about comedy that is actually funny itself. My belief is that stand-up is the mime of the nineties. It's fine as long as there's not too much of it around.

Danno Sullivan
MANHATTAN

Flea-Market Reprieve

FLEA-MARKET VENDORS AND PATRONS ["Gotham: Flea-Market Tsuris," by Ruth G. Davis, June 19] are not about to lose the flea-market location at Sixth Avenue between 24th and 26th Streets—at least not imminently. The city does plan to rezone the area, but it is unlikely that this particular site would be developed until at least 2004. Although this is not set in stone, the Annex Flea Market should remain open for the foreseeable future.

Alan Boss, President
The Annex Antiques Fair & Flea Market Inc.
MANHATTAN

Scuba Do!

THANK YOU FOR THE ARTICLE ON THE police-scuba unit ["N.Y.P.D. Not So Blue," by Melik Kaylan, May 15]. It's just what *New York* Magazine did so well until the mid-seventies—write about the city of New York.

Christopher Gray
MANHATTAN

MY COMPLIMENTS TO MELIK KAYLAN for the story on the N.Y.P.D.'s scuba patrol. It was one of the most interesting stories I have ever read in any publication.

Lloyd P. Zuckerberg
MANHATTAN

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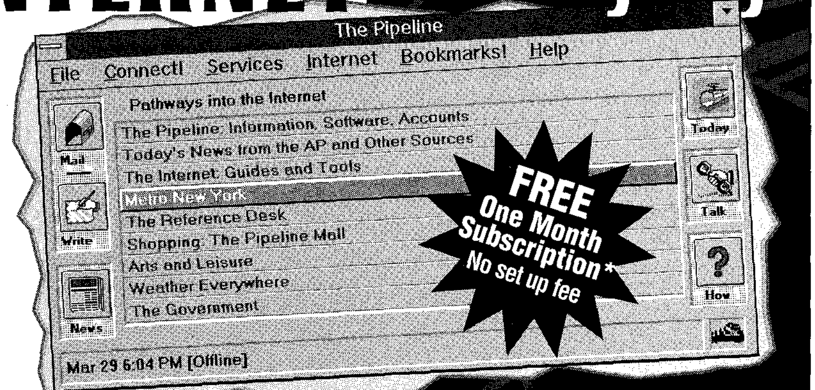

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LETTERS

No Small Praise

ON BEHALF OF THE FAMILY OF BAITHE Diop, I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks to Detectives Tom Aiello and Mike Donnelly for their diligent work in the arrests of his suspected murderers ["How to Solve a Murder," by Chris Smith, June 12].

As Baithe's brother-in-law, I had the sad task of informing his wife and family in Senegal of their tragic loss, and it has devastated them. Even after Baithe's funeral, the youngest of his six children asked me, "When is Papa coming home?" We who knew this wonderful man are eternally grief stricken by his murder, gratified only that he is now in the hands of God. We pray that justice will prevail against his assailants.

Talla Diagne
MANHATTAN

Sensitivity Training

OF ALL THE APPALLING THINGS I'VE READ in *New York* recently, the sexist-ageist description of Frances Lear's magazine in "Intelligencer" ["Norman & Frances: All in the Office," April 17] as "menopausal" tops the list. Who's writing your "Intelligencer" column nowadays—Al D'Amato?

Helen E. Brower
MANHATTAN

The Bigger the Better?

EVERYTHING THAT GOES AROUND COMES around—even tall food. Gael Greene's article "Tall Orders" [March 20] prompts thoughts of the most celebrated culinarian of his time, Marie-Antoine Carême (1784–1833), who is credited as the originator of *grande cuisine.* As a young cook, Carême would copy architectural drawings upon which he based his elaborate *patisserie* creations, which were greatly admired. He once said, "The fine arts are five in number, to wit, painting, sculpture, poetry, music, and architecture, whose main branch is confectionery."

Karen Page
MANHATTAN

I DINED IN A NEW YORK RESTAURANT TWICE a day for 25 years. I cannot recollect a single instance in which I complained that the food was not tall enough. Perhaps the height of the food is relative to the height of the chef preparing it. The rumor existent among female chefs is that it corresponds to another measure of stature.

Don Barnett
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

A BLUE PERIOD FOR PALOMA PICASSO

After a close 22-year partnership, designer **Paloma Picasso** and her husband, **Rafael Lopez-Cambil,** have reportedly separated and are amicably seeking a divorce. Rumors about the couple's troubled marriage—swirling in the fashion community for months—were finally confirmed by close friends last week. Since the breakup, the notoriously shy Picasso is said to have struck up a friendship with a London doctor. Over the past fifteen years, the inseparable couple—propelled by Lopez-Cambil's shrewd business sense and Picasso's talent—painstakingly built up a vast fashion empire that includes jewelry, cosmetics, and leather goods. Last year, the transplanted New Yorkers sold their Park Avenue duplex and moved to London after Picasso gave Lopez-Cambil a half-interest in both her company and the Paloma Picasso trademark. "If they had stayed in the U.S., the taxes would have been prohibitive," explains a source. The couple's various businesses were put in an offshore trust. Post-separation, Lopez-Cambil will continue to guide the businesses. Still uncertain is how the couple will divide the voluminous and staggeringly valuable art collection Paloma received in the late seventies from the Picasso estate.

CARLY'S *FAIR*-WEATHER FRIEND?

Did *Vanity Fair*'s **Marie Brenner** pull a fast one on **Carly Simon**? Brenner's profile of the singer in *VF*'s August issue includes scandalous confessions by Simon about her parents' rocky marriage. But the singer now claims that some of the information that made it into the article was either off-the-record or never cleared for publication when the story was killed by *The New Yorker*—where it had begun as a Bill Moyers–esque piece on artistic creativity—and picked up by *VF.* Explains Simon: "I'd say, 'This isn't going in the article, right?' And she'd say, 'Oh, nooo. Don't be silly! You know the rules.' But it seemed like all the rules changed when it got to *Vanity Fair.*" Brenner may also have had some previous knowledge of the Simon soap opera—her ex-husband, radio personality **Jonathan Schwartz,** summered with Carly's family as a child. "[Schwartz] knew everything about them," a source says. "And he hated the parents." Brenner—who has just become a writer-at-large at *VF* after a frustrating stint at *The New Yorker*—disagrees with Simon's assessment: "Carly didn't go into this naïvely," she says. "Zero percent was off the record." Simon says now she has only herself to blame. "I should have asked to see the reworked piece," she says. "But I thought Marie was a friend."

Paloma Picasso:
Change of heart

Carly Simon:
Change of mind

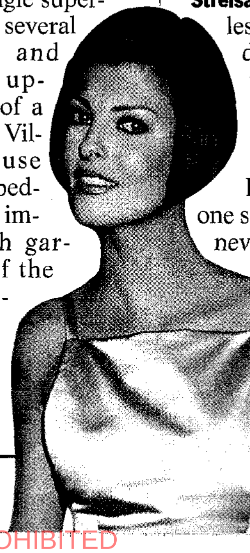
JUDGE ITO IS WATCHING YOU

Has Judge **Lance Ito** become Big Brother of the L.A. County Courthouse? Last month, deputy district attorney **Woody Clarke**—no relation to Marcia—was chatting up a group of Simpson-beat journalists when he was joined by a woman nobody recognized. A short time later, the same woman—who turned out to be a plainclothes deputy sheriff working for Ito—showed up at Clarke's office with a uniformed policeman in tow. "I thought I was going to be arrested," Clarke told friends. Instead, he was issued a stern warning from Ito. She told Clarke he was in violation of Judge Ito's edict against talking to the press too near the courtroom, a prosecution insider says. "It seems there are undercover officers watching not only the jury and the press but the D.A.'s people as well. It's like living in East Berlin. Judge Ito has become obsessed with the gallery. He's even posted NO GUM CHEWING signs at every seat." Clarke admits that the deputy admonished him but says, "Everyone knows who she is. There are undercover people in the courtroom every day." Why? "I guess the judge doesn't like uniforms."

LINDA AND BARBRA FIND NEW HOMES

VILLAGE PERSON: Supermodel **Linda Evangelista** is obviously a downtown girl. Real-estate sources report that the still-single supermodel spurned several posh co-ops and townhouses uptown in favor of a five-story West Village townhouse "with lots of bedrooms and an impressive south garden" on one of the quiet, proverbially tree-lined streets. "Linda just wants some privacy," says one spy. After paying $2 million plus, she'll get some.

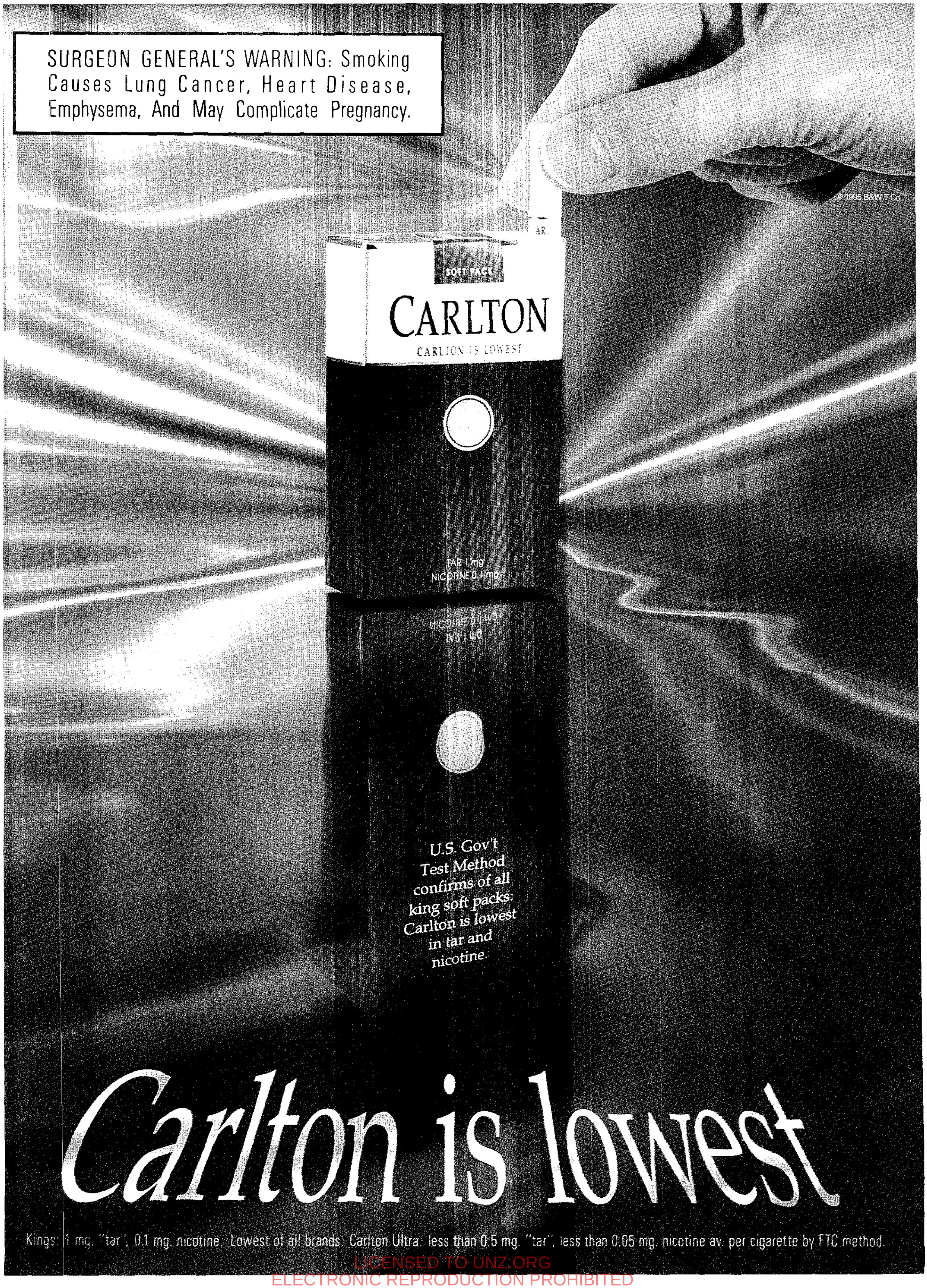
AMAGANSETT BOUND: Contrary to reports that **Barbra Streisand** and son are homeless for the summer, the diva and **Jason Gould** are renting the home of businessman Fred Segal on Amagansett's ultravoguish Further Lane. Why rent? Snips one source: "[Barbra] could never settle on a house to buy." Meanwhile, Jason is reportedly at work on a biography of his idol—the late **Sal Mineo.**



Linda Evangelista:
Change of address

Photographs: top right, Elena Seibert/Outline; center right, Henry McGee/Globe Photos; bottom, L. Schwartzwald/Sygma.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.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SOFT PACK
CARLTON
CARLTON IS LOWEST
TAR 1 mg
NICOTINE 0.1 mg
Carlton is lowest

U.S. Gov't Test Method confirms of all king soft packs: Carlton is lowest in tar and nicotine.

Kings: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine. Lowest of all brands: Carlton Ultra: less than 0.5 mg. "tar", less than 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

GOTHAM

I was in love with the city the way you love the first person who ever touches you—*Joan Didion*

THE FRONT PAGE

Hot Dogs and Englishmen

Stoke up the barbecues and sex scandals—it's the sizzle season.

It's summertime, and everyone's easy. Everyone who's anyone is doing everybody else, doing the hot and humid thing, the nasty, sweaty, criminal misdemeanor thing. It happens every year around this time, when Congress is out of session.

Hugh Grant, you may have heard, stars in *Nine Months,* a delightful romantic comedy about a man coming to terms with the responsibilities of impending fatherhood. According to a recent poll on the Internet, two out of five people (well, people who respond to polls on the Internet) say they are now more likely to see the film when it opens this Wednesday. Word of mouth, as they say, is good.

What else you may have heard about Hugh Grant, without really trying: He keeps twenty-dollar bills crumpled up in his pockets; he's not fond of condoms; and until very recently, he always wanted to have sex with a black woman. He's also having some serious problems with his girlfriend, who is very white and beautiful, which makes what he did inexcusable.

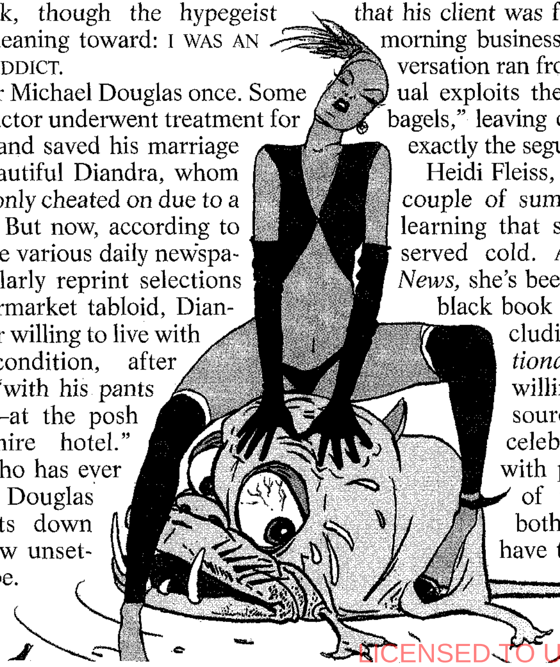
What would eventually excuse what Hugh Grant did was still a matter of intense speculation last week, though the hypegeist seemed to be leaning toward: I WAS AN OBSESSED SEX ADDICT.

It worked for Michael Douglas once. Some years ago, the actor underwent treatment for that affliction and saved his marriage to the very beautiful Diandra, whom he could have only cheated on due to a mental illness. But now, according to the *Star* and the various daily newspapers that regularly reprint selections from the supermarket tabloid, Diandra is no longer willing to live with Michael's . . . condition, after catching him "with his pants down—again—at the posh Beverly Wilshire hotel." And anyone who has ever seen Michael Douglas with his pants down knows just how unsettling that can be.

Jim Carrey, who shows his much less offensive buttocks on the cover of the current *Rolling Stone,* is "still plagued by an ugly past riddled with strange sexual obsessions," according to the *Globe,* generally not considered as reliable as the *Star.* And certainly not as reliable as *Vanity Fair,* which this month features Carly Simon confessing that she became "obsessed with sex" after growing up in a home in which Father had an affair with a woman 18 years his senior and Mother had an affair with a man 24 years her junior.

Ronald Perelman, married to a woman only eleven years his junior, may not be obsessed with sex, but he does like to talk about it, according to the lawyer of a former employee who is suing the billionaire for $30 million. The unpleasantly ubiquitous Barry Slotnick, attorney for Fred Tepperman, told a White Plains jury that his client was forced to endure countless morning business meetings in which "conversation ran from Mr. Perelman's . . . sexual exploits the night before to lox and bagels," leaving observers to wonder what exactly the segue might have been.

Heidi Fleiss, our sexual obsession of a couple of summers ago, is meanwhile learning that sleaze is a dish best not served cold. According to the *Daily News,* she's been trying to peddle her big black book but finding no takers, including, remarkably, the *National Enquirer,* which "wasn't willing to commit the resources" to verify which celebrities were having sex with prostitutes in the privacy of their own homes. Why bother, *Enquirer* editors must have thought—now they're doing it in the streets.



Photograph by Richard B. Levine; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

SNIPE OF THE WEEK "Squatters do not rehabilitate buildings. In the past few years, we've lost twelve buildings to fires or drug wars or cannibalization. These people are . . . violent, nasty Eurotrash . . . the same anarchists from Tompkins Square Park who cause problems."—East Village councilman Antonio Pagán, discussing the July 4 rioting by squatters

SURF'S DOWN Percentage of college students who have purchased products via the Internet, according to a study by the Hanigan Consulting Group: 0.3 percent. Percentage who use the Internet for e-mail only: 71.7 percent. Percentage who plan to subscribe to an online service upon graduation: 32.8 percent.

PENN AND TENDER "Bally's has a great scam going. They spend, like, 25 cents to make these things, and then suckers like me pay $5 for them. But I'm really just thrilled to have my face minted on legal tender."—Penn Jillette, on the collector's-item Penn & Teller chip offered by Bally's Las Vegas casino (and which Penn & Teller sent free to a large group of their friends)

BALLY'S
NEVADA

METHOD AD GUY "He was here for a month and I took him around to a few companies to meet a few people. . . . It's funny, because he said he had never been to an ad agency before."—Lou Addesso of the Creative Film Management commercial-production company, on signing a directing contract with actor Ken Olin, a.k.a. angst-ridden ad executive Michael Steadman on *thirtysomething*

Dennis Saffran at AARR's new office.

Politics

THE NEW, IMPROVED LIBERAL

DENNIS SAFFRAN SITS SEVENTEEN FLOORS above 42nd Street, his strawlike hair parted with military precision, manning the New York outpost of another next American Revolution. The prefab gray cubicle suggests temp agency more than political mission, though, and lately the daily routine has not been rallying troops or discussing strategy but "licking stamps and figuring out the size of fonts for invitations."

"In my *spare* time," Saffran says, "I'm trying to get us involved in some issues."

"Us" is the American Alliance of Rights & Responsibilities, a public-interest group largely made up of self-professed liberals; the issues are the same ones the ACLU is involved in but usually on the other side: outlawing aggressive panhandlers, cracking down on drug dealers, zoning sex shops into oblivion. The AARR's battle cry, it seems, is *We're liberal but not lily-livered.* Or as Saffran phrase-makes, "We don't have to choose between social justice and safe streets."

If that sounds familiar, it might be because back in 1993, the AARR, then an obscure Washington organization, became Rudy Giuliani's unofficial long-distance claque–cum–think tank. On issues about which the candidate could be vague ("getting tough on the homeless"), AARR founder Roger Conner would supply media-ready elucidation. He would explain that the homeless are 80 percent substance abusers and/or mentally ill and thus should be pushed into treatment, not into city-subsidized housing. Writers such as the *Daily News's* Jim Sleeper listened; Giuliani won. But it took another two years for the AARR to send Saffran to Manhattan to collect the spoils.

The 39-year-old Queens native, a former general counsel for Governor Mario Cuomo's housing division, had seen his views drift away from classic liberalism during his eight years in Albany; and, maybe ironically but certainly conveniently, by the time he lost his job in the November election, he was beginning to sound like the opposition anyway. ("People don't want to be labeled 'mean-spirited' when they say they want to be able to walk to the store.") Saffran decided to forgo the private-practice gravy train and a couple of months ago set up the AARR's first office outside the Beltway.

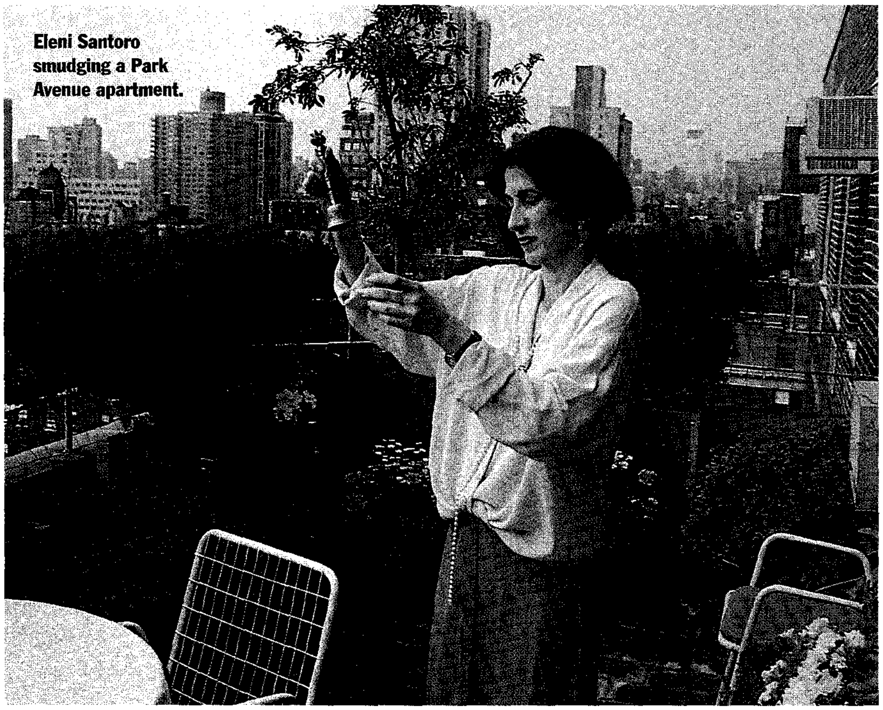
It's a good time. The group's anti-panhandling legislation—which has already passed in eight cities, including Washington, D.C.—is now before New York's City Council; the mayor has asked the AARR to testify against the ACLU. The organization's 22-member New York advisory committee includes Philip K. Howard (*The Death of Common Sense*), Herman Badillo, Cooper Union professor Fred Siegel, and City Councilman Antonio Pagán. The ultra-establishment law firm of Davis, Polk works for the AARR, pro bono.

Unlike the typical area-code-202 think tank, the AARR tends to act first and theorize second. On each issue, it dispatches a phalanx of white-shoe lawyers to find loopholes and craft strategy. The group, for instance, is currently trying to apply the state's obscure, 125-year-old "bawdy house" law to circumvent a Nixon-era federal-court decision that makes it virtually impossible to evict drug dealers from public housing ("Thugbusters," by Jeff Blyskal, March 13). Their chief opponents are those lefty lawyers of Legal Aid. "It's just ideological rigidity," Saffran says. "You always take the case of the most underdog tenant. But sometimes, the most underdog tenant is the crack dealer."

A veteran of more than a few political flops (Alan Cranston for president, 1984, springs to mind), the apostate Saffran concedes nothing to his onetime comrades. "Poor people are a hell of a lot worse off if they have a drug dealer living next door and they have to put their children, as some do, in a bathtub because of gunfire in the halls.

"That's a classic case for AARR," Saffran says, "because a lot of our cases are where the orthodox liberals are taking the position that really hurts the poorest, most vulnerable people in our society, and conservatives don't really care about the issue. They often tend to be *on our side,* but it's not what animates [conservatives]. It's not," he adds, smiling, "like a cut in the capital-gains tax."

ALEX WILLIAMS



Eleni Santoro smudging a Park Avenue apartment.

Photographs: top, Ludmila Kudinova; bottom, Kara Vassel.

NEAR-SALES EXPERIENCES

GAIL MOBLEY HAD A SIX-MONTH EXCLUSIVE on a prime seven-and-a-half-bedroom $4 million apartment on Fifth Avenue, but despite repeated showings, the Corcoran Group Realtor had been unable to get a single bid. So that explains why, with only a few weeks left on the exclusive, there was a slim woman in a linen pantsuit and a long strand of pearls sitting in the lotus position in the apartment's chinoiserie-blue master bedroom.

"I am calling in the spirits," Eleni Santoro explained, eyes closed, "to ask for balance."

Mobley had long suspected this place was unbalanced. "I walked into that apartment for months, and every time I did, my stomach got tight."

Santoro, known in paranormal and real-estate circles as a "smudger" because of the herbal smudge stick she wields, began her psychic sanitation by surveying the apartment for the best place to set up her altar. Choosing a mahogany writing desk in the bedroom, she reached into a gray canvas camera bag and slowly took out amethyst and quartz crystals, candles, a silver bowl, statues of Buddha and the Virgin Mary, and incense pots.

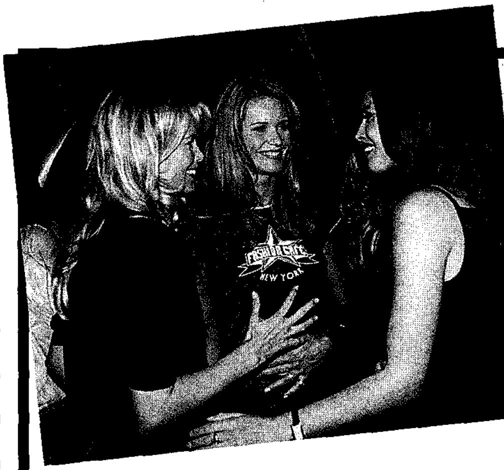
"These are balancing agents, objects from other cultures and belief systems, including the angelic realm."

The most essential tools for this smudging were some strong frankincense, some rose incense from Greece, and a very loud antique Chinese bell. "The bell's vibration runs at a higher speed than the collected energy of the space," Santoro said, ringing enthusiastically. "It causes a schism and breaks up the imbalance. The incense also allows for the connection to higher healing vibrations."

Arms raised, Santoro clanged and smoked her way through the home, moving somnolently from floor to ceiling, paying particular attention behind doors and in closets. "The energy sits and collects in these dark places that don't get air and light."

This apartment, owned by a prominent businessman and his estranged wife, held a lot of imbalanced energies ("I could feel it as I first came into the apartment. I felt like I was totally being squashed, like by a big hand") and required three hours of psychic cleansing, compared with the average of an hour and a half for a five-room dwelling.

The bedroom and the hallway needed extra smudging. "I



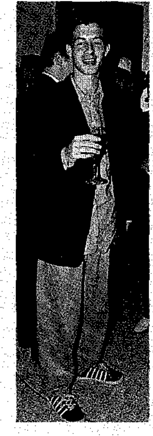
At the Fashion Cafe (clockwise, from above): *Claudia Schiffer with* Elle Macpherson and Christy Turlington; restaurateurs Paul Montana and Frederick Lesort; D.J. Mark (son-of-Mick) Ronson; Naomi Campbell with Quincy Jones; Richard Johnson with authors Coerte Felske and Jay McInerney; photographer Sheila Metzner.

Theme Night

At Fashion Cafe for Christy Turlington's debut as partner with Claudia Schiffer, Elle Macpherson, and Naomi Campbell.

By *Alex Williams*

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



JAY MCINERNEY IS TALKING ABOUT WHAT HE wants to do on his summer vacation. He's finished a new book and a new tan. But that doesn't make for amusing cocktail banter, especially here. *"The Writers' Cafe!"* he suggests. Sure, it would be the logical theme-joint descendant of Planet Hollywood and this place, where every TV monitor is shaped like a Hasselblad two-and-a-quarter, where ceaseless video loops from Paris runways lend each diner's grilled-chicken sandwich a semiological significance. No, McInerney decides, "Planet *Literature.*"

"But what are we going to put on the walls?" asks gossip columnist Richard Johnson, musing in stride. "Book jackets? That's really boring." Johnson surveys the room. A glass case hangs on the far wall, framing a bra and a pair of cotton briefs: CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR WORN BY CHRISTY TURLINGTON, the plaque reads. "Maybe a pair of Dylan Thomas's piss-stained pants."

"We're not very visual," McInerney says ruefully. He pauses in thought. "I could contribute maybe a really old coke vial."

What Actor and Which Gerbil . . .

Not so long ago, gossip columnists considered blind items—those delicious pieces of gossip so scurrilous or unprovable that lawyers or decorum necessitated the names be omitted—a sloppy, even dangerous throwback to old-fashioned, forties-style rumor-mongering. Lately, however, these clue-ridden bits of scandal have been proliferating: "[I] single-handedly brought back the practice nobody has used since the days of Walter Winchell," boasts Richard Johnson, the New York *Post*'s "Page Six" editor. "It's become a game around the office cooler to see who can guess them," brags *The Village Voice*'s Michael Musto about his own column. "Now it's gone from simply lascivious gossip to becoming a sort of political tool." While it may not be clear *who* is responsible for the return, the reason *why*, according to the New York *Daily News*'s "Hot Copy" gossip columnist, A. J. Benza, is simple: "The culture has gotten nosier."

STEVEN GARBARINO

THE COLUMNIST	THE DEBATE	THE POLICY	AN ITEM
RICHARD JOHNSON "Page Six," the New York *Post*	**Pro:** *"Sometimes you make it a blind item because you're not sure it's fact. More often than not it is, but you can't do it because the item is potentially libelous or you're just being merciful."* **Con:** *"I have to admit, your standards can slip when you're not putting names in. That's why I don't think amateurs should try this at home."*	*"There was a policy against them during previous administrations that weren't so into the great tabloid spirit, but we're allowed to do them now. A couple of times our lawyers have told us to tone things down when the items were too obvious."*	**"WHICH flowery TV journalist was recently beating the uptown gridlock blues with help from a lady friend in the front seat . . . ?"**
MICHAEL MUSTO "La Dolce Musto," *The Village Voice*	**Pro:** *"It's hard to get sued for doing a blind item because if somebody says it's about them that's basically an admission of guilt."* **Con:** *"You have all this information on everyone—all the homophobes and hypocrites—but you can't run their names. I'd rather run them, but our lawyers won't let me."*	*"Everybody likes them, even the lawyers."*	**"What actress, while filming her first chemical-free performance in years, was understandably tense, screaming at the makeup man, 'My face is a canvas. Treat it as such'?"**
A.J. BENZA "Hot Copy," the New York *Daily News*	**Pro:** *"I've been flirting with the idea of starting to do them. They're good for testing the waters, putting your toe in there and seeing what happens."* **Con:** *"Nobody can do them better than {Michael} Musto."*	*"We never do them."*	**"Which NBA coach almost ran his playoff-bound team into the ground because of the anxiety caused by his February fling with a supermodel?"**
NEAL TRAVIS "Neal Travis' New York," the New York *Post*	**Pro:** *"It's a means by which a writer can get away with murder; the persons they're aimed at can't demand a retraction."* **Con:** *"Blind items can be deaf and dumb as well."*	*"None that I'm aware of."*	**"Which major publishing figure is actually gay, but covers it up by dating a very prominent woman?"**
MICHAEL SHAIN "Inside New York," New York *Newsday*	**Pro:** *"Readers like them because they can figure out who they're about. It makes them feel hipper-than-thou."* **Con:** *"If you don't put yourself under the discipline of naming names, you get sloppy, and end up putting in nonsense that's floating around in the air."*	*"We don't have a policy that's ever been articulated. My paper doesn't encourage me or stop me from running them."*	**"What politician's best friend are they calling 'roomie' these days?"**
FRANK DIGIACOMO "The Transom," the New York *Observer*	**Pro:** *"Readers like to figure out who they're about. The real reasons they're done, though, are for matters of taste, or lack of facts—or if there's a potential libel suit."* **Con:** *"I've talked to libel lawyers, and they say that making an item blind doesn't exempt you from being sued."*	*"We don't do them."*	**"I don't have one."**

sensed a power struggle in the hallway, and the bedroom was worse. I felt like I was drunk, weaving."

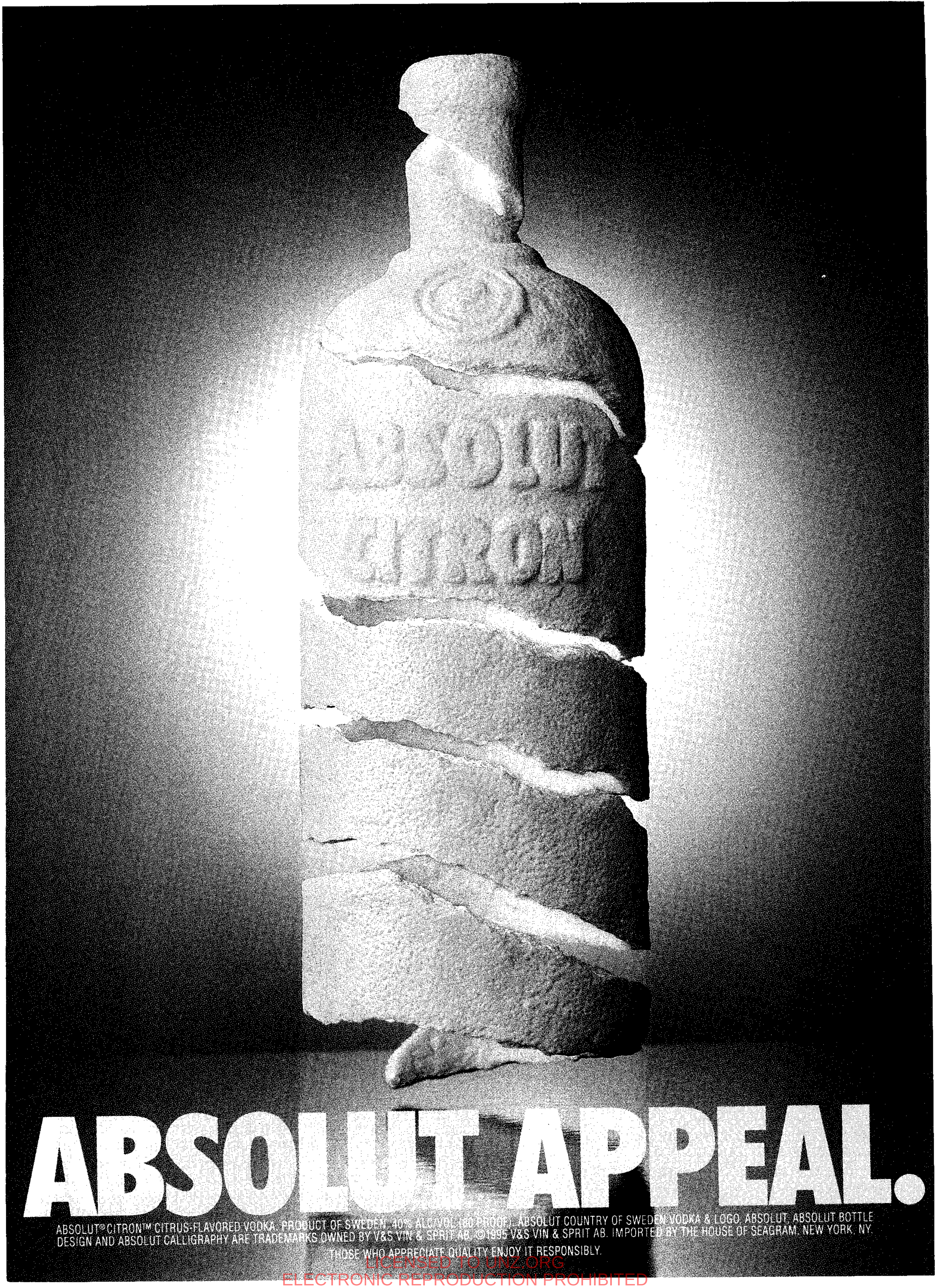
Before leaving, Santoro left a bunch of long-stemmed flowers and a jar of holy waters collected from Greece and India. She also left a window open.

The broker, Mobley, figures it was worth the $300; a bid came through three days later. A couple that had previously looked at the apartment spontaneously decided to make an offer—while in the bedroom.

"I knew it couldn't hurt," Mobley said, but added, "I didn't tell a soul until the contract was signed. The seller knew I was cleansing the air but thought it was because he smoked."

Santoro has "smudged" a dozen New York apartments in the past six months ("The brokers I've been working with seem to know when something is wrong with the energy in their properties") with, she says, excellent results. A recent smudging for a Park Avenue woman—her four-room space had been languishing on the market for more than a year—even included a follow-up foray into the afterlife. Cindy, the owner's terrier, had died, but its spirit was still in the apartment. "When spirits, human or animal, depart, they sometimes stay around because the person left alive keeps them there," Santoro says. She subsequently channeled the animal's energy "to reconfirm for her that the spirit of her animal is okay and that [Cindy] would move on." COLLEEN QUINN

Vintage photograph by Archive Photos.



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOTTOM LINE JOHN CONNOLLY

Model Mismanagement

A midtown financial firm allegedly bilked half a dozen of its fashion-model clients, right under the nose of Elite chairman John Casablancas.

NOT TO BE SEXIST ABOUT IT, BUT BILKING YOUNG FASHION models out of large sums of money is, figuratively and almost literally, as easy as taking candy from a baby. Still, the fashion world was in a dither when, earlier this year, David Weil, the CEO of a money-management firm called Star Capital, abruptly resigned, confiding to some of the two dozen models he represented that he had taken ill. In the wake of Weil's hasty exit, Star Capital, which occupied the same plush offices as John Casablancas's powerful Elite Model Management, shut down without explanation. Panicked clients who called to inquire about their money were routed to an answering machine. By the time Weil resurfaced weeks later, apparently recovered, both he and Star's owner, Peter Bucchieri, were under investigation for allegedly siphoning money from their clients' accounts. Although the total amount said to be misappropriated by the firm remains unclear, sources estimate that losses may run to $1million.

The woman who first sounded the alarm about Star's seemingly deceptive dealings was a 22-year-old Elite model named Ingrid Seynhaeve—a willowy, six-foot Belgian prominently featured in Guess? ads and in this year's *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit edition. During a shoot last January, Ingrid had a disturbing conversation with a model named Nicole Beach, a former Star client who had disgustedly left the firm a year earlier. Beach said that after abandoning Star, she discovered more than $125,000 missing from her account. Though Beach eventually recouped most of the missing money with the help of an attorney, the firm still owes her $15,000.

Alarmed, Ingrid phoned Weil the next morning and asked him to forward her records—claiming she was considering a major investment. Weil was slow to respond. Ingrid claims that over the next few months, she received only a few scraps of paper; a subsequent conversation with Monique Pillard, Elite's president and part owner, further heightened her suspicions. Pillard, Elite's "house mother," admitted that she herself had lent money to Bucchieri a year earlier. But when the loan came due, Bucchieri had balked at repaying it. "[Bucchieri] told me that because the Colorado real-estate market was in bad shape, I had to wait," she says. It was only after repeated demands that Bucchieri finally sent Pillard $170,000 with a promissory note to cover the balance.

Pillard now claims that after her experience, she quietly began warning "my girls" about the problems at Star. But it wasn't until Ingrid intervened that Elite officially disassociated itself from the firm. Soon after, with the help of an attorney, Ingrid began sifting through the jumble of bills, checks, and bank statements that slowly trickled in from Bucchieri. When she was finished, she filed suit against Star, charging that $130,000 had disappeared from her account. Over the next few weeks, several other models reported similar discrepancies.

Ingrid Seynhaeve with Elite chairman John Casablancas.

In the modeling business, the case has stirred up troubling questions about why John Casablancas—a shrewd businessman who founded the largest modeling agency in the world—would refer his models to a start-up run by a man with no management experience and owned by someone he barely knew. Generally young, fiscally naïve, and far from home, Casablancas's models were easy targets. But his critics charge that even after the mismanagement at Star Capital became evident, Casablancas, fearful of legal reprisals, remained silent while his trusting charges were, allegedly, being bilked.

John Casablancas and David Weil first met in the early nineties, introduced by a former Elite model named Nancy Donahue. Weil went on to introduce Casablancas to Peter Bucchieri, a business associate of his. Impressed with the odd pair, Casablancas agreed to rent them space in Elite's offices. From the start, Elite models would form the bulk of Star's clientele.

To kick off the fledgling enterprise in 1991, Bucchieri paid $10,000 to become a sponsor of Elite's "Look of the Year" contest and offered a year of free financial management to the winner—who turned out to be Ingrid Seynhaeve. Ingrid signed up with Star in late 1991. Within two years, 30 of her fellow models had followed, bringing along an estimated $7 million to $10 million in annual earnings. Most prudent businessmen would have done some checking before referring their clients to a virtual stranger. But Casablancas says that since Weil came so highly recommended by Nancy Donahue, "we did not do any research as there was no reason to."

In fact, Bucchieri had a decidedly murky history. According to the National Association of Securities Dealers, in the decade before he founded Star, he had been associated with no fewer than a dozen firms, often flitting from one to another. Nevertheless, with Casablancas's enthusiastic backing, business took off rapidly, even though the administration of the new company was sketchy from the start. Star's records were an incomplete jumble; the firm didn't even bother to provide its clients with monthly balance statements. (A former Star employee claims, "David thought it would confuse the girls.") Despite its laxity about record

In happier times: Ingrid Seynhaeve at the 1991 "Look of the Year" contest.

Photographs by John Barrett/Globe Photos.

keeping, however, the firm was extra-vigilant about billing. Initially, Star charged the models just 2 to 2.5 percent of their gross earnings in exchange for handling all their financial needs except taxes. By 1994, however, Weil had boosted Star's fees to 5 percent and higher. Ingrid's lawyer, Mark Lawless, charges that Star was eventually billing her at an annual rate of 4 to 6 percent without her knowledge.

In time, says Lawless, Weil and Bucchieri hatched a much more profitable scheme, one that would give them complete control over their clients' finances. Because models are often traveling and in need of cash, Weil said he'd ensure there was always money in their accounts for ATM withdrawals if they granted him full power of attorney. Many of his clients unquestioningly acceded to Weil's request.

The new arrangement allowed Star Capital to transfer funds from its clients' accounts into its own with a single phone call. Weil and Bucchieri were soon freely moving their clients' money without bothering to inform them. According to Ingrid's lawsuit, in 1993 the pair induced her to invest $63,000 in a bogus real-estate investment—charging her $700 for the transaction. She would discover later that the excellent "investment" was a personal loan to Bucchieri "signed and agreed to under power of attorney by David S. Weil."

Because the models it targeted rarely knew how much they were making or spending, for a long time Star's improprieties went undetected. But gradually, the firm's unusual practices aroused the suspicions of several employees. A year ago, one became so concerned that she even reported her misgivings to the Manhattan district attorney's office. Well before then, however, Casablancas should have realized that things were unraveling at the firm. He admits that he "began to notice that Weil's operation was messy" and saw "a very obvious change in David." In a letter sent to *New York*, he claims Weil became so "disorderly" that he was no longer allowed to enter Elite's offices without an appointment, adding that the money manager had become unshaven, nervous, and excitable. Still, Casablancas says he didn't alert his models because his attorneys warned him that if Star went out of business, Elite could be held liable.

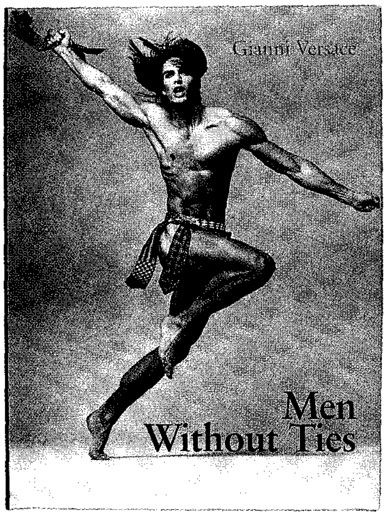
Instead, says Casablancas, Elite simply stopped recommending new models to Star after Elite's accountant, Harvey Tanton, mounted an investigation and found the firm "in a lot of disorder." In March 1994, Tanton wrote to David Weil that because Star hadn't adequately responded to his inquiries, "you are in default of your obligation to Elite. . . . I have no other recourse than to recommend to [Elite] that no new models be referred to your firm and that [Elite] meet with [its] models to discuss the situation." But no such meeting ever took place. In fact, all the models interviewed by *New York* insist they were never warned anything was wrong.

Casablancas *did* act after Star fell months behind in its rent. In an angry note to Weil last spring, Elite demanded back rent totaling $10,510. "This is what John wants paid in full to regain confidence and trust in you in the other matter," the letter warned. Star paid up, and on April 15, 1994, the company moved to a residential apartment building on East 32nd Street. Elite senior vice-president Jo Zagami wrote Weil a letter confirming that Elite would continue to mail its models' paychecks to Star. For the next nine months, despite mounting problems, Star's relationship with Elite went on as usual.

Since then, however, Weil and Bucchieri's intimate partnership has dissolved acrimoniously. Weil pins the problems at Star on Bucchieri. "I was just an employee," he insists. "All investment decisions were made by Peter." But though Weil denies improperly profiting from his clients, he and his wife recently signed a promissory note backed by their home to repay $40,000 he allegedly transferred from Ingrid's account to his own, effectively freeing him from Ingrid's lawsuit.

Bucchieri, still named in the suit, is now accusing Weil of deceiving *him.* In a sworn statement last February, he expressed "shock" at Ingrid's charges and said that if the allegations were true, Weil "acted without authority . . . to the detriment of Star and myself." Meanwhile, as the fallout continues, Casablancas is desperately trying to shore up his image. In March, he sent Ingrid's attorney a letter pointedly warning her against impugning Elite's reputation, and denying responsibility for any losses his models may have sustained. And although Weil traveled to Brazil in 1993 to attend Casablancas's wedding to a high-school junior, Casablancas now dismisses him as someone "we frequently bumped into . . . at parties. . . . There is no need for me to make all of these explanations," he bristles.

The case is now under investigation by the Manhattan D.A.'s office, which is sifting through records to determine whether any fraud was committed. But a source there claims that because both Weil and Bucchieri have moved to settle outstanding claims, a prosecution is unlikely. Bucchieri has issued a number of IOUs to former Star clients, but since none has yet come due, it remains to be seen whether they will ever be honored. "All we can do," sighs Ingrid, "is wait and see." ■



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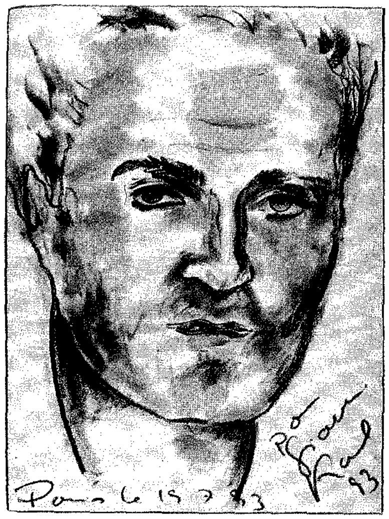

THE CULTURE BUSINESS FRED GOODMAN

Losing Its Religion

Time Warner's music group needed a strong leader. Now it's got one.
But can he maintain the company's celebrated reverence for artists?

IN HIS NINETEEN YEARS WITH HBO, Michael Fuchs has been in more than a few television studios. But his impromptu visit to the set of *Late Show With David Letterman* on a recent Friday evening was something of a new experience: He spent an hour sitting in the show's sixth-floor dressing room answering questions and soothing the members and managers of one of Time Warner's most profitable assets, the rock group R.E.M.

It was, in the words of someone who was there, "a very nice hello"—just the kind of mild, by-the-book gesture that some executives had hoped for when Fuchs was named to replace Bob Morgado as head of Warner Music Group six weeks earlier. A music-business outsider, Fuchs had been viewed by the industry as someone who might stand back and give his executives a free hand, writing *finis* to what had been a two-year Borgia-like drama of corporate infighting and damaging executive departures at Time Warner's record company, the world's largest.

Michael Fuchs, the new chairman and chief executive officer of Time Warner's music group, fired his top music executive. Now what?

Fuchs had jovially assured the label's executives that he wouldn't be picking records, and he indicated he'd expand the power of Doug Morris, chairman of Warner's U.S. music group, to include international operations and music publishing. "I hope this guy is the greatest music executive ever," he told a colleague.

Then last month, on the day Morris was expected to be promoted, Fuchs fired him. Two days later, as Fuchs schmoozed backstage at the Letterman show, he tried to put the best face on this turn of events. He'd asserted his power over the division. But now he was faced with gaping management wounds and a delicate corporate and political issue involving rap music. Both now threaten to undermine what made Warner's music group thrive in the first place—its ability to keep artists happy, singing and playing and generating, last year, $4 billion in Time Warner revenue.

"You have a company that, in my view, has the best artist roster in the industry," says Robert Krasnow, the former chief of Warner's Elektra label whom Morgado pushed out last year. "That roster was tied very much to its executives, whether it was the chief executives or some of the more visible A&R people. There was a reason these acts signed to these labels. No one signs to a label in a vacuum. No one signs because you can write a check. Everyone can write a check."

Fuchs (who, just before taking the Warner music job, had forced out Bridget Potter, his longtime HBO No. 2) fired Morris because he was deeply disturbed by a series of leaks and veiled threats intended to force his hand on company policy and strategy, say people close to him. "They boxed Michael into a corner very quickly," says one, referring to Morris and a group of his loyalists, including Warner Bros. Records chairman Danny Goldberg. "And the corner was 'Y'know, when we're not happy, we can make a lot of noise. . . .' The bottom line is, these guys really felt they were going to do what they wanted. And Michael said, 'Not on my watch.' The irony is that all these guys had to do was just shut up for a period of time and pay obeisance a little. And in time, everything probably would have come their way."

Fuchs may have discomfited some of the creative executives, but there were others who seemed to support his move. On a trip to Europe in early June, he found little enthusiasm for reporting to Morris among senior managers. "We started taking a look around and seeing that, hey, a lot of people don't like these guys," says a Fuchs associate. "It's a big business: More than half the revenue comes from international; a growing percentage comes from publishing. These are serious business people. They think these guys"—the Morris-ites, including Goldberg—"are mischief-makers."

Indeed, many feel the division needs an assertive business leader. "You have no idea how tough and strong Michael is," says a music-industry attorney who knows Fuchs well. "This is not a guy who is out there guessing. He is not ar-

Photograph by Gary Moss/Outline.

rogant or power-crazy. What he is, is aware of himself."

Krasnow says Fuchs has "strong ideas. This is something this division has never had before. We've had passive management, intellectual management, uninformed management—everything but a good business player."

Now Fuchs must tame a fractious staff loaded with Morris appointees. Several of these executives have been urged to take an immediate "vacation" to clear the air, according to reports. But despite real antipathy between Fuchs and Goldberg, Goldberg is hanging on to his job. And Fuchs doesn't have a lot of options.

"I'm sitting in my apartment trying to hire people for a new label," says Krasnow, who is now joining MCA. "I have to add tons of people at the mid- and entry levels and I'm having a hard time. The talent pool is horrible—everyone is under contract, even if they're the goddamn janitor. Michael has to try to find them at the very highest level." Though Goldberg may be doomed at Warner, Fuchs appears ready to offer many executives the chance to fall in behind him, albeit on short leashes. Meanwhile, Time Warner lawyers are fending off a $50 million breach-of-contract lawsuit filed by Morris, which argues that he was fired without cause.

Such public squabbles won't calm artists, and neither will the rap issue. Time Warner isn't the only record company putting out "gangsta rap," but its mostly Republican antagonists made a canny move when they made it a target: It is the only U.S.-owned music behemoth and thus is far more susceptible to political pressure than its competitors, especially now that Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin is hell-bent on making his company a telecommunications business, focusing on a cable-and-phone future more than on its movie, TV, publishing, and music "software," even though the music group is the most profitable part of the company. Levin needs to keep Washington happy as he pursues these federally regulated endeavors. He also doesn't need public disapproval while he's trying to placate shareholders anxious about Time Warner's huge debt load and sluggish stock price.

Fuchs tried to turn the rap issue into an industrywide discussion by enlisting the aid of the industry's main lobbying group. But his competitors showed little inclination to bail him out. And although Fuchs's handlers swear Morris's departure had nothing to do with the rap issue, Morris had wanted to buy all of Interscope Records and is said to have considered the acquisition of another rap label, Priority—a move Fuchs reportedly opposed. At the center of the rap issue is Interscope, half owned by Time Warner and the most successful recent start-up in the record business. Interscope releases such rap acts as Dr. Dre and Snoop Doggy Dog, whose album *Doggystyle* has hauled in an estimated $40 million for Warner. Morris was a big backer: He funded the label's launch, then paid $120 million for the half-share. He also urged Interscope to strengthen its ties to Death Row Records, the specialty label that produced *Doggystyle.* The issue isn't going away, either: A new album from a spin-off group, Tha Dogg Pound, is planned for late-summer release and is said to be more rough and graphic than *Doggystyle.* "They can't afford to settle their problems and then have the atom bomb dropped," one source close to Interscope says of Time Warner management. "What can I say? Interscope is a cow; Time Warner is a cattle ranch."

Many people believe that Levin and his board—which

(continued on page 65)

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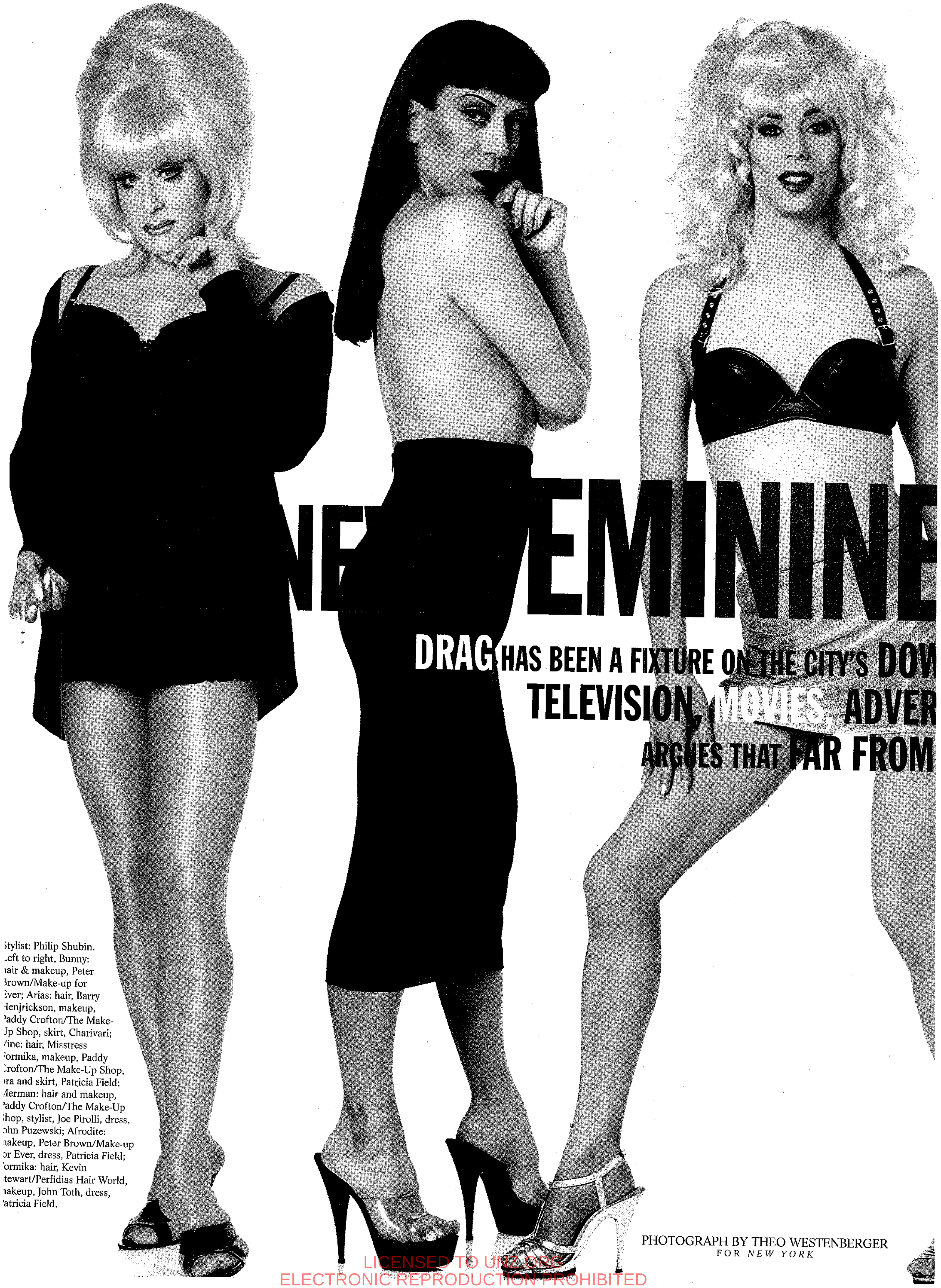

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DRAG HAS BEEN A FIXTURE ON THE CITY'S DOW
TELEVISION, MOVIES, ADVER
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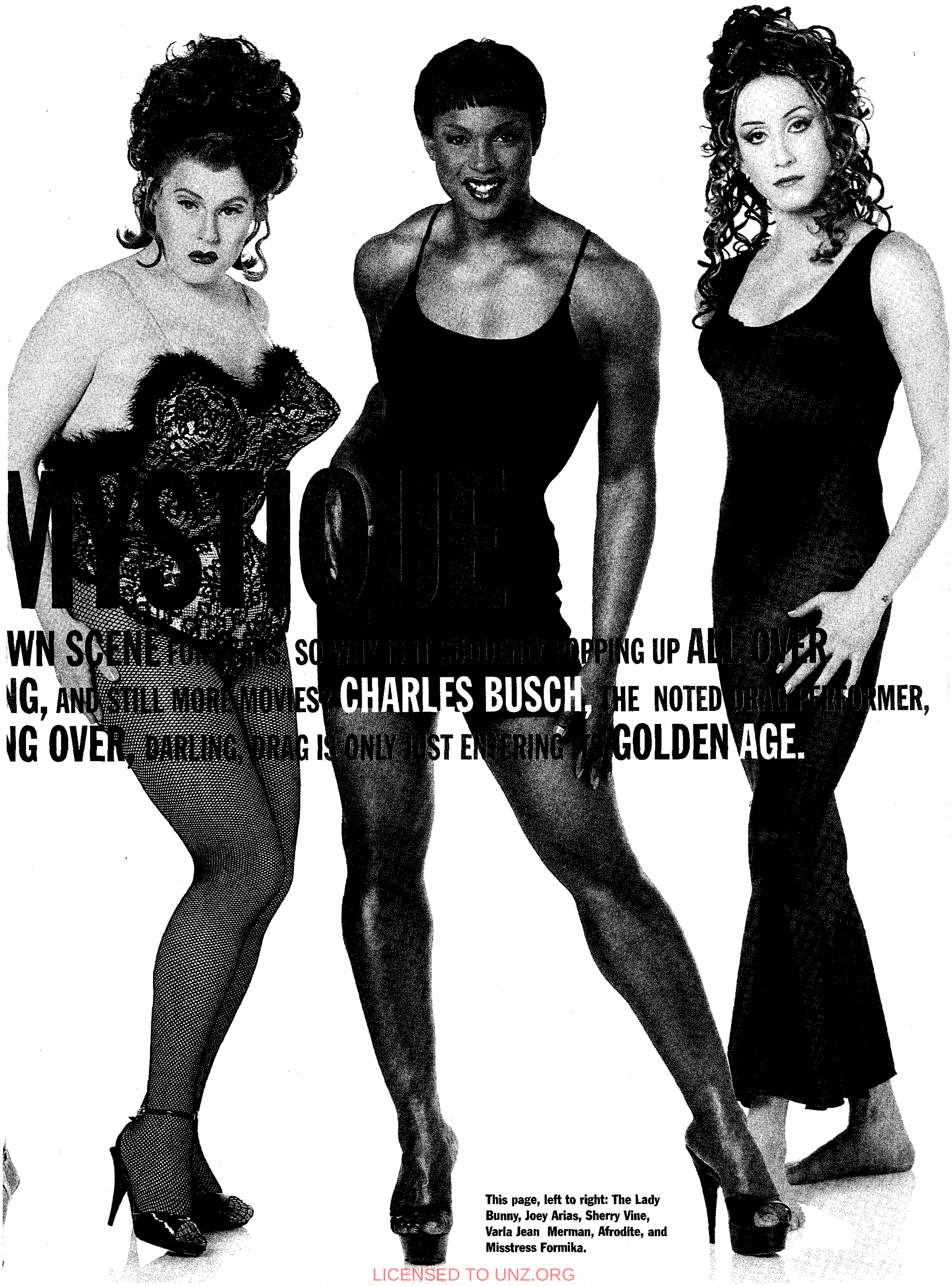
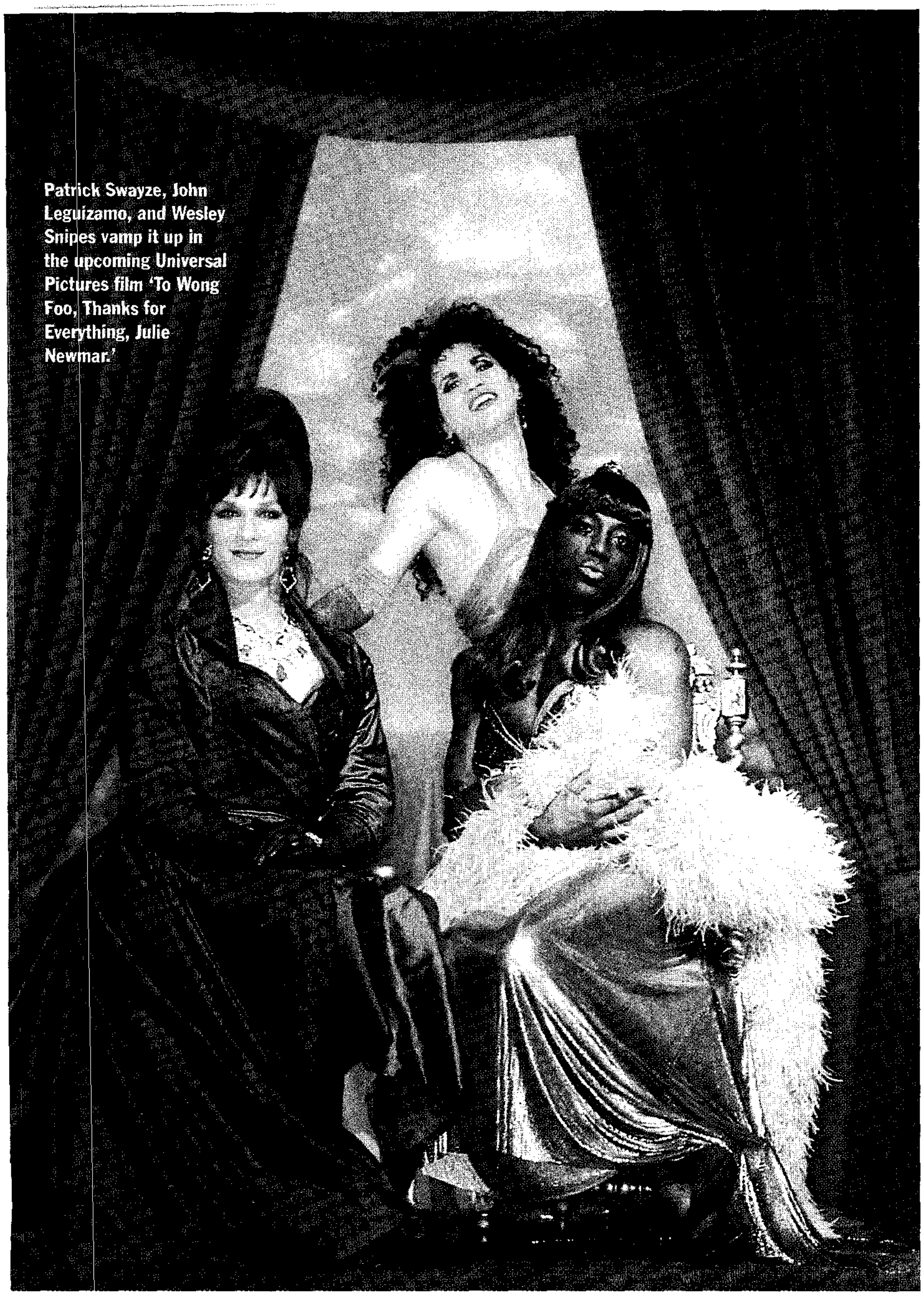


MYSTIQUE

WN SCENE FOR YEARS. SO WHY IS IT SUDDENLY POPPING UP ALL OVER
NG, AND STILL MORE MOVIES? CHARLES BUSCH, THE NOTED DRAG PERFORMER,
NG OVER, DARLING. DRAG IS ONLY JUST ENTERING ITS GOLDEN AGE.

This page, left to right: The Lady Bunny, Joey Arias, Sherry Vine, Varla Jean Merman, Afrodite, and Misstress Formika.

IF BOB DOLE THINKS HOLLYW
OUTRAGE," HE'S GOIN



Patrick Swayze, John Leguizamo, and Wesley Snipes vamp it up in the upcoming Universal Pictures film 'To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar.'

KEITH LEVY, A.K.A. SHERRY VINE, WAS ON HIS way to work at the Pyramid Club. Racing up Third Avenue in spike heels and bustier, Levy came upon an intimidating gang of street kids. Seized by the fear that he was about to become another gay-bashing statistic, he straightened his seams, took a deep breath, and forged onward. Just as he strode briskly past the pack, the scariest-looking kid yelled out enthusiastically, "Hey man, it's RuPaul! Go *girl*!"

Yes, drag has made its glittery inroads into the American consciousness. Roseanne cavorted with twenty female impersonators on last year's MTV Video Music Awards. RuPaul headlined earlier this year in Vegas and was named the M.A.C cosmetics "girl" with much fanfare in March. Disney's book division, Hyperion, has just issued Ru's memoirs, *Lettin It All Hang Out,* for all those who ever wondered about Ru's favorite movie stars and what he keeps in his purse. Not to be outdone, Miss Chablis from John Berendt's book *Midnight in the Garden of Good & Evil* is also working on her memoirs. Lypsinka had a featured role in the HBO movie *Witch Hunt.* Lucky Cheng's, the hip downtown restaurant featuring Asian drag waitresses, is branching out into catering. In the theater the past few seasons, we've had *Angels in America, Pageant, Ruthless!, Whoop-Dee-Doo!* No wonder it's hard as hell finding a woman's size-twelve pump in this town.

Drag has become so pervasive that some of us exotic creatures who work professionally in heels and Dynel hair feel in danger of overexposure. When I began writing this article, my fear was that drag had been hyped to the point of exhaustion. As a veteran drag performer (that word *veteran* sure stings), I was well aware that many among the hipoisie considered drag to be "over." As a novelty, as an outlet for avant-garde slumming, it may be; slowly, drag is losing its ability to shock, and in the next year, we may see fewer drag queens towering over the crowds at charity benefits. But even as drag becomes less conspicuously trendy, it has slowly sashayed from the periphery of outré entertainment into the realm of respectable art form. The normalization of drag will reach its zenith in September with the release of the film *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar,* a $30-million Universal Pictures release that stars Patrick Swayze and Wesley Snipes as you've never seen them before. And Robin "*Mrs. Doubtfire*" Williams and Nathan Lane are currently filming the Mike Nichols remake of the film *La Cage aux Folles*.

I recently attended a screening of *To Wong Foo,* and all I can say is, once it opens, you'd better keep Bob Dole out of the theater. If he thinks Hollywood has been "mainstreaming deviancy" and "smothering our instinct for outrage" Dole is going to have a conniption when he sees Patrick Swayze in that fabulous two-piece lime-green ensemble. (A candidate for president can still be shocked by drag, even if the voters aren't.)

The yen to cross-dress is by no means restricted to the male psyche; we are also in the throes of a burgeoning "drag king" movement. Feminist theater companies such as Split Britches feature women in men's roles to great comic effect. In the past few months, an Off-Off Broadway stage version of the film *Viva Las Vegas* starring a male impersonator managed to pack them in, and there are plans to reopen in the fall. I was recently channel-surfing and came across a cable show devoted to teaching women how to glue on fake beards. Androgyny in women has already been well assimilated into the culture. I saw comedian Ellen DeGeneres on *Letterman* not long ago dressed completely in men's clothes and looking remarkably like my ninth-grade social-studies teacher, Mr. Horn. I can't imagine that CBS was flooded with angry protest letters.

Charles Busch wrote and starred in the plays You Should Be So Lucky *and* Vampire Lesbians of Sodom, *among others. He is also the author of the 1993 novel* Whores of Lost Atlantis.

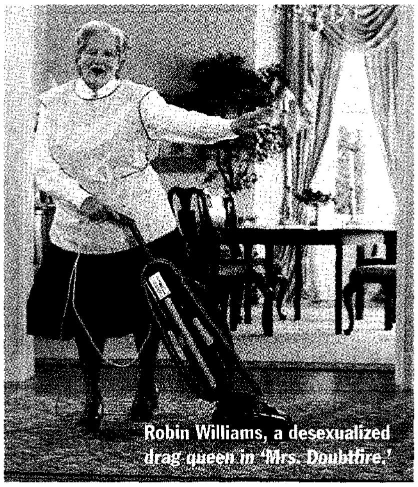
Photograph by Gregory Heisler/Universal City Studios.

BEEN **“MAINSTREAMING DEVIANCY”** AND “SMOTHERING OUR INSTINCT FOR
E A **CONNIPTION** WHEN HE SEES **‘TO WONG FOO,** THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, JULIE NEWMAR

Movies and television may be making androgyny more palatable to the masses, but more interestingly, a new generation of gay performance artists is making drag more varied and interesting than it’s ever been before. I would venture to say that we are now in a golden age of drag—and Manhattan, at this moment, is the drag capital of the world. Any drag queen with the slightest chic and gumption can pay the rent on an East Village studio just by performing, there are so many venues and opportunities for drag artists in this burg. In New York, you can catch Everett Quinton performing a great diva role with the Ridiculous Theatrical Company or Ira Siff as demented opera star Madame Vera Galupe-Borszkh leading his parody opera troupe La Gran Scena Opera. A new group known as Theatre Couture, featuring Sherry Vine, is selling out downtown spaces staging plays with titles like *(e.s.p.) Eyes of a Supermodel Psychic* and *The Final Feast of Lucrezia Borgia.*

Keith Levy arrived here from L.A. three years ago, and he’s found an immediate audience for his stage persona, Sherry Vine. “New York is completely different from anywhere else in the country,” says Levy. “L.A. was hardly red carpets and open arms for drag. New York is much more accepting. I perform several nights a week at the clubs, which allows me to also put on my plays with Theatre Couture. I stopped having to work as a waiter in August.” Levy just finished up his one-person show, *Kitty Killer,* at the performance space P.S. 122. “In *Kitty Killer,* Sherry Vine is on trial for killing her cat. It becomes this huge media circus. I was spoofing the madness that surrounds big trials today, like O.J. and Amy Fisher. At one point, a video of me killing the cat plays over and over, just like at the Rodney King trial. It was really twisted and silly, but I like to think there were moments where people actually went ‘Whoa,’ where I really made a point.”

What some may dismiss as a limited theatrical device has proved to be an entertainment form that can embrace an extraordinary range of talent. John Kelly is a noted performance artist whose work premieres at BAM and whose concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall are critically acclaimed. Kelly uses drag from time to time in ways that transcend camp. Among his stage characters are Dagmar Onassis, the illegitimate daughter of Maria Callas and Aristotle Onassis; Joni Mitchell; and the twenties circus star Barbette. As Barbette, Kelly employed his talents as a trained ballet dancer and operatic countertenor and added his newly acquired training as an aerialist to create a poetic portrait of the transvestite performer who took Paris by storm and inspired artists Jean Cocteau and Man Ray. It was a complex and demanding performance-art piece that couldn’t be farther away from a female impersonator “doing” Cher in Atlantic City.


Robin Williams, a desexualized drag queen in ‘Mrs. Doubtfire.’

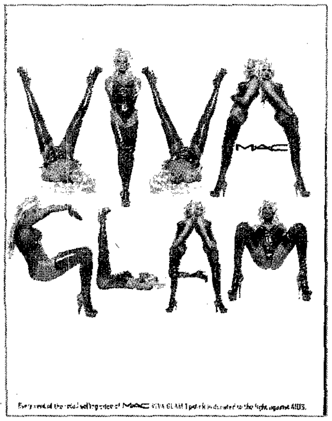
“Drag has always been a potentially powerful theatrical tool,” says Kelly, “especially when it’s not what people expect from drag. You don’t expect a drag queen to use her own voice and do serious material.” A few years back, I wrote and acted in a play, *Red Scare on Sunset.* It was set in Hollywood during the McCarthy era, and I played a movie actress who discovers to her horror that her husband, her best girlfriend, and her director are all implicated in a Communist plot to take over the movie industry. The “happy” ending found the heroine (me, naturally) sanctimoniously naming names before the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was a challenge giving the campy drag movie spoof real and chilling political relevance. The late playwrights/drag performers Charles Ludlam and Ethyl Eichelberger frequently used classic literature and history as points of reference in their plays. The next generation of drag writer/performers has been directly influenced by their seriousness of intent, though none of us ever get *too* pretentious. Ludlam’s successor as artistic director of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, Everett Quinton, has in the last few seasons parodied Dickens’s *A Tale of Two Cities* and Mérimée’s *Carmen.*

When asked whether a man in drag still has the power to shock an audience that can watch actors in drag on *The Kids in the Hall* any night on TV, John Kelly fairly bristles. “To question that belittles it. Can drag surprise anymore? Can an actor surprise anymore? A piece of music? A painting? There are no limits, if one is willing to go beyond the obvious.” Kelly adds, “Drag makes people crazy—those who watch it and those who do it. I had all this rage when I was young. Drag was the nastiest thing I could do other than kill myself. So in 1979, I climbed on top of the Anvil’s bar and lip-synched to Maria Callas. It was similar to when I was eight. I cut a football in half and made a brassiere out of it to express my rage at having to grow up in Jersey City and participate in sports.”

Jeff Roberson’s drag character Varla Jean Merman is also a fictional daughter of the rich and famous, this time the bizarre offspring of Ethel Merman and Ernest Borgnine. Roberson thinks that the public may be somewhat jaded by drag but that that can be a positive thing. “It’s not so shocking anymore, so now you need to rely on talent. Instead of shocking them, you’ve got to wow ’em. You’ve put on a dress, okay. Now what are you gonna do in it? I use my own voice and sing arias. I’m not always so highbrow. I recently sang that old Streisand song *Gotta Move* with a rock band at Squeeze Box.” I’ve heard the Rubenesque Varla Jean sing, and he can belt like Shirley Bassey and hit high notes in Kathleen Battle territory. Unlike either of these ladies, Varla Jean at times gets so worked up, he’ll rip off his wig in a mad frenzy and has been known to smear mayonnaise between his thighs for dramatic effect. He often portrays a slick female lounge singer who is ultimately unable to maintain her glib showbiz façade and is forced to reveal her uncontrollable sexuality and rage. I hesitated asking Roberson if he’s able to earn a living strictly from performing. Most drag performers would rather kiss Jesse Helms than admit to doing temp work. Roberson’s day job was surprising. “I’m an art director at Ogilvy & Mather. I’m sure there was gossip around the water cooler the day I shaved off my eyebrows. I tried wearing glasses to conceal it, but I finally just grew ’em back.”

SQUEEZE BOX IS A ONE-NIGHT-A-WEEK DRAG showcase at Don Hill’s, a club at Greenwich and Spring Streets. Fashion designer Michael Schmidt is the impresario, and the beautiful amazonlike “Misstress Formika” is the emcee. Formika says, “There is no lip-synching at Squeeze Box. Drag may question sexual personae, but it’s really about talent.” Misstress Formika is the stage persona of Michael Ortega. “My stage name is Formika because it sounds like ‘For Mika.’ For Michael. I’m still a boy. I’m still me. I’m from Santa Fe, and I’ve been in New York for five years. Each of my mother’s husbands loved a different kind of music. My dad was a hippie and loved hip-

Photograph by Photofest.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pie music. Her second husband liked rock, and her third loved country music. It gave me a diverse background. At Squeeze Box, I'm New York's rock bitch." Indeed, I have a friend who adores Misstress Formika when he sings his own lyrics to the Beastie Boys song "(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (to Party!)." Misstress Formika's version is "Fight for Your Right to Be Queer!" Clinton Leupp, better known as the character Miss Coco Peru, feels that Misstress Formika's importance is that she's created an ambience at Squeeze Box that makes rock more accessible to gay men. "Gay people," he says, "traditionally don't listen to hard-rock music."

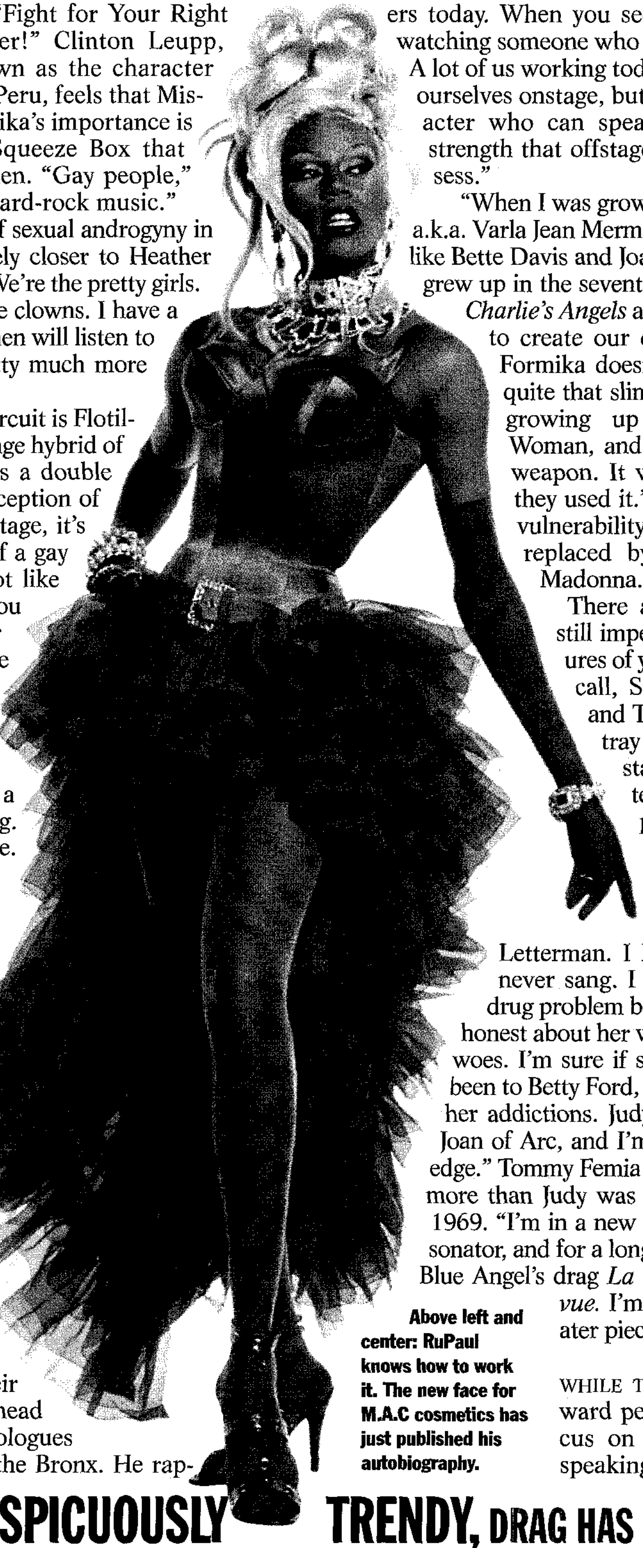
There is certainly a strong tradition of sexual androgyny in rock, but Misstress Formika is definitely closer to Heather Locklear than to Boy George. He says,"We're the pretty girls. Just a little eyeliner. We don't want to be clowns. I have a lot to say, and I feel as though straight men will listen to me when I'm in drag and looking pretty much more than if I'm a gay man talking to them."

Among the performers on the drag circuit is Flotilla DeBarge. Flotilla, whose act is a strange hybrid of Pearl Bailey and Eric Bogosian, thinks a double standard is at work in the public's perception of drag. "If a straight man does drag onstage, it's acceptable. It's a big stretch for him. If a gay man does it, he's just a queen. It's not like 'Oh, he does it well,' but rather 'Oh, you know those fags. It's something in their genes.' They won't cop to say that you're a talented performer." Flotilla adds, "I was on that TV show *Rolonda,* and the ladies in the audience kept asking me things like 'Do you have a real job?' 'Do you clean your house in a dress?' I told them 'I do *shows,* darling. I'm in a Cyndi Lauper video, excuse me. I'm not just a buffoon.' "

THE YOUNG PERFORMERS dominating the cabarets and club scene are like drag warriors. They often have a strong political agenda and a whole lot of attitude. They don't feel the need to use actresses from forties and fifties Hollywood for inspiration. Performers such as Linda Simpson, Hedda Lettuce, and Miss Coco Peru create their own larger-than-life personae that allow them to express their defiance. Miss Coco, a statuesque redhead with a neat sixties flip, performs monologues with an accent only slightly south of the Bronx. He rapturously tells of his obsessions with subjects as diverse as the ancient Incas and opera star Eva Marton. The piece on Marton is performed to the score of Wagner's *Liebestod.* Miss Coco doesn't evoke any known female performer of the past. Miss Coco, like many other drag queens on the scene, is his own woman. He told me, "To perform in drag takes a certain amount of courage. You're really putting yourself on the line. I think people respect that. There's an underlying acknowledgment of what it took to get you to reveal this feminine side of yourself. There's not much passion in a lot of performers today. When you see someone in drag, you're watching someone who really wants to be up there. A lot of us working today aren't afraid of revealing ourselves onstage, but we create an original character who can speak to an audience with a strength that offstage, we sometimes don't possess."

"When I was growing up," says Jeff Roberson, a.k.a. Varla Jean Merman, "we didn't have big stars like Bette Davis and Joan Crawford to emulate. We grew up in the seventies, with bad TV shows like *Charlie's Angels* and *B.J.and the Bear.* We had to create our own characters." Misstress Formika doesn't think the pickings were quite that slim: "My heroines when I was growing up were Cher, the Bionic Woman, and Elvira. They used sex as a weapon. It was there, they had it, and they used it." As far as gay icons go, the vulnerability of Judy Garland has been replaced by the tough bitchiness of Madonna.

There are young performers who still impersonate the gay totemic figures of yore, but James Beaman's Bacall, Steven Brinberg's Streisand, and Tommy Femia's Garland portray these women with either a startling new realism or a contemporary satirical edge. "Impersonators used to do a Xerox of Judy," says Femia. "I freeze her look at 1963, but I have her commenting on current events like Leno or Letterman. I have her singing songs she never sang. I have her talking about her drug problem because Judy was so open and honest about her weight problem and financial woes. I'm sure if she was alive today and had been to Betty Ford, she'd be making jokes about her addictions. Judy is a classic character, like Joan of Arc, and I'm giving her a contemporary edge." Tommy Femia as Judy seems to be working more than Judy was at the time of her death in 1969. "I'm in a new movie playing a Judy impersonator, and for a long time, I was emceeing at the Blue Angel's drag *La Cage aux Folles Variety Revue.* I'm also working on a new theater piece as Judy. I've got a career."



Above left and center: RuPaul knows how to work it. The new face for M.A.C cosmetics has just published his autobiography.

WHILE THE "NEW DRAG" LEANS TOWARD performance art, with the focus on the performers' own live speaking and singing, the peculiar

EVEN AS IT BECOMES LESS CONSPICUOUSLY TRENDY, DRAG HAS SLOWLY SASHAYED FR
THE PERIPHERY OF OUTRÉ ENTERTAINMENT INTO THE REALM OF RESPECTABLE ART FORM

Photograph by Mark Contratto/Outline.

Roseanne with a flock of female impersonators at the 1994 MTV Video Music Awards.

COMPLEX AND PERSONAL. FOR SOME OF THE CREATIVE SPIRIT IS A FEMININE ONE; IT'S COLORFUL AND EMOTIONAL.

art of lip-synching is hardly dead. The leading doyenne of the form is undoubtedly John Epperson, whose stage character is called "the fabulous Lypsinka."

"It's a folk ritual," says Epperson. "The Irish dance jigs, Native Americans do tribal dances, and gay men get in drag and lip-synch." Epperson (in the center of the cover photograph) takes a seemingly limited form to new heights by creating a very funny yet disturbing character who looks like a cross between a fifties fashion model and Cruella De Vil. His voice is a complex audio montage of musical numbers and sound bites of famous and not-so-famous women of the past 40 years. Whether Lypsinka's singing is being provided by the likes of Dolores Gray or Mimi Hines or his speaking voice comes courtesy of Faye Dunaway or Barbara Feldon, you leave the theater convinced that you've heard the authentic voice of Lypsinka. In his most recent show, *As I Lay Lip-Synching,* Epperson has dug deeper into his character's psychosis. He performed an extended monologue edited from Elizabeth Taylor's most agonized moments from *Suddenly Last Summer* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf,* all perfectly scored with an orchestral piece by Bartók. Perhaps influenced by celebrity tell-all autobiographies and the tabloids' exploitation of the famous, John Epperson, like Varla Jean Merman and Miss Coco Peru, is now allowing his character Lypsinka to expose the demons that lie behind the shining showbiz mask. This very original act has taken Epperson, a refugee from Hazlehurst, Mississippi, all across the country and to Europe. He even posed for a Gap ad (which sent me into a jealous frenzy for at least a week). Epperson says, "It sometimes kills me that I'm doing back-room gay-bar lip-synching at the Edinburgh Festival, and they're taking it all so seriously."

At least a half-dozen local clubs—gay, straight, and oblivious—devote a minimum of one night a week to drag entertainment, which usually features lip-synching. While conventional lip-synching to current pop recordings is certainly not cutting-edge, it's being seen by a much wider audience than ever before. Straight kids from the suburbs can applaud drag queens on select nights at Irving Plaza and the Palladium. There is lip-synching, and there is *lip-synching,* and a charismatic performer will always leap out of the pack. Flotilla DeBarge has his own favorite: "Someone who is really special is Girlina. She's not doing anything so different or revolutionary. She's just doing runway dancing, but she's a great dancer, has a terrific fashion look and the personality to go with it." (I guess now it's time to address the tricky pronoun question. Some drag performers are adamant about being referred to as "he"; others prefer to be called "she." And I wouldn't advise anyone to go against a drag queen's wishes.)

"Honey, she's everywhere," continues DeBarge. "It's Girlina night here and Girlina night there." I caught up with Girlina at Webster Hall, where she was performing in a special area called the Makeup Room. Looking remarkably like photographs of the young Josephine Baker, with a tight, blonde, marcelled coiffure, Girlina did 45 minutes of nonstop spins, splits, and kicks that would give Juliet Prowse a hernia. Speaking with Girlina on the phone the next day was a challenge. She is not an easy interview. I defy the toughest CIA interrogator to get Girlina to divulge her real name, age, and place of birth. I asked her what it's like to be the newest, hippest drag queen on the club scene.

"First of all, sugar, I am not a drag queen. I'm a *gender illusionist.* I accentuate my own beauty. It's who I am but more so. Honey, I never dreamed my life could be so fabulous. I've got an apartment of my own in Chelsea. Chicken, I always thought I'd have to feature a roommate." Girlina peppers her speech with so much contemporary slang that I desperately needed a Berlitz

Photograph by Frank Micelotta/Outline.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH DRAG

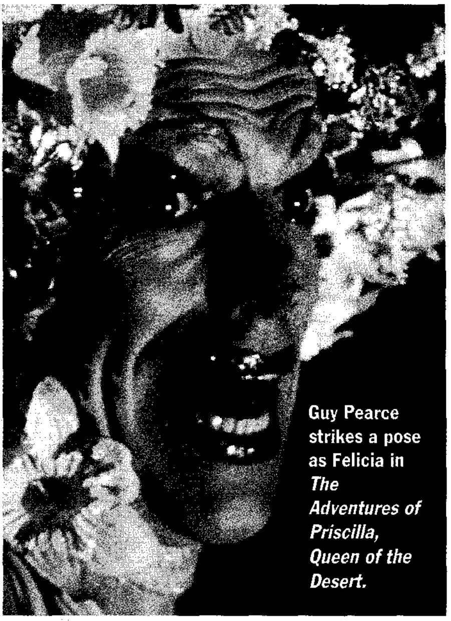
Forgive us women if we're less than enchanted by an homage to corsets, spike heels, and the good old days before feminism. By Kim France

I come from Houston, where gay men are all but hunted for sport, where cross-dressing was illegal until fairly recently and any drag queen who dares to slip on a Pucci shift and sandals and drive down to the 7-Eleven for cat food and cigarettes does so knowing the odds of getting beaten bloody are about even. So it's easy to admire the incredible moxie it takes to be a cross-dresser, easy to cheer on drag's infiltration of the mainstream. Furthermore, one could make the point that our culture is enriched—or at least pleasingly complicated—by the fact that any 15-year-old from Scarsdale can turn on a Madonna video and be obliged to process the information that there are dancing boys in it wearing cone-shaped bras. But it is precisely because there are so many reasons to applaud the drag boom that one of its more retrograde aspects, its underlying message of misogyny, is so often left unaddressed.

Drag at its best is artful and even thought-provoking: Choreographer John Kelly's otherworldly takes on Jackie O. and Joni Mitchell, for instance. Or Joey Arias's poignant Billie Holiday. Even the super-superficial party-boy fashion designers Mathu and Zaldy, who create much of RuPaul's wardrobe and parade around in inspired, surreal, androgynous creations themselves, are exploring the artistic possibilities of a kind of third-sex androgyny. The performers who are doing the best things with drag are those striving for pure transformation as opposed to base caricature. But that's the province of the loftier reaches of downtown drag, the kind most people might hear about during NEA-funding battles but will never see.

The kind of lowest-common-denominator drag that most often makes its way into television, movies, comedy clubs, and cabarets is considerably less ambitious. It is played almost entirely for barbed laughs and is not too far removed from the latter-day-vaudeville drag of Milton Berle and Flip Wilson in its barely concealed contempt for women. Drag queens often talk about how dressing up as women allows them to bring the female side of their personalities to the surface, which is fine. But why, it seems fair to ask, does it so often turn out that the women inside them are screechy, demanding, emasculating bitches? Why do they, over and over and over again, have to be Joan Rivers, Joan Crawford, Diana Ross, and Barbra?

Part of the explanation is simple: It's easier for men to make themselves look like Joan Crawford than it is to make themselves look like, say, Mary Tyler Moore. After all, the only way masculine features can be camouflaged effectively enough to become feminine is by subjecting them to hyperdramatic makeup—the result of all these lacquered lips and penciled eyes and the spackled-on foundation, inevitably, is a scary kabuki death mask. Having achieved a physical effect that is closer to outsize caricature than to anything approximating real femininity, why would the drag *artiste* choose anything less than an over-the-top persona?



Guy Pearce strikes a pose as Felicia in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert.*

Whatever its evolution, this particular act is a tired one and, judging from its current proliferation, not too terribly hard to master. Is there, at this late date, anything new or fresh about the genre's stock gestures: the snap, the sneer, the hands-on-hips "fierce ruling diva" pose? The bawdy bons mots can be initially amusing, but after the thousandth my-pussy-is-so-wet joke, it all begins to pale. Most recently, drag queens have seized upon the characters Patsy and Edina from *Absolutely Fabulous*, whose creators do such a good job parodying themselves that it seems redundant for drag queens to bother, the ultimate lily-gilding. And as nice as it would be to think that mainstream audiences are coming around to drag because they've become more comfortable with homosexuals, this gay analogue to the Jackie Mason–is–good–for–Jews argument is delusional. Straights like drag because it gives them an acceptable venue in which to openly laugh *at* gay men.

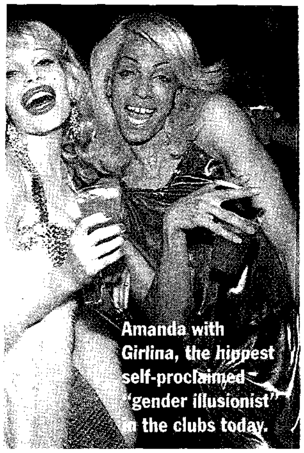
Women may be forgiven for not joining drag queens as they gleefully embrace—to the point of fetishization—corsets, girdles, insanely high heels, false eyelashes, pancake makeup, and other inventions most of us have happily discarded. "Real women don't do this anymore," the Lady Bunny once told a Washington *Post* reporter, "so it's up to us."

The underlying message is that drag queens not only make good women but make *better* women than real women, because they're willing to suffer more. And nowhere is this particular development more manifest than in fashion. For a department-store ad campaign a few years back, Steven Meisel, who got his start photographing drag queens and is known for his Svengaliesque transformations of certain models, took Linda Evangelista, gave her a wasp waist, fifties hair out of an old Penn photograph, and makeup that played up the severe edges of her face, with cartoonishly arched eyebrows. The result was that one of the most beautiful women in the world had been transformed into a hard, cold creature, and a thoroughly unsexy one at that. In those pictures, she bore more than a passing resemblance to Lypsinka.

Todd Oldham's runway shows often include Billy Beyond, who has narrow, narrow hips, a high, round butt, a flat chest, and sinewy long legs—and who fits perfectly, Oldham likes to brag, into his size 8 sample. Two years ago, when Bloomingdale's was looking for a figure on which to model its new female mannequins, it chose RuPaul's. Now, *there's* a physical standard worth writing angry letters about, one that women quite literally could never attain. Feminists who slap FEED ME stickers on bus-shelter posters of Kate Moss are missing a much bigger target.

If it weren't so politically correct to be in favor of drag—and if the question of drag weren't so closely tied into the broader issues of gay rights—drag would long ago have been dismissed as hopelessly politically *in*correct. When men dress up and act like grossly unpleasant versions of women, we have a right to heave our surgically unenhanced breasts in a fit of pique. Drag queens will insist that they don't really want to *be* women, they just want to honor us, darling. Which was exactly how Al Jolson felt about his minstrel shows.

Photograph by Elise Lockwood/Gramercy Pictures.


Amanda with Girlina, the hippest self-proclaimed "gender illusionist" in the clubs today.

dictionary. "Sugar, I am verbal down. I speak Girlingo. We all have our own swirl and got to get with our own kind of faggotry." I told Girlina that I'd heard her performance last Labor Day at Wigstock was spectacular. She said, "I gave the performance of my life. The children just fell out when [The Lady] Bunny introduced me. The wrath of the devil was in me. I did splits on top of the speakers. I was *possessed.*"

Wigstock, an annual gathering for anyone who feels compelled to wear at least six pounds of synthetic hair on his head, was founded by the Lady Bunny, a drag personality, in 1984. A Labor Day extravaganza, it has grown in proportion to Bunny's own enormous blonde hairdos. The Lady Bunny, a Dusty Springfield lookalike with a soft southern accent, also balked when I asked if I could print her boy name. "Oh, no, darling. I never refer to myself in public that way. I have no interest in pursuing a career as a man, so don't put me down as Humphrey Vandergood." She quickly corrected herself. "No, sweetie, that's not really it."

Y DRAG QUEEN WITH THE SLIGHTEST CHIC AND GUMPTION CAN PAY THE RENT ON AN EAST VILLAGE STUDIO JUST BY PERFORMING. THERE ARE SO MANY OPPORTUNITIES IN THIS BURG.

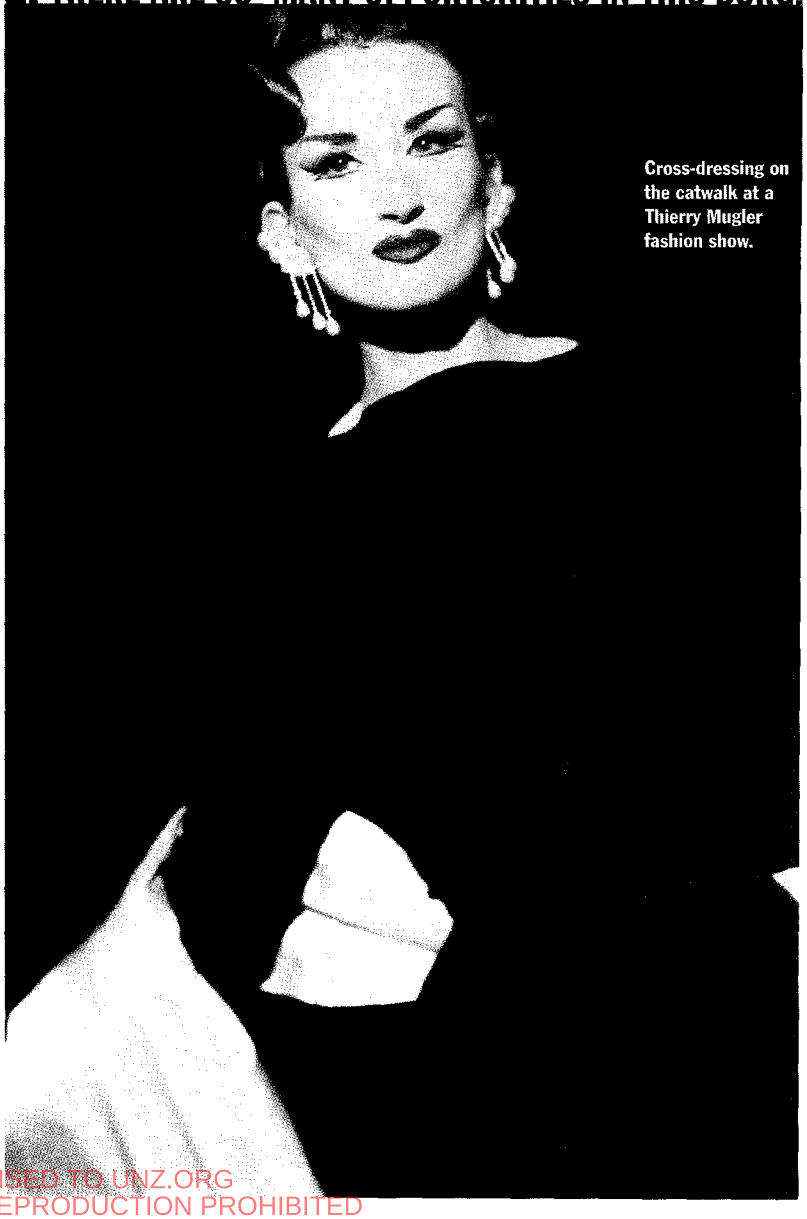
The Lady Bunny feels that Wigstock's style is directly connected to the neighborhood that spawned it. "Wigstock is an East Village thing. A mirror of the downtown sensibility. It's definitely not queens lip-synching to Melissa Manchester in a *Dynasty* gown." Wigstock has grown so big that last year, it was forced to relocate from Tompkins Square Park to the pier at 11th Street on the Hudson River. Taking Wigstock out of the East Village is rather like transplanting Mardi Gras from New Orleans to Passaic.

"I think all this new interest in drag is based on stuff we were all doing in the East Village in the late seventies and early eighties," says Epperson. "It's finally just trickling down. For instance, at the old Club 57, we had whole nights where we watched old Warner Bros. cartoons, and on some nights we'd watch old TV sitcoms run on 16-mm. Now there are whole TV channels like Nick at Nite devoted to that kind of programming. Even the way they promote their shows has a kind of East Village campy deconstructionist feel about it. *The Simpsons, Pee-wee's Playhouse,* Tim Burton's movies, Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, Madonna, Ann Magnuson. It's all East Village sensibility."

Joey Arias, a performance artist known for his haunting evocation of Billie Holiday and who presides weekly at a club on Bedford Street called Bar d'O, also came out of the East Village scene in the late seventies. "So much drag today is related to the East Village. That's where all the queens live. There's a definite tone to that neighborhood. In the seventies, when I started out, drag was people like Dorian Corey lip-synching to disco. The group of us doing drag at the Pyramid and Club 57 were artists, painters like Stephen Tashjian and John Kelly. Ann Magnuson and I put on shows where we played everyone from Salvador Dalí and his wife, Gala, to Manson and Squeaky Fromme." Arias doesn't think you can separate the sex from drag. "If you're at all interesting as an artist, there's got to be sexuality in your work. Then, of course, you're criticized for it. Look at Madonna. She's not written up as an artist but as an issue—the same as drag queens."

When drag is presented in a mainstream fashion, it's totally denuded of its sexuality. Any tinge of homosexuality is expunged. A perfect example is *Mrs. Doubtfire,* where the most provocative comic moment was when Robin Williams accidentally set his falsies on fire. Now *that* was mainstream. Wigstock itself may move closer to the mainstream with last month's release of Goldwyn's *Wigstock: The Movie.* The Lady Bunny is thrilled with the documentary, which was filmed over the past two years. "Darling, this is not *Paris Is Burning,* all tragic and somber. The Wigstock movie is a celebration!"

LAST SUMMER, THE SUBJECT THAT CONSUMED the drag world was the casting and filming of the movie *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything, Julie Newmar.* Produced by Steven Spielberg's pre–Dream Works company Amblin, the film bears a passing resemblance to *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert.* It involves three drag queens who embark on a road trip from New York to Hollywood and get stranded in a small midwestern town. For a year before filming, there were reports of nearly every male star under 40 being screen-tested. Fairly early on, Wesley Snipes


Cross-dressing on the catwalk at a Thierry Mugler fashion show.

Photographs: top, Adolfo Galella; bottom, Dan Lecca.

Making the scene at Wigstock.

THERE AREN'T TOO MANY REAL LADIES SELLING FLAMBOYANCE ANY MORE. THAT KIND OF TEMPERAMENTAL GRANDE DAME WIELDING A CIGARE HOLDER SEEMS ALMOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO A YOUNGER GENERAT

and John Leguizamo were signed, but that left one role open. James Spader, Rob Lowe, and John Turturro, among others, were tested but deemed unsuitable. For a while, Robert Downey Jr. was in the running. When my agent phoned to tell me I was being given a screen test, I went into shock. To my eyes, this vampire lesbian from Sodom wasn't even in the same species with those other fellas. I began fantasizing that, in a parallel to the fabled casting of Scarlett O'Hara, I was to be the Vivien Leigh dark horse, the movie unknown who would walk away with the prize. I was treated with great care by the director, Beeban Kidron, and a team of top hair, makeup, and wardrobe people. My screen test went well enough, although in my nervous drive to succeed, I think I was less of a tough, wise drag queen and a bit too much of a Jennifer Jones in *The Song of Bernadette.* As I was leaving the studio, the next candidate emerged from the dressing room—Matt Dillon. My dears, you haven't lived until you've seen Matt Dillon in spike heels and a skintight spandex miniskirt. I'm afraid I lost my poise. That sight was my only reward, for alas, I didn't get the role. Patrick Swayze was cast as Vida. (You know, he and I are *always* up for the same parts.) Kidron, the director, explained it to me. "The first intention was to do it low-budget without stars. It was my decision to go after Wesley, not only because he's a fine actor but also I wanted his audience to see this kind of film." Bruce Cohen, the executive producer of *To Wong Foo,* added, "The three roles were large performance roles. You have to cast actors rather than people who are those characters. We didn't preclude casting real drag performers, and we saw them, but in the end, our suspicions were confirmed."

THE FIRST MAJOR SEQUENCE OF the film is a large drag contest at Webster Hall. Many actual local drag performers were involved. Candis Cayne was made the assistant choreographer, and Girlina was hired to coach Wesley Snipes on his dance moves. I was asked to appear as myself as one of the judges. No dialogue—I just had to look glamorous and briskly official. Though I had the perfect Chanel knockoff to wear, I ultimately declined the invitation. I just couldn't face it—from almost-star to bit player; call it the wounded pride of the minor cult figure. The Lady Bunny had no qualms about appearing as one of the contest's judges. "The three stars were very patient and cool throughout," she said later. "They were used to the long hours, but the queens were all bitching and moaning bitterly. Standing under those hot lights for sixteen hours was like a greasepaint facial under a grill." Flotilla DeBarge had a good heart-to-heart with Patrick Swayze. "He was really into it. I tried to impress upon Patrick that we don't walk around all day in a dress. We are guys underneath it all. Don't make us out that we have a sad and pathetic life. At least *I* don't anymore."

Despite RuPaul being cast in a small but very showy role, his manager, Randy Barbato, wasn't impressed. "When a movie about drag is finally made, real drag performers become dispensable, and we get Wesley Snipes as a drag queen, copying all their moves. Then they never invite the queens who inspire them to the party."

Joey Arias, who has a small role in the film as one of the contestants, doesn't share that bitterness. "There was a party? Darling, I couldn't have gone anyway because I was out of town doing this fantastic show at the Playboy mansion. I loved being in that picture. I invented an entire new character and a whole new look for it." Linda Simpson, the Lee Grant–like drag hostess of the cable TV show *Party Talk,* wasn't cast in the movie but wishes it well. "I hope *To Wong Foo* is a big success, because if it's a disaster, it could hurt drag the way *Can't Stop the Music* killed disco. Brought it to the masses and made it unspecial. When the milkman started doing the hustle, it was time to abandon ship."

Inevitably, *To Wong Foo* will be compared to *Priscilla.* I spoke with Terence Stamp, the star of *Priscilla,* about the forthcoming film. He said: "Our director was toting the script around Hollywood for two years, and invariably the answer would be, 'Well, we think it's really interesting, but here's a list of things we don't want you to do.' In other words, they want you to be politically correct. Drag queens are the opposite of politically correct."

Over the years, the political correctness of drag has been a source of contention (see "What's Wrong With Drag," page 30), even in the gay community There was a period in the seventies when it was decidedly unfashionable to be a drag queen. In the years after 1969's Stonewall riot, gay men wanted a much more aggressively masculine im-

Left to right: Mark McKinney, Kevin McDonald, Dave Foley, Bruce McCulloch, and Scott Thompson from the TV show 'Kids in the Hall.'

age. The idea was to show the straight world that gay men and women were part of the mainstream and not freakish outsiders. "In the seventies," says Ira Siff, the artistic director and diva of La Gran Scena Opera Company, "I was marching in the gay parade, and I ended up marching with a contingent of drag queens. A friend caught up with me and said, 'You shouldn't be with this group.' I thought, 'When they line us all up and shoot us, it'll be both the butch *and* the femme ones.' One reason drag is so big today within the gay community is that it reflects liberal politics in general, to be all-inclusive, to embrace drag queens as well as lesbians and people of color."

Epperson feels that in the late seventies, drag was the lowest on the totem pole in the gay community. "Gay men all wanted to dress in the clone uniform: jeans, sideburns, and mustaches, sort of like Mark Spitz," he says. "Queens like Holly Woodlawn and Divine were out. After AIDS hit, gay men couldn't use sex the way they used to. Sex is one fantasy trip, leather and S&M, going to the Anvil and the Mineshaft. Having fun with drag is just another kind of fantasy trip. But it's safe. At Wigstock, it's amazing seeing all these muscle guys parading around in wigs. You'd never have seen that in the seventies."

Tommy Femia, the Garland impersonator, adds, "Before AIDS, there were so many back-room bars, you couldn't find a piano bar to save your life. Drag comes from a need to explore yourself creatively, to be honest with yourself and not only release the feminine part of you but exploit it. After a long time trying to make it as a boy singer, I was tired of banging my head against a wall. By 1991, after having lost so many friends to AIDS, I thought, What am I waiting for? When will my number be up? Why should I be embarrassed by what I do so well? I wanted to make a splash, so I put my first Judy outfit together and off I went."

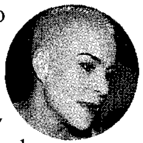
Drag is very much part of the gay community today, but among many drag performers, there is still a need to separate themselves from the ranks of nonperforming transvestites and transsexuals. Most drag performers, while openly gay, make a big point of saying that they dress in drag only onstage and are resolutely male in their private lives. I know I get very edgy when I'm described in print as a "drag queen." To me the words *drag queen* as opposed to *drag performer* imply that I'm not a professional but am merely expressing how I live. Of course, the impulse to perform in drag is a complex and personal one—it's not as simple as deciding whether or not to do an up tune or a ballad. For some of us, the creative spirit is a feminine one; it's colorful, emotional, based on indelible images experienced in early childhood; our talent can be expressed in no other way. Though some female impersonators such as Barry Humphries (Dame Edna Everage) are heterosexual, drag to many performers is intrinsically linked to their identities as gay men. It's our sense of humor, our sense of aesthetics. To deny our fascination with feminine power and allure is to deny who we really are. It would be like telling John Wayne to get his ass off that horse.

PARADIGMS FOUND

A catalogue of drag-queen prototypes? More like an endangered-species list. The increasing scarcity of over-the-top divas like these has prompted their Y-chromosome counterparts to step into the void:

Grace Jones
Cher
Kristin McMenamy
Naomi Campbell
Leona Helmsley
Anita Sarko
Joan and Jackie Collins
Liza Minnelli
Annie Lennox
***AbFab*'s Patsy and Edina**
Dolly Parton
Tammy Faye Bakker
Kathleen Turner
Brooke Shields
Nadja Auermann
Pat Buckley
Brigitte Nielsen
Ivana Trump
Eartha Kitt
Madonna
Pamela Harriman
Georgette Mosbacher
Sally Kirkland
Jackeé
Bea Arthur
Taylor Dayne
Tina Turner
Mary Lou Whitney
Susan Powter
Linda Hamilton
Peggy Lee
Nell Campbell
Toukie Smith
Morgan Fairchild
Sally Kellerman
Kathleen Battle
Mary Jo Buttafuoco
Joycelyn Elders
Ricki Lake
Victoria Principal
Theresa Russell
Delta Burke

Georgette Mosbacher


Susan Powter

Taylor Dayne

Joan Collins

Patsy & Edina of 'AbFab'

Nadja Auermann

We worship outrageous female performers and long to re-create some of that magic in ourselves. It's a good thing we're doing it, because, Lord knows, there aren't too many real ladies selling flamboyance anymore. For a woman, to be a bigger-than-life diva these days is considered over-the-hill and grotesque. That kind of temperamental grande dame wielding a cigarette holder seems almost incomprehensible to a younger, grungier generation. Actresses like Meg Ryan and Julia Roberts give countless interviews about how they find the trappings of stardom unbearable. Bette Midler, the last of the really over-the-top stars, has made it very clear that the Divine Miss M is just a rôle she plays and that in real life, she is a modest wife and mother. Perhaps she is wise to do that. Actresses take their cues from the executives who hire them. Women like Kathleen Turner and Faye Dunaway, who are naturally flamboyant, are considered weird because of their resemblance to old-time stars. And commentators snickered at Geena Davis's and Sharon Stone's glamorous getups at the Oscars.

Perhaps in the absence of outrageous real women, drag stars pick up the slack. Maybe that's why we're getting so much attention today. We're fun. In opera, there are no more divine monsters like Maria Callas to fascinate the public. But we can shout "bravissima" for the drag divas of La Gran Scena Opera. In ballet, there is no Dame Margot Fonteyn. Darci Kistler is not quite the same thing. Don't despair. Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo *still* appears from time to time. It's been generations since the theater had a leading lady on the order of a Tallulah Bankhead or a Lynn Fontanne, but Everett Quinton and I are more than willing to fill in. Barbra Streisand has toned down her once-outlandish image to that of an only slightly theatrical member of the House of Representatives. Steven Brinberg, whose show *Simply Barbra* has been playing to full houses for over a year at the cabaret Don't Tell Mama, portrays Barbra strictly circa 1964. "The sixties were her most glamorous period. If I did her now, I'd have to wear a plain black Donna Karan suit and a whole lot less eye makeup." The success of the British sitcom *Absolutely Fabulous* has given camp a whole new lease on life. Here, at last, are two heroines, Patsy and Edina, who revel in fashion excess.

Recently, I played my first non-drag role in over a decade, and while it was pleasant not gluing my eyelids with false lashes eight times a week, I must confess I miss being a fantastic, glamour-drenched diva. These days, I can't walk by Saks without gazing wistfully at the dresses in the windows. I'm sorry—a tuxedo, no matter how stylish, can't compare to some fabulous off-the-shoulder gown with an immense full-length skirt that splits apart in front, revealing form-fitting sequined slacks. No, I'm not through with drag, not by a long shot. A boy has a thousand years of feminine fashion excess from which to derive inspiration. ■

Photographs: top to bottom, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; John Barrett/Globe Photos; Kathy Banks/Sygma; Rick Maiman/Sygma; no credit (2); Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

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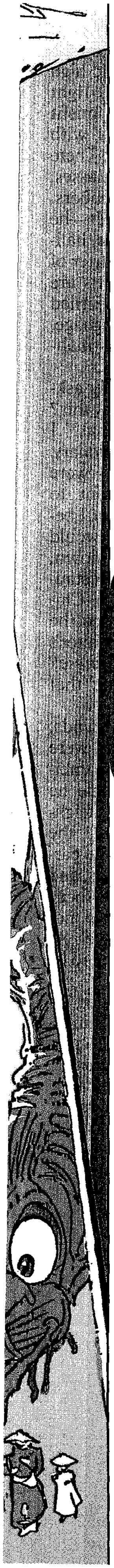


Photograph by Nina Berman/Sipa.

ROBERT MCKINNEY

Jeffrey Goldberg on "white boy" Robert McKinney, Stuyvesant High School graduate and pride of his Queens family, who never thought he'd become a key figure in an Asian gang. But that was before he met Peter Lo, a man the government says is one of the most vicious mobsters ever to come out of Chinatown.

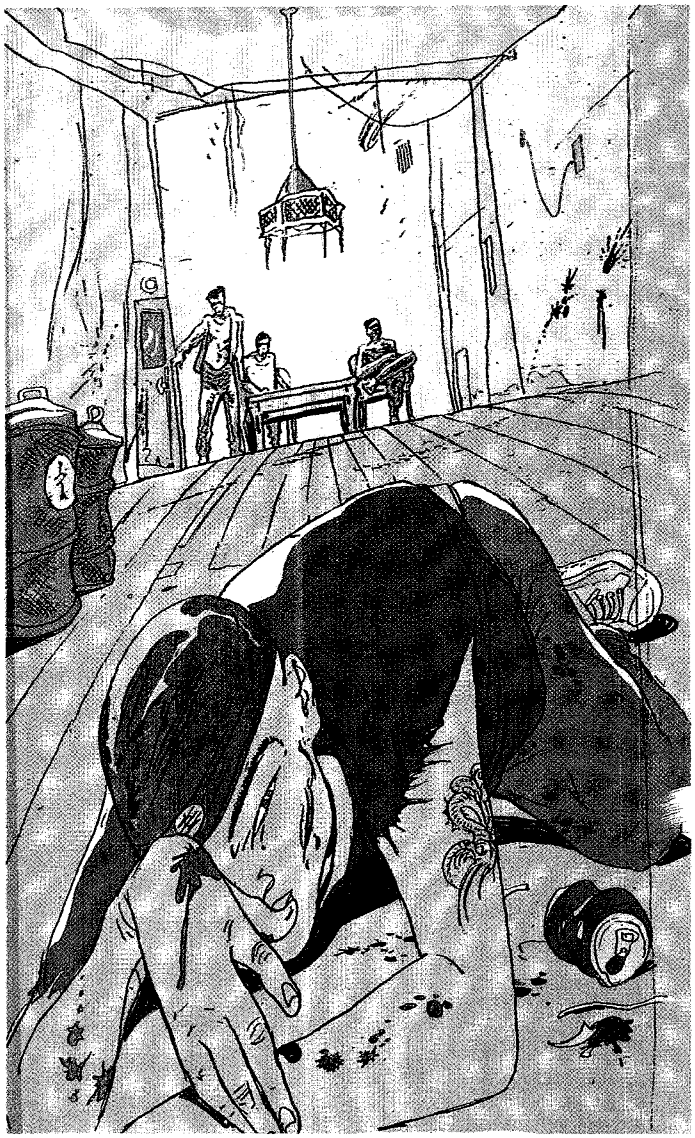
My Life As a Chinese Gangster

KENNY CHEN IS ON HIS KNEES AND bleeding. He is silent as he is kicked and beaten. The safe house, an apartment in Rego Park, is crowded with people who want to kill Kenny Chen.

Chi Keung "Peter" Lo stands over Kenny, cursing him in Cantonese. "You want to steal from me? You won't be forgiven this time." Two members of Peter's crew kick and punch Kenny to the floor as Peter watches. Peter is Kenny's *dai lo,* or big brother, a Chinatown gang leader, and he believes Kenny stole from him in a drug deal. Peter is primed to kill Kenny. His crew is primed to kill Kenny. Only one gang member, Robert McKinney, seems hesitant.

"Kenny hates you," Peter tells Robert. "He wanted to kill you. You're not going to hit him? What's wrong with you?"

Robert stares down at the floor, then at Kenny. Kenny is one of Robert's best friends. "Blood is coming out all over," remembers Robert, who described the Chen beating to *New York*. "Kenny's not saying anything. I was thinking to myself, *You better do something; otherwise, he's going to think you're in on it.* So I kicked Kenny in the head. He was on his knees. I kicked him hard enough to make his head snap back. I hit him a couple of other times in his body." Peter, the *dai lo,* appears pleased with Robert's performance. He orders Robert to take one of the women in the safe house back to Peter's apartment. As Robert leaves, he looks back at his friend, bent over a chair and bleeding, and considers his life. "I was thinking, *This is the reality of what I've become.* I guess I really didn't understand how I got to this place."



Robert McKinney, Stuyvesant High School class of 1986, the exceptional son in a family of achievers that moved to New York in the early sixties from the Dominican Republic, stands in the doorway and realizes that he has somehow, improbably, become a Chinese gangster.

There is no Chinese blood in Robert McKinney. He wasn't born in China or raised in Chinatown—he didn't even know any Chinese people as a small boy in Ridgewood, Queens. (His last name comes from his father's Irish ancestors.) He wasn't a born gangster either. There is more than a little nerd in him. Light-skinned, with brown, wiry hair, he is not an overwhelming physical presence. Of average size, he has an overbite and an arrogant air otherwise generally associated with ex-honor-society presidents. He describes his greatest school achievement this way: "By junior year, I was the vice-president of the Stuyvesant martial-arts club. No one had ever attained the vice-presidency in his junior year before."

Kung fu got him inside Chinatown. He says he found in Chinese culture something he couldn't find in his own. "There is a more expansive view of the world in Chinese culture. The whole New York street culture, the crotch-grabbing, the 'Check out that bitch' kind of culture—it's very crude. There was no mutual respect involved. I just wanted to get face [respect]."

Along the way, he made loyal friends, met the woman who would become his wife, learned an impossible language, penetrated an elusive world. "I felt like I belonged to something as deep as family."

By the early nineties, he belonged, but not to the Chinese strivers he met in school or even to his teacher at the secretive Canal Street school where he studied kung fu. He belonged instead to Peter Lo, a man prosecutors describe as one of the most vicious gangsters ever to come out of Chinatown.

As he looked back into the apartment at Peter and the bleeding Kenny, he says, he was overwhelmed by fear: "I saw that you can't cross Peter. I was glad to be leaving the apartment when I did." Robert says he didn't know it yet, but Peter would call him back to the apartment the next day and order him to kill Kenny Chen.

"I REMEMBER ONE DAY IN THE CAFETERIA AT Stuyvesant, a Chinese guy was looking at me, and I was staring back. This guy said, in Chinese, 'What are you looking at?' I looked at him and said in Chinese, 'Nothing much.' I was so happy. The look on his face was like, 'You know Chinese?' "

Stuyvesant, one of the city's two top public high schools, was the right place for a brainy, misfit Dominican in love with everything Chinese. There were no Chinese classes, McKinney remembers, but it didn't matter—he picked it up in the hallways. At least a quarter of Stuyvesant's students are Chinese, and he learned their food, their language, even how to play mah-jongg.

"I was constantly asking, 'How do you say this? How do you say that?' I made my own dictionary. At first, my friends were like, 'You just want to learn the curses,' but I became so intrigued, I would write everything down. When we went to restaurants, I ordered in Chinese. You should see the expression on the waiter's face—*You know Chinese?* They respected me that much more."

His Chinese friends, Robert discovered, were more loyal and more ambitious than the people he saw in his Queens neighborhood. "I admired the way they worked. The parents worked like dogs, and my friends would focus 100 percent. If I could get that type of motivation, then I could definitely excel. At this time, I didn't know if I was going to be a pediatrician or a cardiologist."

By the eleventh grade, he was living his life in Chinese. Kung fu classes, Chinese parties, Chinese girls. "I would go to parties every weekend, all-Chinese parties. That's where I began to see the so-called other element. My friends were good people, so how do they know these people?" In Chinatown, where he began passing his afternoons, he says he noticed that the tight geography of the neighborhood meant that his friends, the Harvard-bound SAT wizards, would cross paths with people they had known as small children, people now loyal to the Ghost Shadows and the Flying Dragons.

He remembers a day after school on Mott Street, in an arcade, where he collided with the "other element." "I was just hanging out, and I saw this guy on the other side of the arcade who I had met at a party. His friends saw me staring, and one of them came up to me and said, 'What are you staring at, white boy?' and he pushed me. I saw a gun in his waistband,

and I said, 'No problem, I just thought I had met that guy at a party.' "

"The guy comes over, and he says, 'Aren't you that guy who speaks Chinese?' I told him yes in Chinese, and he was like, 'That's cool.' They invited me out to this restaurant down the street. After we ate, I got my wallet to pay and one of the guys said, 'We don't pay.' That was the first time I didn't have to pay."

At the time, Robert, no naïf but no gangster either, had only a scant understanding of the gang system ruling Chinatown. "To this day," he says, "I would like to know who exactly these guys were."

He knew they dressed differently from members of the Stuyvesant High School kung fu club. "They were very eighties," he says. "Spiky hair was the thing, and Capezios. And the girls had high hair and leggings. This wasn't bad. I asked them, 'What do you guys do?' They were like, 'We go to the arcade because nobody hassles us there.' I didn't know at the time what that meant."

Things came into focus one night in 1986, at the Marc Ballroom on Union Square. "One of the college Asian clubs is having a party," he says. "Suddenly, this guy picks up a chair and whacks another guy on the head. These Chinese guys run from the back of the room. There are like fifteen, twenty people beating each other up. It was two rival gangs. Everybody is running to the exits—everybody who isn't in a gang. There was blood on the walls from a guy whose head was split open.

"The cops come, but these guys clear out in a second. The cops asked me what I saw and I said nothing. My friends said we've got to get out of there, because these guys were going to come back with guns. To tell the truth, I was impressed with them. No one fought alone. They were all united."

During his freshman year at City College, Robert met a man named George, another impressive character. George was a self-described martial-arts expert who was connected in Chinatown. "George knows where the true masters are hidden," Robert says. "I had this mentality that said, if you're white, you can't truly learn martial arts, but I knew George could introduce me to his teacher. One night, I decide to fight George, to see his skills.

"We go out to the park at Union Square at two, three in the morning, and we spar. I beat him royally. He would say things to me like, 'Did you see how your punches bounced off me?' and I would say, 'I think I got pretty good punches in, actually.' I thought this guy was full of shit. But I realized he actually had some good skills. After we sparred, he said to me, 'How would you like to see where I study martial arts?'

"I knew then that I had made it, I had made it to Chinatown."

THE STUDIO WAS LOCATED HIGH above Canal Street, on the sixth floor of a nameless walk-up, and though it was bare-walled and a bit ratty, it was everything Robert McKinney, kung fu hero in training, could have wanted. "I was nervous the first time I went up there, boy," he says. "You walk into the room—it's a big, open room with mirrors—and in the corners you see weapons, swords and spears. And the drums, with Chinese lettering. This was a place that definitely had the element of gangsters. It was no secret that the martial-arts studios were training grounds for gangsters. Not everybody was a gangster, but you heard rumors: 'This guy's a Shadow; that guy's a something.' But you don't go up to someone and say, 'Are you a Shadow?' These were nice guys, but these were tough guys, too.

We were at this party in Queens, and he saw this guy wearing a ponytail. He ordered me to kick him in the head. So I ordered the guy to remove the rubber band. He didn't, so I kicked him.

"My teacher had me spar with this guy, and I beat him. The teacher was impressed, and then he asked me to spar with him [the teacher]. Well, the teacher put me straight on my ass. This guy was good."

Robert, the only non-Asian in the studio, was quickly accepted by the family. After training, the teacher would lead his charges through Chinatown, to a restaurant near the corner of East Broadway and Allen Street. "Upstairs was for the tourists—spare ribs and fried rice. Downstairs was where we went. Raccoon soup, shark-fin soup, things you wouldn't normally get upstairs. The teacher was treated like a king in this place."

Robert didn't pry, but after several months, he understood that his teacher was connected to powerful people. The teacher, he says, was a "general" in the Hung Mun. Experts say the Hung Mun is a powerful association that helped Sun Yat-sen overthrow the Ching dynasty in 1911. Today, it is centered in Taiwan and Hong Kong and has branches throughout North America. Law-enforcement officials suggest that certain branches of the group have been involved in underworld activity here, including drug smuggling. "They maintain a gang that is smaller in New York than the gangs of other tongs, such as the Flying Dragons," says Ko-Lin Chin, a gang expert at Rutgers University.

"We need to find out if it's a player out there, and what its connections to Hong Kong and China are. It's hard to get a handle on it," says Cathy Palmer, a gang expert and until recently a federal prosecutor.

Robert is sure the Hung Mun's reach is deep and wide. He tells of Hung Mun banquets, where he was introduced to the underworld pantheon. "I was brought from one person to another, and I see out of the corner of my eye—I wouldn't look at these guys for fear of disrespecting them—that Benny Ong is there." Benny Ong, until his death last year, was said to be the godfather of all Chinatown, the leader of the Hip Sing tong and its Flying Dragons gang. "I did a lot of bowing. I could tell these guys were intrigued. Who was I, and why was my teacher bringing me around?"

Robert's life revolved around the studio. He trained hard and even joined its "dragon dance" team. "Every association and studio had lion dancers or dragon dancers," he says. "These would be the dragons you would see on the streets at Chinese New Year's. This is incredibly difficult to do. I remember the first time they asked me to be the tail, I was so excited. Now people would see me doing it."

Robert says he will always remember the dragon dance on Chinese New Year's, 1988: "It was an incredible scene. There were fireworks going off night and day, and dragons everywhere. Dragons from different clubs would challenge each other in the streets. The streets were so crowded, just wall-to-wall. All the banners wishing good fortune were out. The restaurants we frequented would invite our dragon in. They wanted the good fortune the dragon will bring." It was after the dragon blessed the studio's East Broadway hangout that Robert sensed trouble on the street.

"My teacher is standing outside the restaurant with two of his brothers," Robert says. "Then this blue Dodge comes driving slowly down the street. There was whispering—people were like, 'Oh, shit,' and 'Isn't that Peter?' This guy comes out of the car. He goes to my teacher, and they exchange words. Then this guy, Peter, starts fighting with my teacher's two brothers. I mean, they're really going at it. And everybody's saying, 'Don't interfere; it's a family matter.' "

The man in the Dodge was Peter Lo, another of the teacher's brothers and the *dai lo* who would later order Robert to kill Kenny Chen. "Eventually my teacher breaks the fight up," Robert says. "It was a loss of face to have his brothers fighting, but he doesn't show it and tells everybody very calmly to collect our things and go back to the studio."

But George insisted on introducing Robert to Peter. "I don't really hang out with my teacher," Robert recalls. "He's older, and the older guys go home to their families at night. So George and Peter and I go out for drinks and Japanese food."

Peter was an outlaw among outlaws, quick-tempered and insolent. But Robert was drawn to him, much the way he's drawn to any Chinese person who gives him approval. "Peter gives Robert what he's looking for—respect from a tough guy," explains Robert's lawyer, Frank J. Hancock.

Says Robert: "People feared [Peter] because they thought this boy was crazy. He'll do anybody. That was his reputation. But the guy didn't seem like what they said he was. He joked around. But later I saw that if you fucked him, he would kill you.

"Slowly but surely, I break with my usual friends and start hanging out with Peter. The way he treated you made you feel like you were needed. We were having a good time. I would introduce him to girls, and he would introduce me to girls. Then came the thing with cocaine."

According to law-enforcement sources, Peter Lo and his crew later grew to become serious dealers in cocaine and heroin. But by 1988, Peter had made only a single deal. Robert was still on track to become a physician, but he made what in retrospect must have been a fateful choice: He stayed with Peter, even when Peter began demanding his allegiance more and more.

"George and I got into an argument over a girl," Robert says, "so the teacher had us in a sit-down at the East Broadway restaurant. I'm sitting there and George leans over the table and slams a gun down. He says, 'I will kill this boy.' Then Peter stands up for me. He tells George he'll have to kill him [Peter] first. Well, that's the end of me and George. But from then on, I felt like I owed Peter my life."

At some point—Robert doesn't remember exactly when—he slipped into the gangster life. It wasn't a conscious decision to break laws, he says now: "I guess I was thinking, *This is what gangsters do.* I wanted to be tough. I wanted to walk down the street and have people respect me. I wanted to make money.

"We decided we'd shake down restaurants, but all the restaurants in Chinatown were taken. So we thought we'd go to Ridgewood to get money from the Chinese restaurants there, only we weren't very good. One time, we went into a restaurant and to intimidate the owners, we threw a chair against one of those full-wall mirrors. But the chair just bounced off and the mirror didn't break. We were so embarrassed, we just left. We also never knew how much to extort. But the people were willing to pay, because Peter told them that the Hung Mun was behind him."

By early 1989, Peter and Robert, sensing only a limited future in extortion, cast about for new ways to make a living, and on Reade Street near City Hall they found the perfect moneymaking machine. "It was a place called the Sin Ta Lounge," Robert says. "It wasn't very crowded when we found it, but we knew we could attract people. We convinced the owner to let us run the place in exchange for a percentage. We got tablecloths and candles and made it a karaoke bar with dancing."

Law-enforcement officials say Robert and Peter transformed Sin Ta into a DMZ for rival gangs. Because it was located on Reade Street, outside Chinatown, these officials say, Sin Ta became a place where members of various gangs—from the Ghost Shadows to the Vietnamese BTK, or Born to Kill—could drink and do business. Robert says he kept a gun under the bar in case things came apart. One law-enforcement source says Sin Ta became a place where guns were also bought and sold, and where Peter Lo, incipient drug dealer, mastered his trade.

Robert found that because of his new affiliation with Sin Ta, he had a kind of de facto universal visa and could venture anywhere in Chinatown: "I could walk on Mott Street and then go down to Pell Street. This was a very, very rare thing to do." Pell Street is Dragon territory; Mott is Shadow.

By 1989, Robert's new vision of kung fu gangster glory had supplanted his old dream of medical school, and he dropped out of college. "Basically," he says, "making money was the thing."

Peter got most of the money. Like any *dai lo,* he ensured loyalty by distributing money as needed to his *sai lo*—little brother. But financial dependence on Peter didn't bother Robert. He was along for the power trip.

"Peter hated ponytails on guys," Robert says. "He thought the guys were trying to say they were *all that*—you know, too cool. We were at this party one night in Queens, and he saw this guy wearing a ponytail. He ordered me to kick him in the head. So I went up to him in the middle of the dance floor and ordered the guy to remove the rubber band. He didn't, so I kicked him. He looked at me fearfully. He said, 'Brother, why did you do this to me?' I said, 'My *dai lo* hates your hair.' He took off the rubber band. All around the room, you saw guys taking off the rubber bands that were holding their ponytails together."

Robert enjoyed his nights at Sin Ta; there were liquor and girls enough for everyone. One girl in particular caught his eye—a recent high-school graduate named Judy, the daughter of a prominent Chinatown family. Sin Ta's D.J., David Chiu, encouraged Robert to ask her out.

"She was so gorgeous," Robert remembers. "A friend of mine asked me if I wanted to attract her, and I said yeah, and my friend said, 'Go up on the stage and sing karaoke in Chinese.' So I sang in Chinese. Judy turned around and was quite shocked."

David Chiu introduced Robert to Judy, but his reputation preceded him. "She said she didn't go out with gangsters," Robert says. "I said I wasn't a gangster." Somehow, he convinced her of his innocence.

"In his heart, I could see he wasn't a gangster," Judy says now. She is demure and speaks in a strikingly soft voice. They started dating in the fall of 1990. "These were great days, making money, hanging out, seeing Judy," Robert says.

If Robert had only known who was watching him, he wouldn't have been so carefree. "All the [gang's] cars, all the phones, were listed in Robert's name," says William Oldham, a detective with the NYPD's Major Case Squad. Oldham and his partner, George Slater, picked up the trail of the Peter Lo crew in 1990. "It was clear," Oldham says, "that someone was using Robert as a shield." Oldham, careful today not to excuse Robert's behavior, saw him in those days as a "follower," someone who seemed to derive his "sense of self from the gang. He got something from it. I got the impression he didn't know what he was."

THE GREAT DAYS CRASHED TO AN end on October 10, 1990. David Chiu, the D.J., was gunned down on Reade Street. Chiu was a former Ghost Shadow, and the Flying Dragons were suspected in the killing, although no arrests have ever been made in the case. "After David died, Robert definitely didn't want to be at Sin Ta at all," Judy says. "I always thought it wasn't really him, the gangster stuff. I could see that he didn't want to be there at all."

Says Robert, "Judy had begged me to leave after David's death: 'Leave the whole scene. Just clean up your life and leave.' "

After Chiu's funeral, on October 15, 1990, Robert, Judy, Kenny Chen, and a few others met at Sin Ta to drink and sulk. The bar wasn't crowded. At one table sat three members of BTK. Nearby sat a group of Chinese hoods, unaffiliated as far as anyone could tell. Robert didn't notice it at first, but an argument broke out between the two tables. "These guys start screaming at each other like mad," Robert says, "calling each other *motherfucker* and such. Kenny goes to see what's wrong. The Chinese guys say the Vietnamese guys stole their phone. Plus one of the Vietnamese guys was hitting on one of the Chinese guys' wives, or so they say. Kenny tells me to turn the lights on, so there's no *boom-boom-boom* in the dark. Judy and them are off to the side. This one guy says, 'If your phone's missing, why don't you call it and see where it is.' At that point, somebody finds the phone, but they're still yelling at each other. I go to one of the guys and say, 'If you got a beef, take it elsewhere; take it outside.'

"They leave, and I start picking up the tablecloths. A guy at the door says, 'I just heard gunshots.' I yell, 'Get away from the door. It's none of our business.' I went home and didn't know what happened until the next day. Somebody called and said, 'Did you hear what happened at Sin Ta?' "

The Chinese men had stalked the BTK gangsters, killing all three in a parking lot across the street from the bar. The leader of the Chinese gang was later convicted for the killings.

"We left—Judy and me—after that. That had me scared," Robert says. He moved upstate to Binghamton, and Judy followed a month later. He found work as a financial consultant—"my Stuyvesant education coming through for me." Out of Chinatown, he didn't feel a need to act like a big man. But Peter Lo wasn't finished with him. "Peter found me," Robert says. "He wanted me to come back to do the drug thing. He told me I was one half of his brain." Robert and Judy had awful fights over Peter. Judy recalls: "I told him, 'The reason you moved away was to get away from him. He's such a bad influence.' " But Robert decided to do Peter's bidding.

Peter had in the meantime surrounded himself with new henchmen, a gang dubbed "the Mod Squad" by police. Mostly Asian, the group also included a black and another Latino besides Robert.

Law-enforcement officials say the gang specialized in ripping off drug dealers. According to an affidavit prepared by the NYPD's Slater, the Lo organization once set out to supply a person named Peter Eng with heroin. A meeting was planned, and instead of exchanging heroin for Eng's money, members of the Lo organization allegedly cut Eng's throat and dumped his body in Brooklyn.

Robert is hazy about Peter's drug-dealing days, but he admits that after his return from Binghamton, he helped broker deals for Peter with Latino wholesalers. Says Oldham, the detective on Robert's trail, "One of his primary purposes was to set up drug deals with Hispanics. That's very valuable for a Chinese dealer."

It was a deal gone bad that led to Kenny Chen's ordeal. Says Robert: "We were supposed to make a trade—heroin for money—and it was supposed to be done under the West Side Highway. I went to check the money, and it seemed to be all there. If I had looked harder and found that the money wasn't there, they might have killed me. I don't know what happened, but after we saw the money wasn't all there, Peter told me that Kenny blamed me and wanted to kill me. In retrospect, it seems that Peter was trying to set Kenny up. He was turning me against Kenny because he wanted Kenny out of the way because Kenny was making his own connections."

At the time, Robert says, he was pleased to find Peter on his side. But he didn't want to kill Kenny himself. That's why he was so relieved on July 2, 1991, when he left the Queens safe house, figuring that Peter would get someone else to kill Kenny.

"Peter calls me back the next morning," Robert says. "Kenny is disfigured. His face looks like meat. He's tied up. One of his eyes is swollen shut. Peter tells me they shocked him with electricity. Kenny asks Peter if he can write a last will. Kenny knows he's going to die. Traditionally, he would have been allowed to write it, to tie up loose ends. But Peter denies him.

Kenny is disfigured. His face looks like meat. He's tied up. One of his eyes is swollen shut. Peter tells me they shocked him with electricity.

"Peter is asking, 'Who's going to do this?' There are, like, three or four of us there in the room. I say straight out that I don't have the balls for this. He asks another guy, and he says no. Peter gets pissed off and says, 'You're going to do it, or I'm going to do one of you.' Finally, I get the guy who introduced Kenny to the dealers who ripped us off. He would do it.

"We load Kenny into the car and drive to Flushing Meadows Park. I drive the car, and three other guys, including the guy I found, come with us. Kenny's totally silent. We get to the park and the guys say, 'Rob, come on.' I tell them I'll stay with the car. They take him out, past where I can see, and they come back a few minutes later without Kenny. Nobody talks the whole way back. I take the guy I called—his nickname was Lumpy—to Manhattan. He gets out and drops a razor blade he used on Kenny in the sewer." (Police confirm this account.)

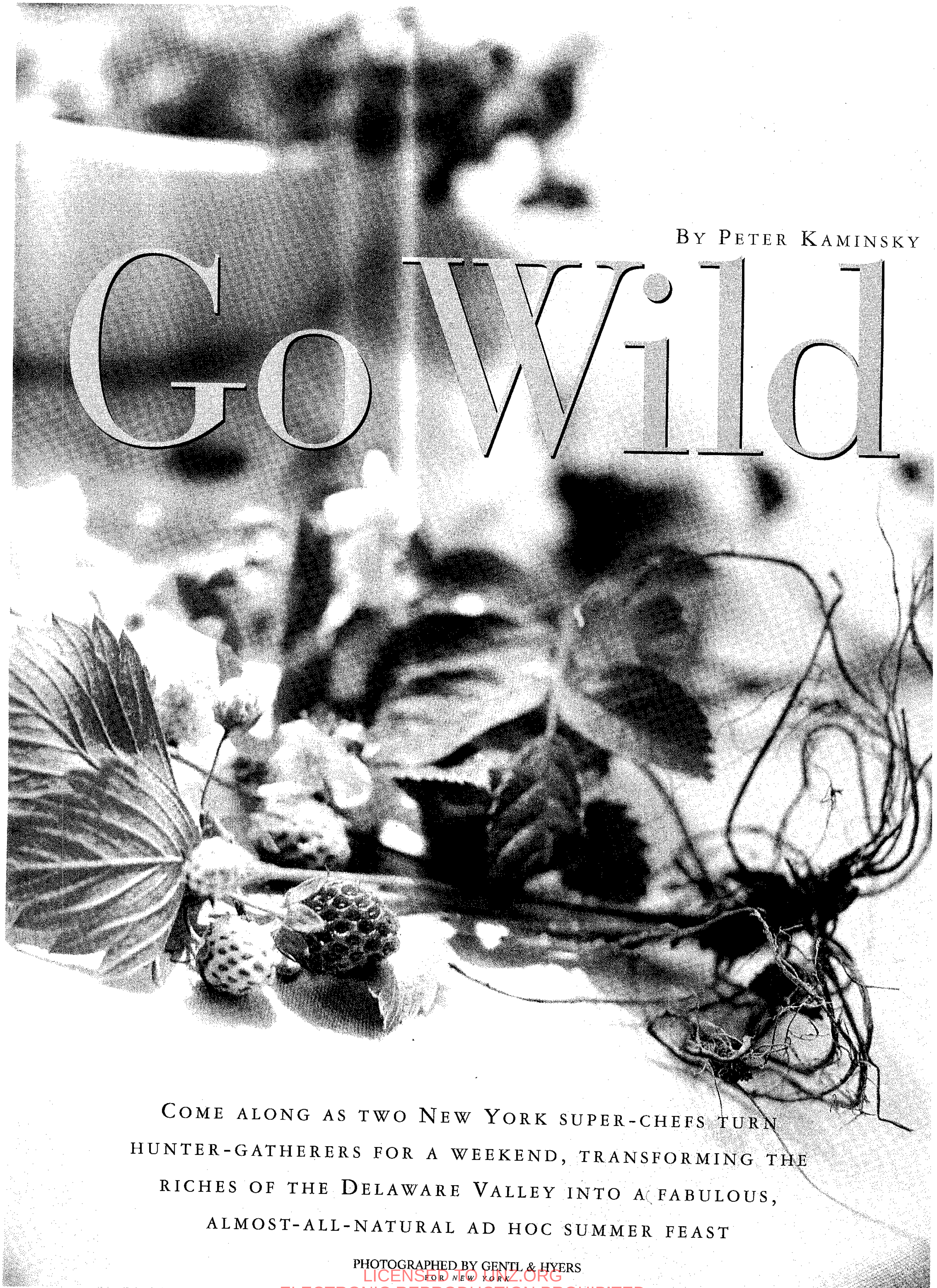
While Robert waited by the car, the two men had cut Kenny's throat, then taken his pants off and sliced open his groin arteries. Kenny didn't die—a policeman found him and his life was saved. "We heard the next morning Kenny was alive," Robert says. "Peter told me to go the hospital and tell him everything was cool, so he wouldn't testify, but I said I couldn't. I was the guy driving the car."

ROBERT MCKINNEY LEFT PETER LO'S SIDE for good this time: "Judy was just begging me to get out." He fled back upstate, got an unlisted number, and resumed work. He and Judy eventually wandered back to Queens, and Robert found a job as an investment solicitor at a brokerage house on Long Island. At a certain point, Robert began to forget about Kenny Chen and the drug dealing. He and Judy were married in a Chinatown wedding palace. Five hundred people came. Peter didn't find him.

The police did. Last June, they came to his parents' house, where he and Judy were living. Robert was in bed, recovering from a back operation—doctors say intensive kung fu training aggravated a degenerative spinal condition. "My father answered the door. I went out to look. The detective said, 'I got you now.' "

Robert was indicted on attempted-murder-conspiracy and drug charges and, seeing no way to escape the truth, pleaded guilty this spring. His back condition apparently causing him great pain, Robert could barely stand before the magistrate to give his plea. Today, his back has decayed to the point where it is difficult for him to walk. The act of turning in his seat causes him to break out in a sweat. He remains free on bail; he has not been sentenced yet, nor has he been called to testify against Peter Lo, who is in jail awaiting trial on multiple murder charges. "As long as they don't call me to testify against Peter," he says, "I'll be all right. I'd be very scared to testify against him."

Robert, who just turned 27, could face life in jail, and he expects to be sentenced later this year to at least eight years in a federal prison. He decided to tell his story in the hope that police and prosecutors would see two things—that he was a reluctant criminal and that he had, with Judy's help, righted himself without benefit of jail time. As he finishes his saga, he shifts his body slightly but painfully. "I had done what the judicial system is supposed to do for you. I rehabilitated myself. I was clear of the gangster life. I was going to get a promotion at work." He exhales slowly. "I guess everything catches up to you in the end." ▬



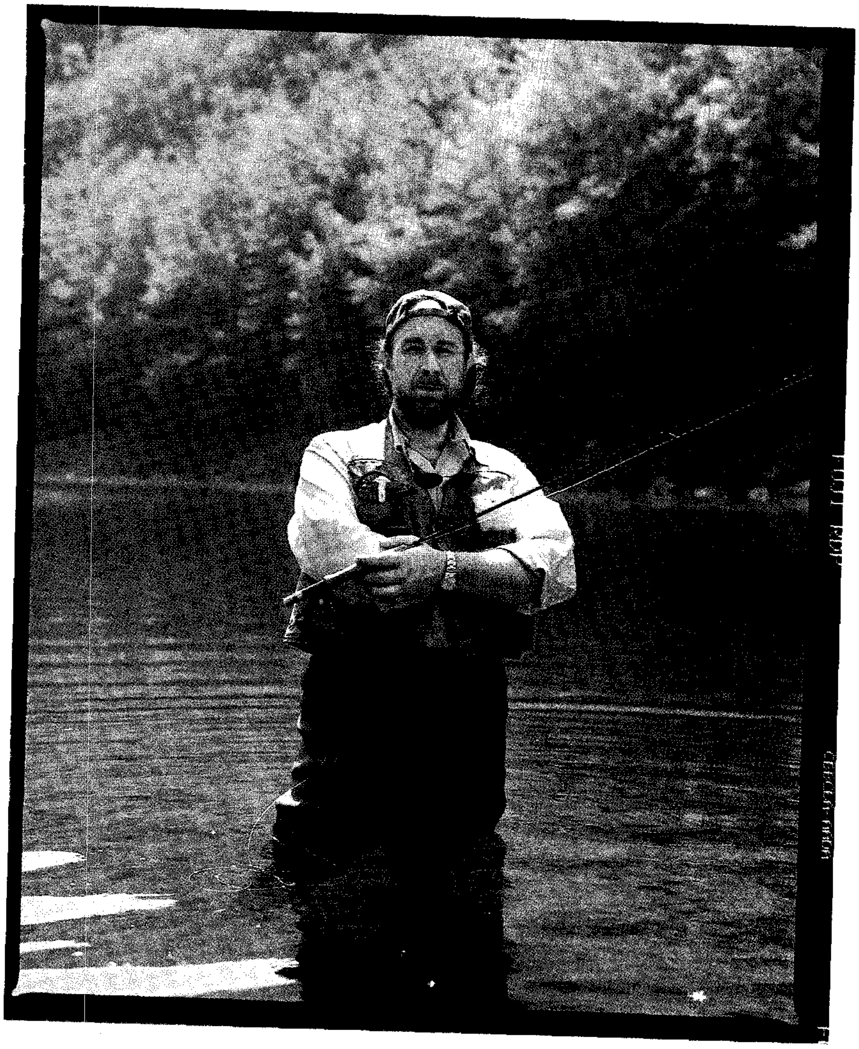
By Peter Kaminsky

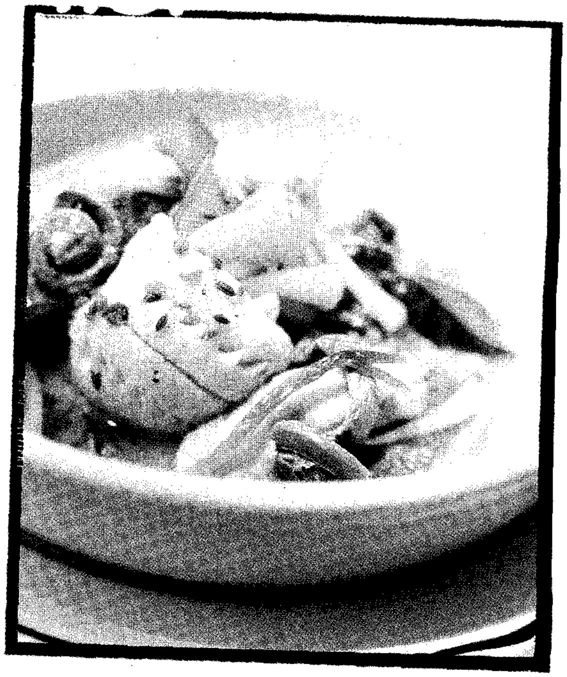
Go Wild

Come along as two New York super-chefs turn hunter-gatherers for a weekend, transforming the riches of the Delaware Valley into a fabulous, almost-all-natural ad hoc summer feast

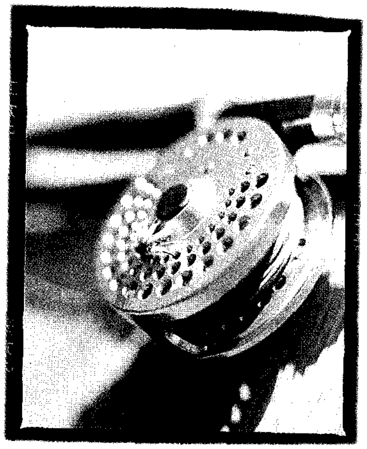
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENTL & HYERS
FOR NEW YORK

This page: Tom Valenti (left) and Lespinasse's Gray Kunz. Opposite, wild strawberries.





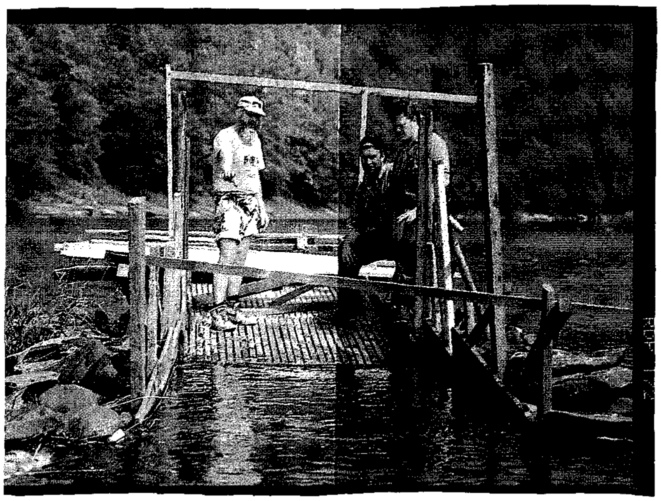
Above, a medley of very fresh fish—smallmouth bass, brown trout, and shad—with pickled ramps and fiddlehead ferns.



Above, Tom Valenti fly-fishing. Below, Gray Kunz's son Jimmy with a trout. Right, wildflowers and grasses.

Above, a fly-fishing rod. Below, wild-watercress soup with hot smoked eel.

Above and left, Lucy Kaminsky picking strawberries.



Above, from left to right: Ray Turner, an eel-and-shad trapper, with Tom Valenti and Gray Kunz on the Delaware.

Above, a glass of wild-mint tea. Right, Gray Kunz gathers cattail shoots for salad.

THE IDEA WAS BORN IN A CONVERSATION WITH Gray Kunz a few summers back. Kunz is the acclaimed chef of Lespinasse, at the St. Regis Hotel, one of the best restaurants in town, and he was recounting some memories of mushroom-picking outside Lausanne. That Swiss city is where he received the classical culinary training he blended so well with the cooking traditions he'd assimilated in boyhood in Singapore; as he recalled an undergraduate expedition to pick the first marzuolus mushrooms from the receding snows of the Alpine spring, he was clearly a man lost in a reverie.

I understood his passion. I am the same way about fishing with a fly rod. So is Tom Valenti, who was also there that night. Tom is an upstater—he's from Ithaca—and he is part owner and chef of the casually elegant Cascabel in SoHo. Valenti, unlike Kunz, received all of his training behind a stove, working at a succession of restaurants before making his mark as the executive chef at Alison on Dominick. Give "lamb shank" as a hint to your *Password* partner, and if he or she is a New York food fanatic, the answer will be "Tom Valenti."

We talked that night about getting together for a trout-mushroom-and-grouse meal in the fall. But the fall was busy, and it proved to be too difficult to mesh the schedules of two celebrity chefs and one writer the following spring and summer.

"Let's do it *this* year," Gray said when I bumped into him at the James Beard Awards a few months ago. So that was the plan: Two of Manhattan's most celebrated chefs would drive three hours to Starlight, Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Delaware, and create an haute cuisine meal from the fish, fruits, and flowers of this most fertile of valleys . . . if the fish cooperated, if the wild strawberries had ripened, if there were still fiddleheads in the coolest parts of the forest.

I made a bunch of calls to all my morel-picking friends. For whatever reason—too much rain or not enough, too mild a winter or too severe, or maybe just the prima-donna-ishness of wild mushrooms—the morels didn't really come out this year.

No problem. The trout were still in fine shape. There would be yellow mustard in the fields and milkweed in the pastures. Putting together a wild meal is not unlike putting together a menu in the city. You must go to market with an open mind, see what looks best, and plan your meal accordingly. We agreed to build a meal around whatever we happened to hunt and gather. Not all the ingredients would be wild. Tom and Gray could bring their salt and pepper, some favorite herbs, bacon, flour, sugar, and, of course, wine. Wild food would be the featured element in each dish, but there was no reason to forgo the enhancements of a few civilized ingredients. This was about fine dining, not an Outward Bound course for foodies.

We settled on a base of operations at Al Caucci's Delaware River Club in Starlight, a homey lodge overlooking one of the great trout pools of the West Branch of the Delaware, where bottom releases from the Cannonsville Reservoir maintain cool temperatures and make this one of the most dependable trout streams in the region.

Valenti and I agreed early on that we would trout-fish for fun only. All of these native West Branch wild trout would be returned to the river. In our intensely fished eastern waters, a live wild trout in the stream is a rare and precious thing. If we caught stocked trout in another stream, that would be okay. Bass, shad, and eel were fair game, too. As it turned out, we needn't have been so fastidious. The trout were better than we were that first night on the stream; Tom, Al Caucci, my 10-year old-daughter Lucy, and I cast until dark and caught nothing.

I was up at five the next morning and drove to the cabin of Tom and his wife, Kathleen, on a particularly good pool on the Beaverkill, a tributary of the Delaware and the best of the undammed Catskill trout streams.

The hot weather had evidently put the trout into a premature midsummer sulk. We tried the lower part of the pool for smallmouth, who like slower, warmer water than trout do. No luck. Valenti turned and said, "Worms."

This is not a word that excites a fly fisherman, but he had a point. Worms it would be if we wanted to eat bass, a fish that is—mistakenly, in my opinion—regarded as less chic than trout. The Civil War surgeon and angler James Alexander Henshall wrote what is perhaps the most famous phrase in American angling literature when he praised the bronze-backed smallmouth, saying, "Inch for inch, and pound for pound, he is the gamest fish that swims."

By noon, we were still without fish. Gray Kunz and his wife, Nicole, pulled up with their two children, 9-year-old Julie and 6-year-old Jimmy. I put them to work in the strawberry field with Lucy and my youngest, Lily, who is 5. Is there any sight better than young children, especially one's own, wandering purposefully through a field full of flowers and berries? They ate as much as they saved, but they saved enough.

The Valenti home on the Beaverkill.

Gray and I put waders on and crossed the river to an island deeply shaded by a stand of ancient hemlock. It was a prime mushroom habitat. We stopped at the head of the island to pick some wild mint that Kunz wanted for a cool tea. The hemlock grove was full of fallen rotting timber, from which a few mushrooms, none of them edible, sprouted. Gray ran from spot to spot, brushing away the needles that covered the forest floor to point out spores of chanterelle mushrooms that would surely pop with the next rain.

Mushroomless, we exited the forest and waded back across the river. The lower pool held three eel houses: circular piles of stones made by the mature eels as a refuge for their young. Upriver, Tom's fishing rod was bent. A fine smallmouth breached, tail-walked, sounded, and leapt again. Tom walked to the shallows, where the children were swimming. He handed the rod to the kids and allowed them to reel in the bass. We had our first fish.

There were two more important meal-building stops. We went to the home of Ray Turner, a second-generation eel-and-shad trapper whose riverside smokehouse, Delaware Delicacies, is always a good source for local food from the wild. Could we check his traps for eel and shad in the morning? Tom asked. Ray said, "Sure."

Next, Gray and I drove up the valley of the East Branch of the Delaware to the mountain village of Harvard, New York, home of Candy and Roger Ricco. Roger comes from a family that has farmed, fished, trapped, and sugared in the valley for 150 years. We bought some of his syrup, and he told Gray about a vinegar that he makes from it. Eleven-year-old Priscilla Ricco entered with three wicker baskets, and we began a circuit of what looked to be weed patches around the barns and outbuildings. Within half an hour, we filled our baskets with milkweed (so called because when you pinch off the tender top leaves, the stem secretes a sticky, milky sap). Candy warned us that common wisdom has it that milkweed is poisonous unless boiled and rinsed three times. Having delivered her warning, she also pronounced it so much folderol and said she just treated milkweed like spinach.

We also picked a bunch of wild celery leaves and cloverlike sour grass for our salad. We had planned on making a wild-rhubarb something but thought again when Candy presented us with a fine-looking homemade pie courtesy of the local rhubarb champion, Stacey Matson. Gray, his four stars notwithstanding, thought it would be pointless to try to outdo a local housewife on her home turf. As we left, Candy gave us a bag of the last fiddleheads, which she had picked for us just before the hot weather hit at midweek.

Over a late supper, Tom and Gray took an inventory of the food in hand and added to it the anticipated catch that we would retrieve in the morning from Ray Turner's eel weir. They planned a meal of shad, bass, eel, strawberries, pineapple weed, wild celery, cattail shoots, watercress, mustard greens (and flowers), wild mint, and sour grass.

Gray was keen on a cold watercress soup. Tom suggested adding some smoked eel and crème fraîche. If we got shad roe, Gray wanted to do it with the milkweed and a mixture of maple syrup and vinegar.

Tom, half in jest, said, "Hey, in Ithaca we just put it in a pan with some bacon and onions." Gray said, "Fine, we'll add that too."

As Tom crunched down on some pickled ramps that Gray had prepared, he added, "And let's mix this pickling liquid with some vinegar and poach the bass."

Gray catalogued the ingredients: "Coriander, anise, fenugreek, chili, pepper, bay leaf, cinnamon, cloves, vinegar, and sugar."

"For dessert," Tom said, "I thought about making a coulis of the berries, but they're so pretty and small. Let's do nothing to them, and I'll make a simple syrup out of the pineapple weed."

At 7:30 the next morning, Ray Turner was waiting when we got to his home of wood and stone, which he built himself. We walked through the forest, an old-growth stand of hardwood and pines, the ground covered with shade grass and wildflowers. Just ahead, a gaggle of wild turkeys scurried across the clearing. We approached the river at a wide, shallow bend. Ray had constructed a V-shaped weir that funneled the river flow to a ramshackle trap at its crotch.

We walked across the slippery rocks and climbed up on the trap. There were three shad, two eels, and—in a real stroke of luck—a brown trout, which, since it was dead, relieved us of the ethical dilemma concerning wild trout. Tom and Gray collected the fish. We carried them back to the smokehouse, where Ray slit open the shad and retrieved two sets of roe (the third shad was a jake, or male). On the way back to Caucci's, we stopped to cut enough cattail shoots for our wild salad.

Finally, to the stoves. Caucci's chef, Kevin Conroy, offered us the use of the lodge's kitchen and his assistance as a sous-chef. Tom and Gray tied on their aprons and got to work. First, they prepared the dishes that would need cooling. Tom had the children pick the leaves and blossoms from the pineapple weed, which he then made into a syrup. Later, he puréed the mix and strained it. He tasted it, pronounced the need for lemon juice, and, since there were no lemons, threw in sour-grass leaves instead, adding pineapple-weed blossoms at the end for looks.

Meanwhile, Gray started on the soup. He sweated a diced onion with nutmeg, adding wild watercress (from the pool in Valenti's front yard) and then deglazing the pan with milk and cream. The nutmeg, Gray explained, has a flavor that goes well with milk. He put the whole mix in the blender and, as Tom had done, strained it, returning two teaspoons of the puréed leaves to the soup. He put the soup in a stainless bowl, put the bowl in the fridge, and moved on to the salad.

Combining the celery leaves, sour grass, and mustard greens was pretty straightforward. The Kunzian touches came with the finishing ingredients. Gray peeled away the tough outer layers of the cattail shoots, then sliced the tender innards on the bias. He worked with his favorite Japanese chopping knife, its blade full of holes for lightness. Gray worked so rapidly and so finely that you could barely see the blade move as the slivers flew off. He sprinkled them on top of the salad and then added a handful of slow-roasted garlic slices, nutty brown and, because of the slow roasting, not at all bitter. He lay two long cattail chutes across the plate. It seemed a very Zen composition.

Tom arranged the poached freshwater-fish medley on top of the fiddleheads (which, like all the other greens, were done to the consistency of cooked but still fresh spinach). The trout was excellent. Both the bass and shad were fresh, and the marinade masked the mossiness that is common among Delaware fish. The eels had been killed at the very last minute; they were a little tough, and Valenti thought they should have been killed earlier to let the flesh relax.

Gray followed with the shad roe. Breaded, dusted with paprika, and sautéed, the dish sat on the bed of milkweed, which had been folded lightly into a béchamel sauce. He topped the roe with sliced store-bought radish and dill, to which he added wild spring onions. Around the outside of the dish, he drizzled a sauce of onions sweated down with bacon bits in a mixture of maple syrup, cider vinegar, and whiskey. Kunz is known as an orchestrator of complex flavors. This dish, made mostly from ingredients he had neither seen nor tasted before, justified his reputation. Our mood was not hurt by a magnum of Veuve Clicquot that he opened for that course.

We followed with the salad of wild greens and browned garlic bits, simply dressed with olive oil, lemon juice, and lemon zest (we had gone to the store to buy a few).

For dessert, Tom produced the strawberries with pineapple-weed syrup and sour grass. The kids ate theirs with some sherbet, but eaten straight, the berries were perfectly simple and exquisite.

We took Stacey Matson's rhubarb pie to the grassy bank overlooking the trout pool. Both chefs pronounced the pie a wonder. The kids hollered and whooped as they twirled on Caucci's muscle-propelled merry-go-round, and we watched the pool as wild trout began to dimple the surface, an augury of good fishing in the evening. Gray offered us a glass of iced wild-elderflower juice, imported from Sweden. "There *was* an elderflower bush up in Candy and Roger's field," he said, defending himself, "so I guess this counts." ■

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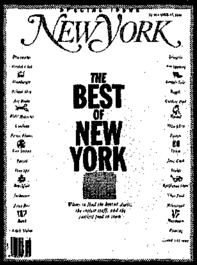

According to spring 1995 MRI, NEW YORK Magazine ranks number one for delivering the most affluent magazine audience, with a median household income of $71,713.

BEST BETS

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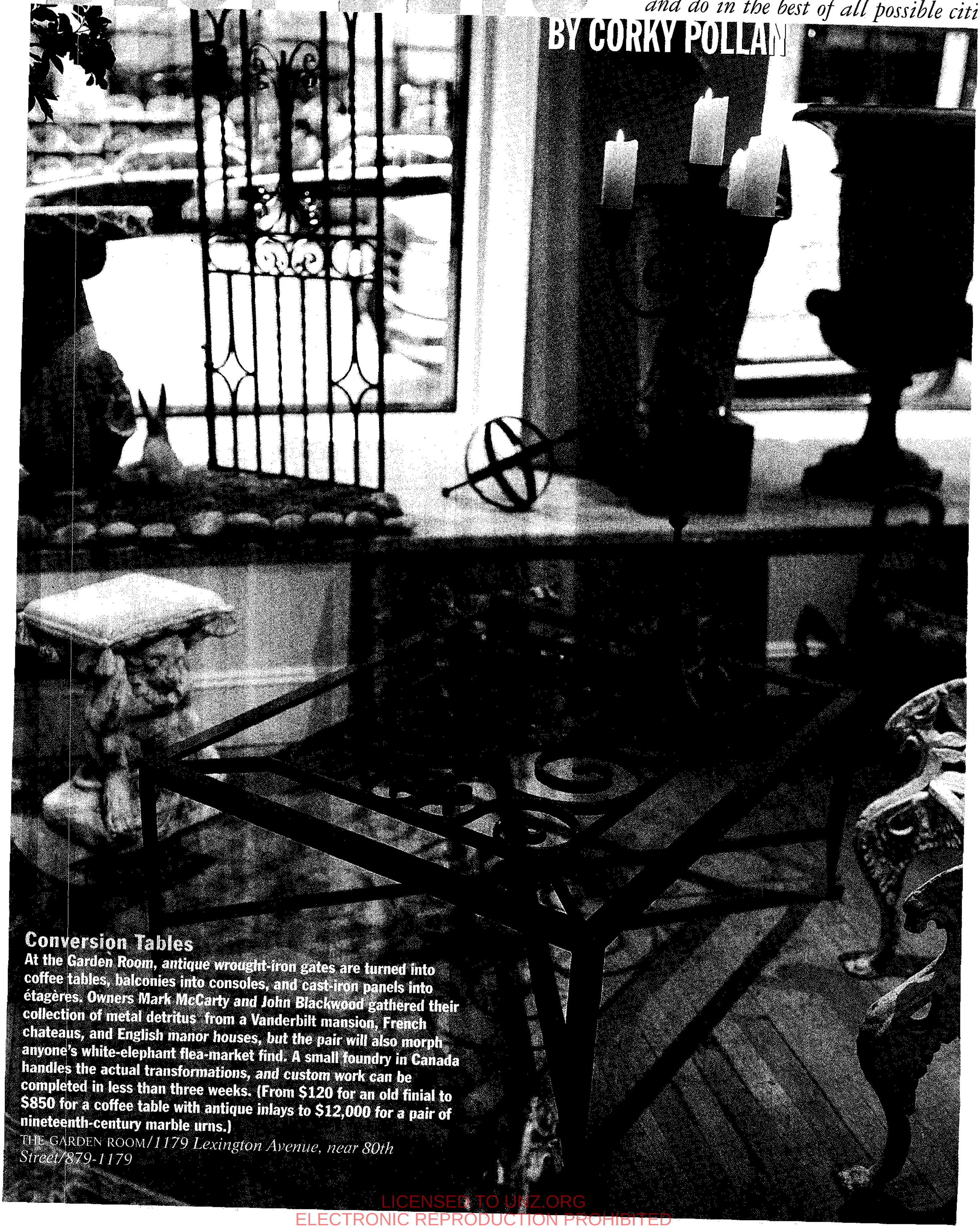
BY CORKY POLLAN



Conversion Tables

At the Garden Room, antique wrought-iron gates are turned into coffee tables, balconies into consoles, and cast-iron panels into étagères. Owners Mark McCarty and John Blackwood gathered their collection of metal detritus from a Vanderbilt mansion, French chateaus, and English manor houses, but the pair will also morph anyone's white-elephant flea-market find. A small foundry in Canada handles the actual transformations, and custom work can be completed in less than three weeks. (From $120 for an old finial to $850 for a coffee table with antique inlays to $12,000 for a pair of nineteenth-century marble urns.)

THE GARDEN ROOM/*1179 Lexington Avenue, near 80th Street/879-1179*

Rose Bowl

A typical Victorian household was stocked with the precisely correct china, silver, and glass for all possible exigencies of the tabletop kind. So it's not surprising that Victorians had a bowl specifically for displaying roses, their hortimania. Rogaška (the crystal company founded in Slovenia in 1927) has revived the Victorian rose bowl to oblige our nineties fixation on heirloom roses. These crystal vases are mouth-blown, hand-finished, and rather fetching whether extravagantly diamond-cut, swirled and spiked, or simply faceted ($370 to $940).

ROGAŠKA/*685 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street/980-6200*

Forecast Hazy—Try Again Later

Been a while since you indulged your gadget jones? Oregon Scientific's two new barometers supply the electronic fix. The landscape barometer (below right) records indoor and outdoor temperatures, and its symbols (sunny to stormy) forecast local weather conditions ($100). The weather forecaster (below left) displays the temperature, the humidity, and a 24-hour history of barometric pressure; sunny-to-rainy symbols predict the weather ($150). The battery-powered barometers can be set to Celsius or *Fahrenheit and have a clock, a calendar, and an alarm.*

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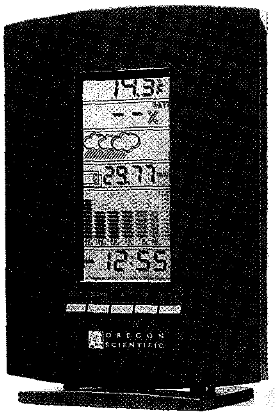
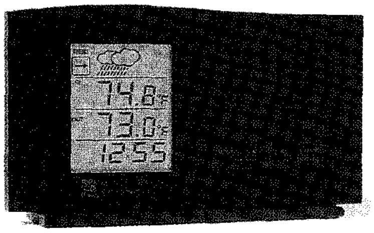
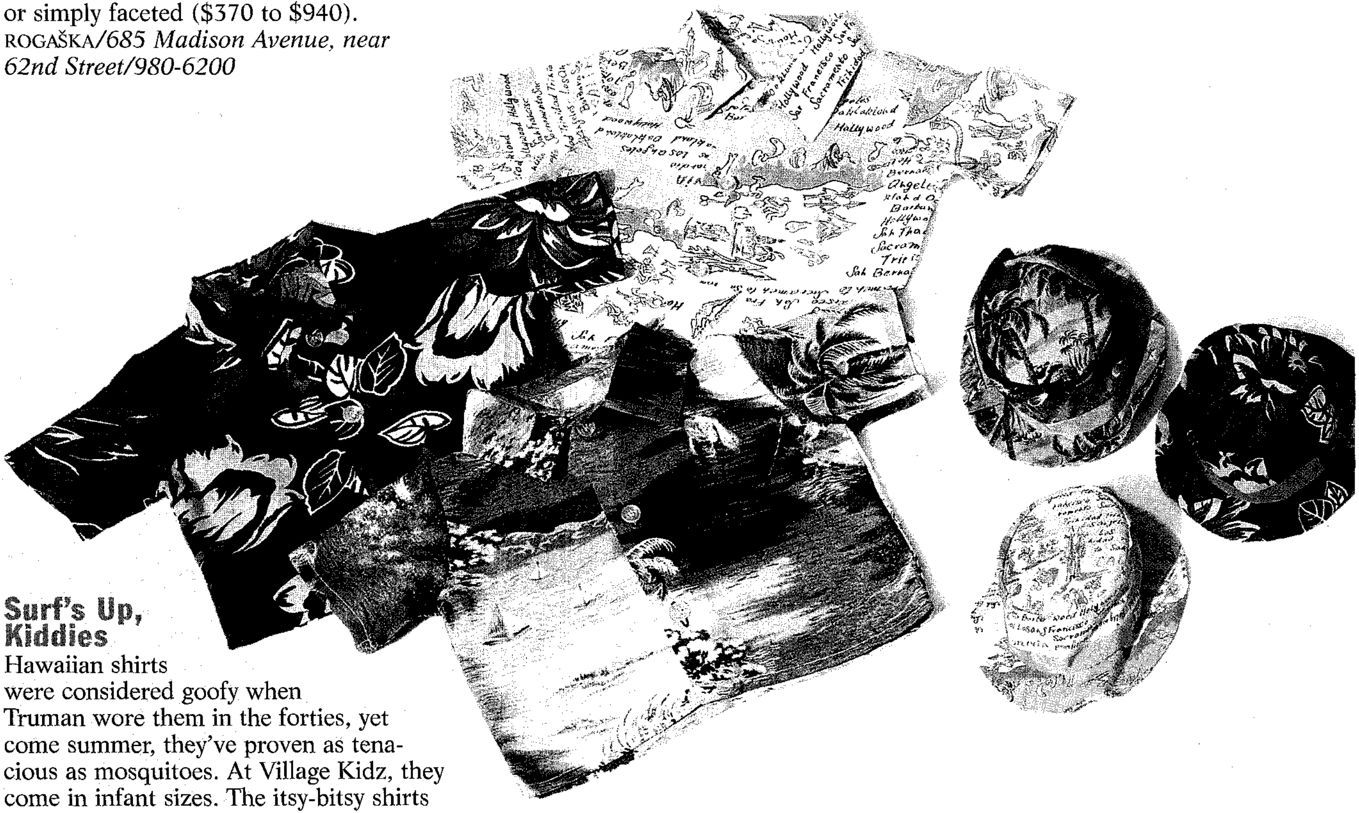




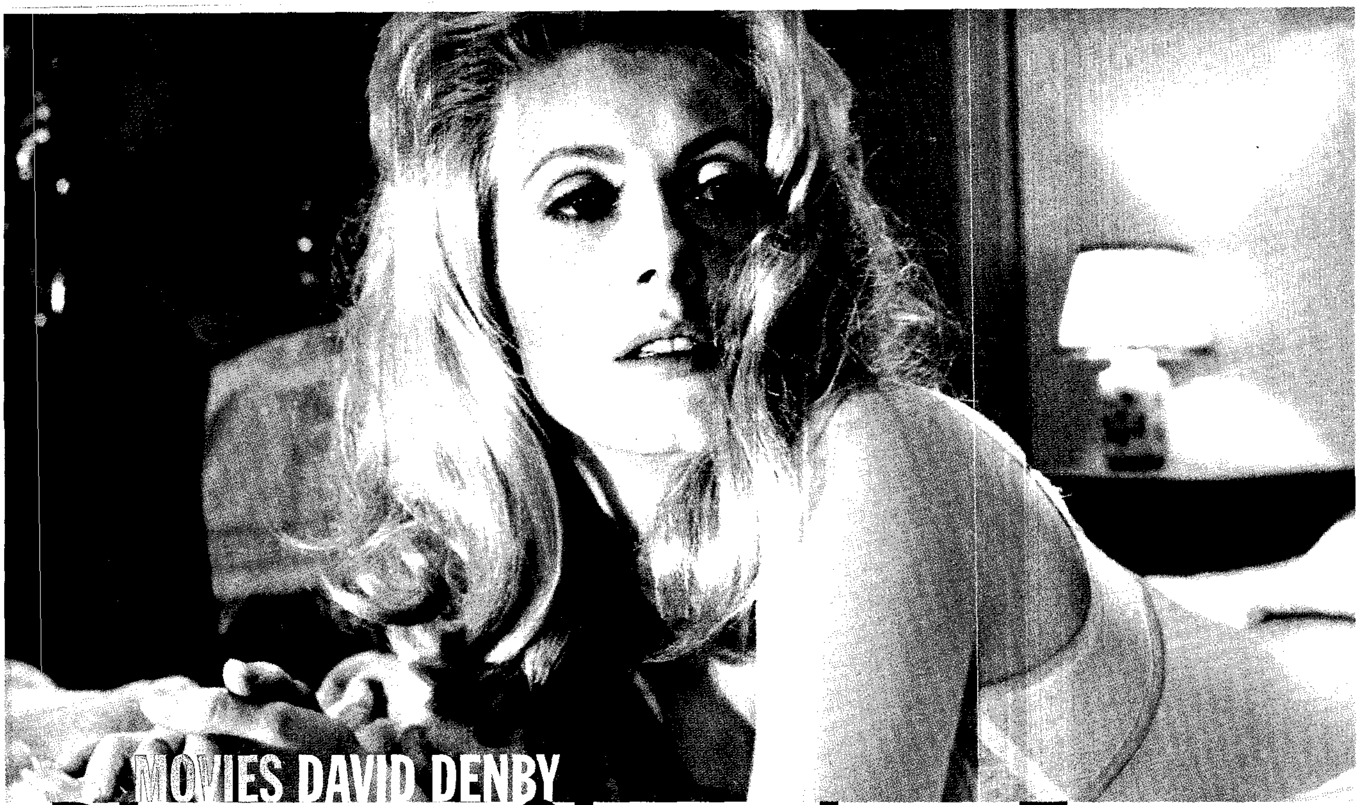


Surf's Up, Kiddies

Hawaiian shirts were considered goofy when Truman wore them in the forties, yet come summer, they've proven as tenacious as mosquitoes. At Village Kidz, they come in infant sizes. The itsy-bitsy shirts made by Joe and Louise Fouts (hats too) are one-of-a-kind and made from vintage fabrics (hats, $30; shirts, $36; in sizes 0 to toddler 2).

VILLAGE KIDZ/*3 Charles Street/807-8542*

Photographs: clockwise from left, Kenneth Chen; Charles Masters (3); flowers courtesy of Oppizzi & Company, Ltd.



MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Discreet, Charming, Funny

Luis Buñuel's 'Belle de Jour' is still the dark, subtle, pointed joke it was 28 years ago. Which means it would never *get made today.*

Catherine Deneuve as Séverine, a young, bored, frigid housewife: Her foray into prostitution lets Buñuel explore all the ways masochism can amuse.

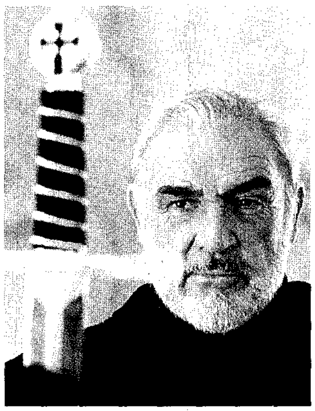
I'M NOT USUALLY VERY GOOD AT REMEMBERING DETAILS from movies seen long, long ago, but for years, images and moods from **Belle de Jour**—Luis Buñuel's 1967 masterpiece, now triumphantly revived at the Paris Theater—kept appearing unbidden in my thoughts. Seeing the movie again, I quickly discovered why: *Belle de Jour* is simply and beautifully shot by a director who clears out the muck and clutter of conventional filmmaking. Buñuel never wastes a shot or chooses an unnecessary angle; he refuses to overstate or even underline an emotion; he avoids music altogether, except for the rapid, rhythmic ringing of bells, the maddening bells attached to that horse-drawn carriage that appears again and again in the erotic daydreams of the beautiful Séverine (Catherine Deneuve). Where is the carriage going? It is the vehicle of Séverine's desire. With absolute precision, and also much insolent mockery, Buñuel and his co-scenarist Jean-Claude Carrière tell the story of this Parisian *haute bourgeoise* who loves her handsome and thoughtful husband (Jean Sorel) but remains unresponsive to his rather tentative caresses. Her face a blank, Séverine lies in bed dreaming of violation at the hands of coachmen, and finally takes a job at a high-class bordello, where she makes herself available, after many hesitations, to a variety of extremely strange men. Séverine is there from only two to five in the afternoon; hence her name, Belle de Jour.

Enacted onscreen, the content of Séverine's daydreams may verge on the pornographic, but Buñuel shoots them in a style that is anything but voluptuous. Indeed, the limpid beauty of the images is extraordinarily chaste, and that is the source of the movie's wit. *Belle de Jour* is less a psychological exploration or an erotic turn-on than a triumph of surrealist mischief-making. After all, this is the same anarchist director who, in 1930, incited riots with his hilarious and orgiastic lousing up of church and family in *L'Âge d'Or.* Buñuel never softened or wavered in his aesthetic contempt for the bourgeoisie. *Belle de Jour* is a chic and arrogant joke whose real malice is directed against moviegoers who demand pedestrian psychological motivations and routine narrative logic. But don't worry: Buñuel's naughty sense of play is irresistible.

Séverine exists amid fantasies, dreams, and sinister actualities, and if she doesn't always know where she is, we're not absolutely certain, either. Nor are we meant to be. The fastidious glamour of the puzzlements is infinitely suggestive, starting with the beauty of Catherine Deneuve, then 24 and literally a living doll, both in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes and in her frequent dishabille. Amazingly slender, with breasts locked into a punishingly tight brassiere, Deneuve has skin so pale it appears to have been buffed with wax. (Maybe it was the image of Catherine Deneuve working in a whorehouse that made the film so hard to forget.) Deneuve's too-perfect perfection is surely intentional, though not everyone seems to get the joke. At the film's opening in 1967, the critic at *Le Monde* wrote that "one can't believe that such bad dreams could go on inside Catherine Deneuve's pretty head," a line that quickly achieved high distinction in the pantheon of critical idiocy. Deneuve, as her deadpan performance suggests, knew what she was doing, even if the critic didn't. In Séverine's dreams, the whips leave no marks; and when mud is flung into her face, fresh makeup appears to have been applied to Deneuve's features between the shots. Though frequently violated, she is never mussed, which is precisely the point. Buñuel mixes elegantly perverse Freudian gags with mordant contempt for the self-loving prudence of the French. An actress whose beauty was less than perfect—an actress suggesting experience, like Jeanne Moreau—couldn't possibly have been as funny in the role.

What's amusing about *Belle de Jour* becomes a lot clearer if you recall that a few years later, in 1972, Buñuel made *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, in which a group of wealthy and powerful men and women are repeatedly frustrated in their desire to settle down and eat dinner together. Buñuel loves making fun of the rituals through which the bourgeoisie expresses its *amour-propre*. In the bordello, Séverine falls in love, but she is not—as sentimental therapeutic critics would have it—"liberated" by her adventures. When things get a little rough, she retreats to her sumptuous apartment.

Many things have changed in the film world since 1967, and one is that feminist consciousness would now make such a scenario very difficult to film in any style. But before *Belle de Jour* itself gets pelted with mud, let me point out that Séverine doesn't want to be beaten. She tells the young gangster (Pierre Clementi) she meets at the brothel—a brutal dandy who becomes her lover—that she will walk out on him if he hits her, and there is no reason not to believe her. No, she wants to fantasize about violation, which is a very different thing (outlaw fantasy of one sort or another being all but universal). What interests Buñuel is not aberrant psychology in itself but the comic potential of masochistic fantasy controlled by bourgeois pragmatism.



Séverine may be treated with a degree of hostile objectivity, but then so is everyone else in the movie. Séverine's passive husband really is a bit of a ninny, so relentlessly considerate that he unwittingly sends Séverine back to Paris and her lover just when, at last, she's beginning to respond to him. Their friend, a cynical voluptuary played by the gloating Michel Piccoli, arrives at the bordello seeking exotic pleasures but is first heard to ask if the central heating is working well. I agree with those critics who have described *Belle de Jour* as "a comedy of manners." A famous gynecologist addressed by the whores as "Professor" demands that the props and dialogue of his perversion be arranged in exactly the same way every visit. The paraphernalia of dirty ritual is so funny for Buñuel because it is so essentially conservative.

Does Séverine "really" take part in profane rites at the chateau of a perverse duke? Over the years, much ink has been spilled over the question of which sequences are imaginary, which real, but arguing the issue too closely may be one way of letting the movie make a fool of you. In *Belle de Jour*, the different levels of representation flow together and finally merge: Buñuel shoots fantasy very plainly while turning reality into fable. The point is that Surrealism carries us to an extremity at which that particular distinction (reality versus fantasy) no longer much matters. *Belle de Jour* is not a humanist work. As psychology, it doesn't quite parse; its morality is outrageous, and the ending is both baffling and cruel. When Buñuel extends tenderness to Séverine, he does so because her most flagrantly weird dreams are so perfectly composed they make you laugh. I remembered *Belle de Jour* so clearly because the imagery is pure—stripped of junk, and also of cloying sentiment and "psychology." What remains is not only very beautiful but also about the coolest comedy ever made.

In brief: There's nothing startling in **First Knight,** another clanging-sword epic, but the picture, directed by Jerry Zucker (*Ghost*) and shot in Wales, is handsome and satisfyingly romantic, with a strong traditional production designed by the great John Box. Richard Gere is perhaps too self-conscious to play a devil-may-care Lancelot modeled on Errol Flynn, but he's a lot less smarmy than he used to be, and his scenes with the Guinevere of Julia Ormond, a major actress in the making, actually generate some heat. *First Knight*, which also stars Sean Connery as an aging, noble King Arthur and Ben Cross as a black-eyed villain, has a pleasantly solid, old-Hollywood feeling to it. . . . **Species** is a sci-fi-horror movie with disgustingly damp, tentacled creatures right out of *Alien*, but it has its moments of amusement. When the replicant, or whatever it is, wants to mate, it takes the form of a tall blonde beauty (model Natasha Henstridge) and heads for Los Angeles, where its habit of suddenly removing its clothes does not strike the predatory local males as anything unusual. Too bad for them. *Species* is sort of sleazy-sexy: Everyone in it, including most of a very strange team of scientists, is ready to rock. If you walk out before the long chase in the sewer at the end, you might have a fairly good time. ■

Photograph by Frank Connor/Columbia/TriStar.

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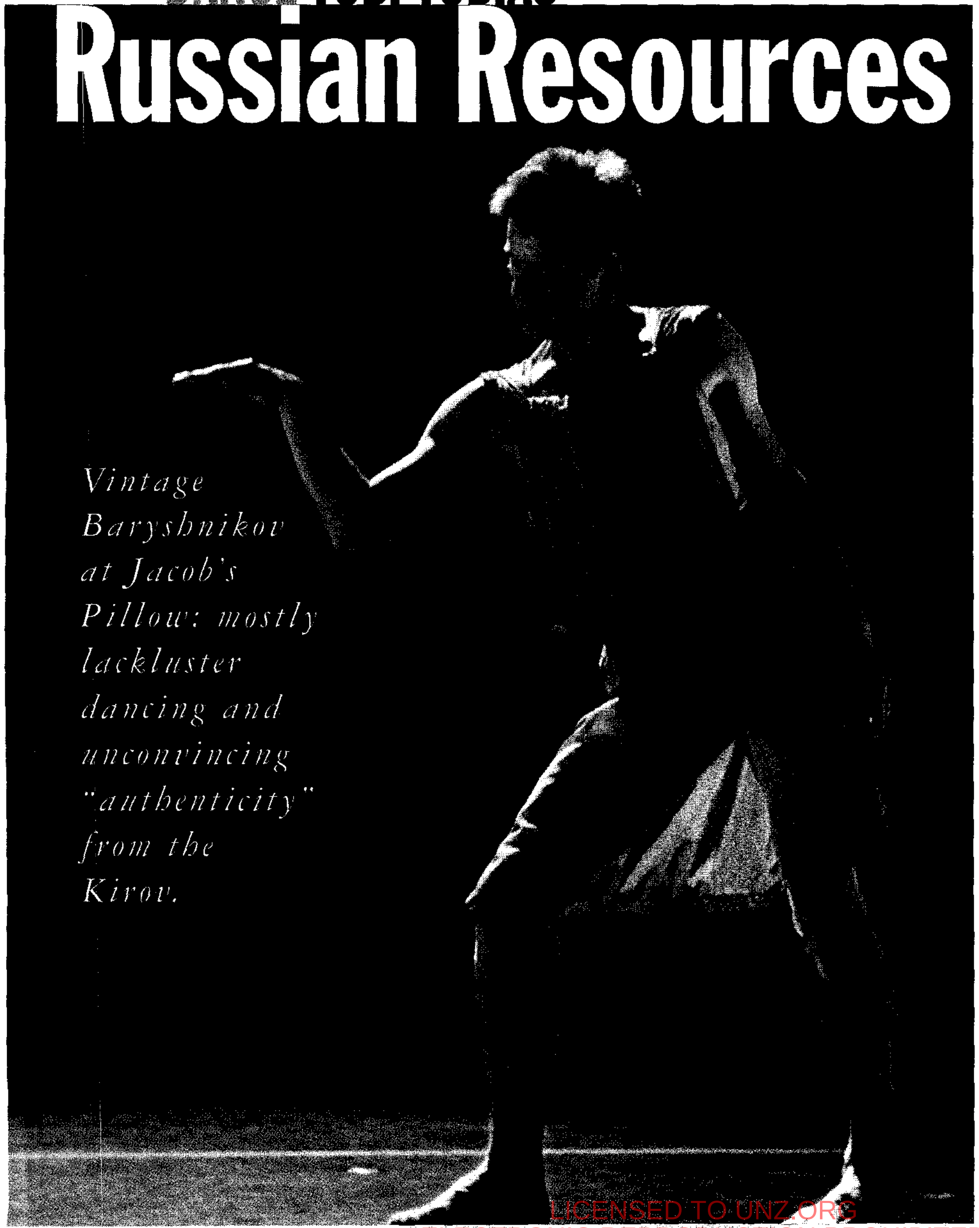
DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Russian Resources

Vintage Baryshnikov at Jacob's Pillow: mostly lackluster dancing and unconvincing "authenticity" from the Kirov.



This page, Mikhail Baryshnikov in Dana Reitz's *Unspoken Territory*; opposite, Yulia Makhalina in the Kirov's *Schéhérazade*.

Photograph by Tom Brazil.

BECKET, MASSACHUSETTS Even people who regularly attend the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival may not realize it's officially located in the hamlet of Becket. This terpsichorean summer paradise in the Berkshires, still adhering to the simple, barn-inspired architecture favored by its founder, the pioneering modern dancer Ted Shawn, is set in hilly tree country. The nearest town of any size is Lee, where Main Street is three blocks long, and the big culinary event is Thursday's corned-beef dinner ($6.10), served up to locals, performers, and tourists alike at Joe's Diner. Mikhail Baryshnikov, whose chamber-size touring group, the White Oak Dance Project, opened the season at the Pillow, may have found it a refreshing change from St. Petersburg, where he first rose to stardom—and from Manhattan, his base as a superstar.

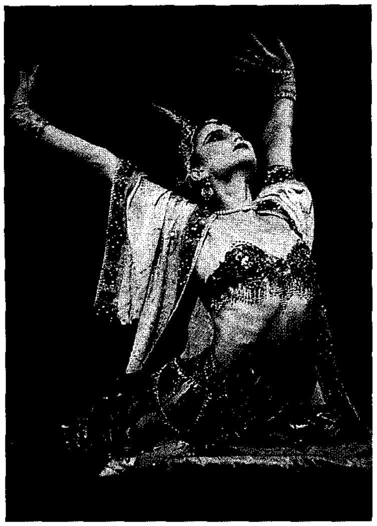
While White Oak is obviously a vehicle for Baryshnikov—a way for him to go on dancing now that his classical-prince days are clearly over—the heroes of the recent Pillow engagement were two of the choreographers contributing to the group's repertory of modern and postmodern dances: Kraig Patterson and Dana Reitz. Baryshnikov wasn't even in either of the works created by Patterson, who gives the term *emerging choreographer* meaning and dignity.

The 1990 solo *Flys* was performed by Keith Sabado, Patterson's longtime colleague in the Mark Morris Dance Group, and made especially touching and witty by this dancer's delicacy and intentness. It's set to eight Chopin preludes, which in themselves suggest fluttering creatures—though usually ballerinas in filmy skirts rather than buzzing annoyances to man. Sabado wears a severe black-skirted outfit, pierced here and there with a rakish froth of inky tulle that exhibits a winglike volatility, and he plays both insect and human, segueing seamlessly back and forth between the ever-inquisitive dipteran—with its dreams of aerial glory, even self-immolation for a worthy cause—and the guy who wishes the joint had screens or at the very least a swatter. The dance is as poignant as it is amusing, awakening your empathy for the fly, observing the universe from its point of view, allowing the lowly to seem large and, at least fleetingly, important.

Patterson created *make like a tree*, a sextet to a nervous, fiery Ginastera score, for White Oak. Drawing on the preoccupations and tactics of both Morris and Paul Taylor, it depicts a tribe that might have existed in prehistory—isolated, interdependent, operating on instinct—yet is very much like us, trying to cope with a world dominated by anger and danger, finding security in ritual and release in spontaneous festive impulses. Along with an understanding of human nature, Patterson has a good command of formal choreographic skills: structure, patterning, and the ability to hold and direct his audience's attention. I'm eager to see his next dance and glad to realize that I can't predict what it will be like.

Dana Reitz's long solo for Baryshnikov, with exquisite lighting by Jennifer Tipton that is central to the piece, is a triumph for all three artists. Called *Unspoken Territory* and danced in resonant silence, it can be thought of as charting a great performer's life from the moment when celebrity (the spotlight) threatens to devour him, and thus teaches him fear, to the point when accumulating years and diminishing powers lead him into twilight and an embracing dark. It can also be thought of as a study in pacing, spacing, and lyrically eloquent movements of the arms; viewed this way, it's equally absorbing.

BARYSHNIKOV'S ALMA MATER, THE KIROV ballet, was at the Metropolitan Opera House for two weeks in June with novelties of its own—recensions of Michel



Fokine ballets on a program called "Les Saisons Russes." Fokine himself, one of classical dance's inspired innovators, left the Soviet Union in 1918 to settle in the States. From 1909 to 1914, he had been chief choreographer for Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, which specialized in the new and theatrically daring, thrilling Europe with talents from Russia. For Diaghilev, Fokine choreographed *The Firebird* (fairy-tale exotica to Stravinsky's score) and *Schéhérazade* (torrid *Arabian Nights* exotica to Rimsky-Korsakov); these two works from 1910 constitute two thirds of the program brought to the Met. The evening was completed by an earlier piece, the lyric *Chopiniana*, widely known in the West under the title *Les Sylphides.*

Though *Chopiniana* has long been a repertory staple of the Kirov, the company had never done the other two ballets, shunning them as the products of a prodigal son in his ventures abroad. The current stagings are the result of a collaboration between Isabelle Fokine, the choreographer's American granddaughter, a ballet dancer turned actress and, evidently, choreographic archivist, and Andris Liepa, a second-generation Kirov principal. This team's claim to importance is based on the purported authenticity of their productions. Turning their backs on the versions of *The Firebird* and *Schéhérazade* handed down from one generation of performers to another outside Russia (England's Royal Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre have done faithful revivals of *The Firebird,* while *Schéhérazade* was adopted most recently by Dance Theater of Harlem), Liepa junior and Ms. Fokine turned to sources owned by Fokine's heirs, among them the choreographer's notes and film footage of early rehearsals—both sketchy.

Only a scholar with access to these materials could say whether they were sufficient to reconstruct the ballets in anything like their original form. I, for one, feel uneasy about Isabelle Fokine's assertion, in a New York *Times* interview, that *Schéhérazade* can be enhanced with a pas de deux largely on the basis of fragmentary notes from the choreographer's occasional attempts to add such a duet, though her guiding notion is an aptly lustful one: "The slave surveys Zobeide as if he were a hungry panther and she were his breakfast." I also wonder if we're to assume that the Golden Slave's legendary death throes, spinning on the back of his neck, his legs thrust skyward—omitted here—were an interpolation Fokine himself never sanctioned. One thing is certain, however: In returning to the original scenery and costumes by Alexander Golovine for *The Firebird,* the new production reinforces the potent ambience of barbaric lushness that the ballet must have exuded in Diaghilev's day.

The performances I saw of the three works in what I can't help thinking of as the *salade russe* program were by and large mediocre, as was the dancing throughout the engagement. Most of the performers in today's Kirov look as if they're simply doing their job; they never seem to surprise or surpass themselves. In *Chopiniana,* to cite just one instance, a solo sylphide poses gracefully in an upstage corner. What is she waiting for? Ideally, she would look poised for flight—and exaltation. In this production, she's all too obviously waiting with leaden patience for the conductor's downbeat. This is not conduct destined to encourage a poetic mood.

The best performance I saw in the Fokine pieces was Yulia Makhalina's as Zobeide. Makhalina's minxish appeal—a kittenish face atop a long, svelte body—helped, of course, but what was most endearing was her willing participation in a tale that, to a contemporary audience, is likely to seem ludicrously primitive and overblown. Altynai Asylmuratova, the most physically beautiful ballerina of our time, made a more than adequate Firebird, but having once seen Margot Fonteyn (coached by Tamara Karsavina, who originated the role) bite into the golden apple on her entrance as if seizing life between her teeth, and later lull the evil monsters of the universe to sleep, I find all successors pale.

The Kirov also offered *Swan Lake* and *Cinderella,* in versions by its director, Oleg Vinogradov. Following the dismal trend of latter-day Russian choreographers, Vinogradov keeps on trying to turn venerable evening-length narrative ballets into tone poems, dropping—even at the expense of logic—key chunks of the plot, along with the mime and *non*-classical dancing that should offset the sublime classical passages and give the proceedings a varied texture. An appallingly vulgar and misguided *Cinderella* was salvaged by its stars, Zhanna Ayupova and Vyacheslav Samodurov, whose purity of demeanor shone like a good deed in a naughty world. ■

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Feminist *Noir*

HBO's handsome thriller is different from others of this misogynist genre. These women save themselves.

Lady killers? The lovely Cathy Tyson and, as her pimp, Ahsen Bhatti.

WHILE CATHY TYSON IN **Band of Gold** (MONDAY, July 17, 10 P.M. to midnight; Mondays thereafter, through August 14, 11 P.M. to midnight; HBO) may be the most beautiful young woman you will see on television this summer or any other season, she's also a head case. She is forever obsessively-compulsively scrubbing something: floors, sinks, toilets, teeth. This crazy excess extends to every relationship in her difficult life, from the small child she is afraid of losing to the soft men who hire her body by the hour. A Lady Macbeth of lemon Joy and Listerine, she goes through bottles of bleach and spray disinfectant as if they were cans of soda or cups of tea; as if the dirt of the world were gaining on her; as if seeking to scrub off her own black skin. She will end up in a swimming pool, like a ritual bath, as if drowning were the only way to save her life.

Tyson, of course, has been here before. Sort of. As the call girl Bob Hoskins drove around in Neil Jordan's *Mona Lisa* (1986), she was high-priced. As Carol in *Band of Gold,* walking the streets of provincial Bradford, "working the lane," she's low-rent. And a target. As if Bradford hadn't enough problems—rampant unemployment and "redundancy," sadistic coppers, corrupt pols, the usual urban pathologies—someone is murdering the prostitutes. If Tyson isn't next, Barbara Dickson may be. Or Rachel Davies, or Samantha Morton, or Geraldine James. (James, the Big Sister of the sorority, the revved-up, low-down, hard-drinking, zaftig mother superior of a convent in a pub, has likewise dropped a rung or two on the social ladder since *The Jewel in the Crown.*) *Band of Gold* is a six-part, six-hour Serial Serial—that is, a serial thriller about a serial killer. Its big difference from other too-numerous examples of this most popular of mass-entertainment misogynist genres is that these women must save *themselves.* For once, in a remarkable screenplay that Kay Mellor wrote in consultation with the English League of Prostitutes, the targets and victims, the mothers and daughters, are more complicated and resourceful than the killer himself. Think feminist *noir.*

I won't detain you with the witty ironies (cleaning women!) and the manifold kinks (silk stockings, rubber gloves, handcuffs, tea kettles!) of a handsome Granada production that transfixed the British public last fall. Nor will I go on about the acting, however glorious. (I suspect myself of something ulterior in my feelings for Tyson.) I'm more interested in our prurient American avidity for the serial-killer scenario. I have to watch all this sickly snuff stuff in a monastic cell, and it seems to be gaining on the culture. In only the past six years of television, Robin Givens was lucky to escape, in *The Penthouse,* the fate of a high-rise defenestration that had met a half-dozen other young women too pretty for their own good. And Melissa Gilbert, in *Donor,* among slashed throats and man-eating CAT scans, found herself bobbing for bodies in a chemical tank in the bowels of a major metropolitan hospital. After which, in *With a Vengeance,* Melissa no sooner recovered from amnesia than "the Northwest Slasher" returned to finish his messy job. Just as, after she finally recovered from alcoholism, Suzanne Somers, in *Exclusive,* became the latest target of a serial killer who was probably Michael Nouri, because he usually is, although in *Psychic* his specialty was tattooed redheads. Or Amanda Peterson in *Fatal Charm,* who was lamebrained enough to strike up a pen-palship with rapist-killer Christopher Atkins, a psychopathic blue lagooney. Or Carol Kane, getting a second chance, in *When a Stranger Calls Back,* to catch a serial killer of baby-sitters who happened also to be a ventriloquist. Or Jennie Garth, in *Falling For You,* who might have guessed that Costas Mandylor liked to pick up baby dolls in singles bars and hurl them from skyscrapers. Or Courtney Thorne-Smith in *Breach of Conduct,* who ought to have known that Peter Coyote was up to something icky in the nuke-proof bunker of his very own military base. Just as Cynthia Gibb should've known better, in *The Alexandra O'Hara Story,* than to wed a John Stamos who was always talking on his cellular phone to some younger chicks who ended up, very dead, in Cynthia's pink pants. Not to mention Jane Seymour, in *Memories of Midnight,* wandering around Athens, Venice, and Zagreb looking as if she'd been hit on the head with a croquet mallet, clueless as to the antisocial behavior of Omar Sharif, although in *Praying Mantis* this very same Medicine Woman, pretending to write romance novels, was herself "the Wedding Night Killer"—sort of like Pamela Anderson, whose amnesiac dreams in *Snapdragon* of slit throats and white slavery and tiger cages turned out to be hard on anybody caught napping in her lewd vicinity.

I've probably omitted your personal favorite. From *Murder in the Heartland,* the 1993 ABC TV movie that so freaked out Congress, what we tend to remember is Charlie Starkweather (played by Tim Roth) and Caril Ann Fugate as his Lolita/Raggedy Ann, plus that big Nebraska sky, those gray Nebraska barns, and that efficient Nebraska electric chair, not the victims of their carousel of death. No less than Helen Hunt went undercover, in *The Company of Darkness,* to sleep with and ensnare Steven Weber, a serial killer of little boys. In a three-part "arc" of *Homicide* last fall, somebody was butchering the "angels" of Baltimore. In a TV-movie version of *Hart to Hart,* somebody else was knocking off everybody involved in a Broadway musical in which Jack the Ripper was a battered wife. Almost every one of the half-dozen Richard Crenna mini-series about "Janek" has featured a serial killer, from a specialist in strangling nightclub singers who got his start in surprising Saigon to a sort of vigilante sanitation cop who used heroin overdoses to take out the unsightly homeless in Grand Central. After a couple of decades, *Ed McBain's 87th Precinct* returned to the air a year ago in time for the ritual murder of young women who happened to be college track stars. Who will ever forget that episode of *X-Files* in which a turbaned cult of vegetarians was blamed for the kidnapping and terrorizing of farm-town teenagers who turned out to have been doped with alien DNA disguised as bovine growth hormones?

Boston Strangler! Son of Sam! *Basic Instinct! The Silence of the Lambs!* Alfred Hitchcock! Brian De Palma! Bret Easton Ellis and *Boxing Helena!* What do they mean? Elsewhere, I recently reviewed Maria Tatar's new book from Princeton, *Lustmord: Sexual Murder in Weimar Germany,* on the post–World War I obsession with mutilated women, in high culture as well as low—Otto Dix painted himself as a *Sex Murderer;* George Grosz had himself photographed as Jack the Ripper; Frank Wedekind starred himself onstage as the Ripper and cast his wife as a victim; Fritz Lang gave us Peter Lorre as a child-murderer; Alfred Döblin and Hermann Hesse turned politics into masochistic sex. Tatar's making a point about the modernist project of aestheticizing violence and the simultaneous rise of Fascism. Damaged men came back from the trenches to find women happily whole, at work, and agitating about suffrage. A pathology of "stabbed-in-the-back" met a fantasy of sexual revenge, as if women and Jews were one big vampire movie like *Nosferatu,* as if the corpse were a work of art. *Demoiselles d'Avignon!* Any analogies between Weimar before Hitler and America after Vietnam are, of course, either coincidental or Fig Newtonian. ■

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LEONORE FLEISCHER JULY 17, 1995

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DESIGNER RESALE AND GENTLEMEN'S RE-sale, thrift shops for women and men, respectively, that share the same Upper East Side block, are both running a 20 percent–off sale on much of their lightly worn designer merchandise. For women, in a range of sizes up to 12 (most in size 6 and 8; a few 14): size 8 black-and-white Ungaro silk jacket, was $85 here, now $68; Donna Karan size 8 black crêpe pants, were $90 here, now $72; Armani Black Label three-piece pantsuit with silk blouse and pants and gabardine jacket, was $425 here, now $340; unworn Chanel flats, size 9 and 9½, were $160 here, now $128. Among the men's wear: size 42R Versace suit, was $235 here, now $188; size 37R Valentino suit, was $185 here, now $148; unlined size 40 Giorgio Armani linen blazer, was $110 here, now $88. *Designer Resale, 324 E. 81st St. (734-3639); Gentlemen's Resale, 303 E. 81st St. (734-2739); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m. (Thurs. till 8 p.m. at Designer Resale only), Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

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String Theory

ELANA VINNIK IS A WELL-KNOWN TEACHER of beginning guitar who used to give lessons in New York City; her instructional video *The Inner Guitar Workshop* (two tapes with a total of four hours of concentrated teaching that incorporates her one-day intensive seminar), which comes with a booklet and a capo, usually sells for $79.95 plus tax plus $5 shipping and handling; through the end of the summer, you can have it for $59.95 (tax included). *Phone Elana Vinnik, 8215 N.W. 70th St., Tamarac, Fla. 33321 (800-258-0346); Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; through 9/4.*

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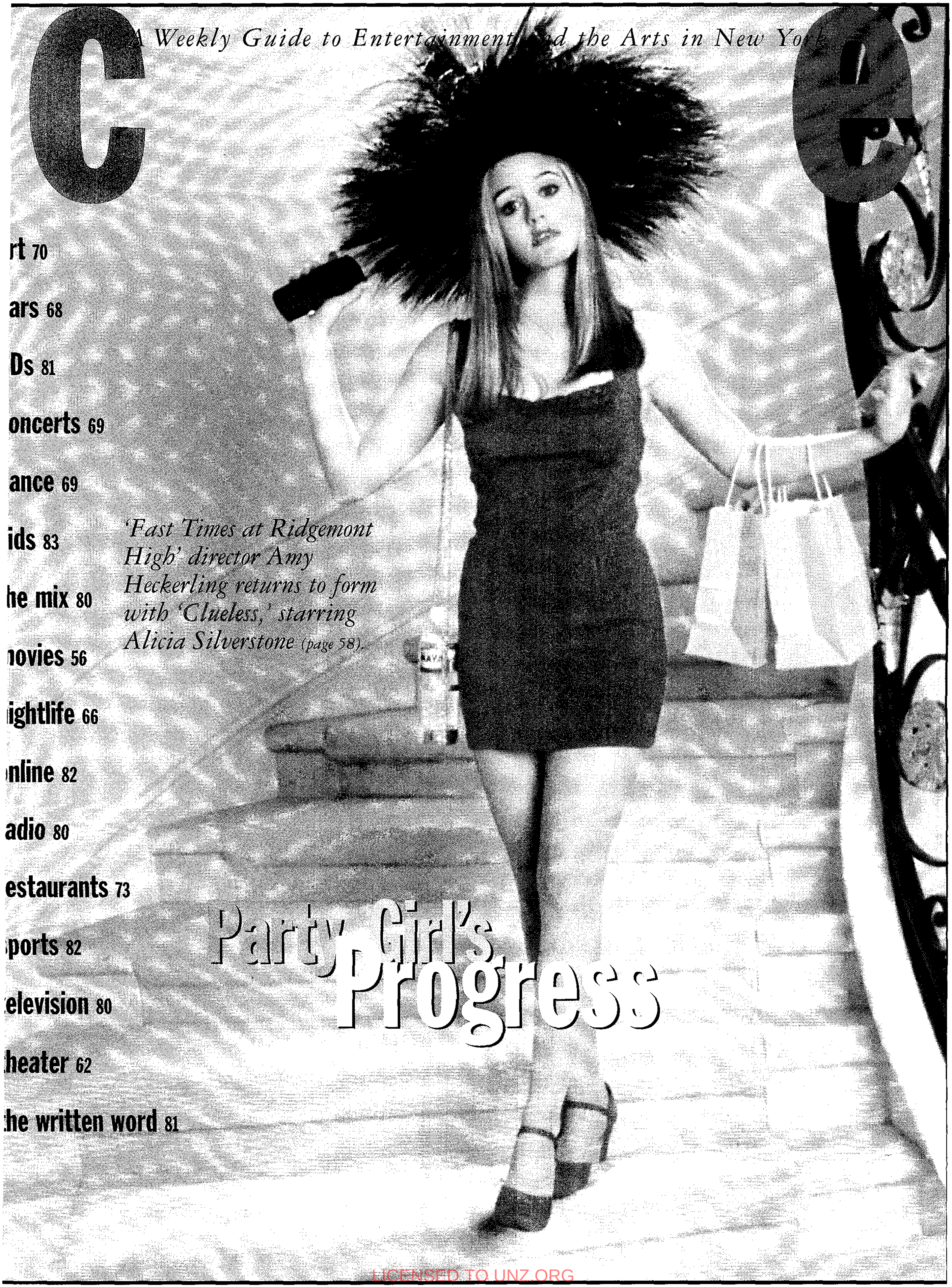
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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'Fast Times at Ridgemont High' director Amy Heckerling returns to form with 'Clueless,' starring Alicia Silverstone (page 58).

Party Girl's Progress

movies

Dead Tired of Fame...*Clueless*

New Films

★**Apollo 13**—As three astronauts lie in a cramped command module, ready to take off for the moon, technicians tread on their shoulders, jamming the men into place. Later, somewhere between Florida and the lunar seas, the module's power and filtering systems break down, and the men, freezing, gaze at their steamy breath with disgust: They are poisoning themselves with the carbon dioxide they exhale from their own lungs. You have to love the weird details in *Apollo 13*. Just like ancient explorers ravaged by weather and fatigue, the astronauts on this 1970 moon shot are forced to withstand bizarre physical humiliations. And they were right. *Apollo 13* follows the three astronauts through preparation, launch, the amazing weightless hours on the way to the moon, and then the accidents and the bumpy, cold, and terrifying ride home. Contained and realistic as it is, the movie nevertheless works up terrific excitement. The sick joke of *Apollo 13* is that no one was much interested until things went awry. Tom Hanks, in the great American heroic style of no sweat, makes space veteran Jim Lovell a man so sure of himself that he can afford to be relaxed. Bill Paxton, as Fred Haise, and Kevin Bacon, as Jack Swigert, aren't as charismatic as one would ideally want, but charisma is not the point of this movie. The movie is very straight, very square stuff, but stirring and satisfying. With Ed Harris and Gary Sinise. Directed by Ron Howard. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

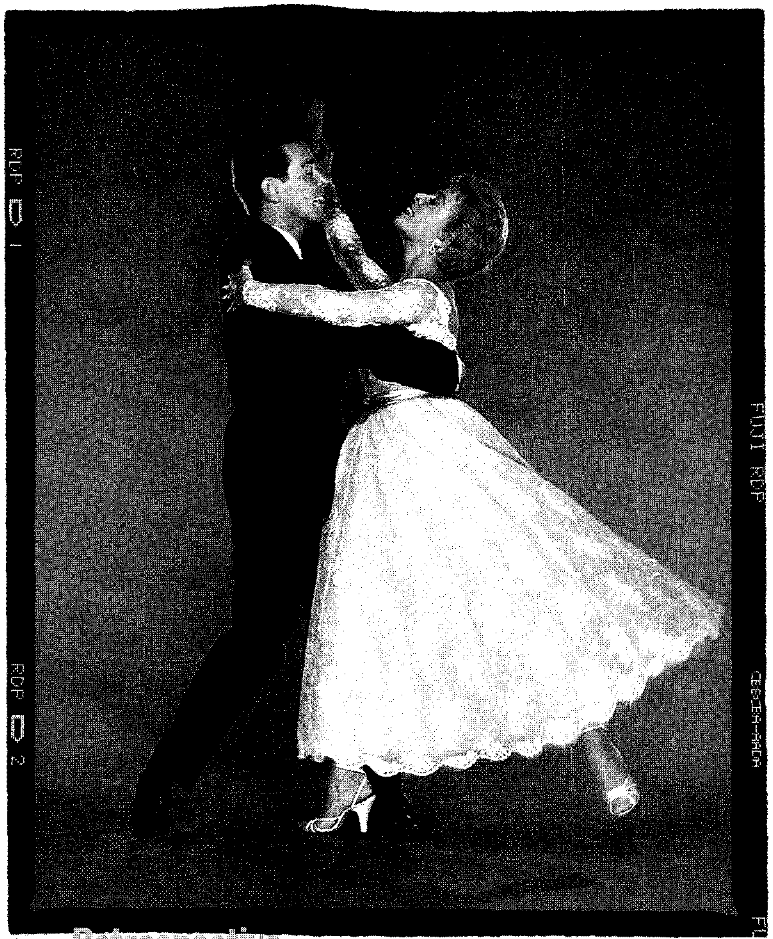
Bandit Queen—The true story of Phoolan Devi, an Indian outlaw who massacred 30 upper-caste men, evaded capture for five years, and then surrendered on her own terms in front of a crowd of thousands who cheered her on. Held in prison for eleven years without a trial, Devi has recently been released and is considered a political force. Though it deals with the roles of women in India and the outdatedness of its caste system, *Bandit Queen* is primarily an action adventure movie. Directed by Shekhar Kapur. In Hindi. (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Batman Forever—With *Batman Forever*, the process of transforming moviemaking into merchandising reaches its apotheosis. The picture is not only kid stuff in the worst sense of the phrase—jangled, repetitive, obvious, and emotionally empty—but quite intentionally all these things. Whatever one's misgivings about Tim Burton's work in *Batman* and *Batman Returns,* it had spirit and style, a mordant theatricality. The new director, Joel Schumacher (*Falling Down, The Client*), provides as many kicks as Burton, but without poetry or even continuity. In this regression from irony to square overstatement, the actors do their worst. Val Kilmer, the new Batman, must have received testosterone shots; his voice has fallen lower than a prize bull's. He mutters his lines in a trance that is meant to signify melancholia but that comes out as macho sludge. Chris O'Donnell, as Robin, survives because he projects decency in whatever he does. Jim Carrey does intricate, snaky things with his long-waisted body that evoke, of all things, the photographs of Nijinsky as the faun. But Schumacher overdraws on Carrey. The great comic seethes, taunts, and spins until he begins to seem like some ghastly showbiz creep who won't stop. (Denby; 7/10/95) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Belle de Jour—See David Denby's review, p. 48. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Braveheart—Stirring in a workmanlike, square-jawed way. Mel Gibson—who also directed—is William Wallace (Gibson), who returns home to Scotland after long wanderings, intending to live in peace. But he's provoked: Scotland has no king, and the English nobility and their hirelings are sullying Scottish womanhood. William falls in love with a village girl who soon gets her throat cut, and then all hell breaks loose. In the large-scale battle scenes, Gibson the director does decent work. But there's no point to *Braveheart,* however, unless you're a hacking-and-hewing aficionado. (Denby; 6/5/95) (2 hrs. 59 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; National Twin; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Bridges of Madison County**—Too solemn by half—but it's not bad. The part of Robert Kincaid is modestly written, and Clint Eastwood plays him modestly, too, receding into the movie as far as he can while shifting the emotional weight decisively to Francesca, the Italian woman who married an American soldier and found herself stranded among good, dull people in the American Midwest—and then had the extraordinary good luck



Retrospective

One, Two, Cha-Cha-Cha

Where Astaire and Rogers embodied an elegant, reserved, almost European sophistication, the less celebrated husband-and-wife team Marge and Gower Champion was fresh-faced, straightforwardly deft, and thoroughly American. A retrospective of the couple's film work, including clips from 'Show Boat' and 'Everything I Have Is Yours,' is at Lincoln Center on July 12 and 13 at 8. $12; call 875-5600.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

"Cue" cover photograph by David La Chapelle/Paramount Pictures.

to get herself played by Meryl Streep. Her acting, which at times has seemed overcalculated, is here so liquid that the character and the situations are absolved of the embarrassment of drabness. (Denby; 6/12/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Burnt by the Sun**—If some directors have a talent for the obvious, Nikita Mikhalkov has a genius for it. This is an extremely powerful work set in 1936 at the beginning of the Great Terror, and by the end of it, Mikhalkov's usual mood of bittersweet sentiment has reached an unnerving pitch of anguish. In Russian. (Denby; 5/1/95) (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Carmen Miranda: Bananas Is My Business—Today, Carmen Miranda is merely a figure with camp appeal, reduced to a few novelty numbers and the occasional Technicolor film clip. But this documentary by Helena Solberg reveals a far more fascinating figure. Miranda was a legitimate singing star in her adopted homeland of Brazil before leaving for the U.S. There she parlayed a wacky stereotype of the hot-blooded Latino woman into international fame—but it shamed and embarrassed the Brazilian media (which attacked her relentlessly) and trapped Miranda into playing one role over and over again. She ultimately sank into depression, became addicted to prescription drugs, and married an abusive husband before dying of a heart attack at age 46. That said, the documentary is flawed on numerous counts. Wholly unnecessary dramatic re-creations—Carmen collapsing of a heart attack; Carmen as a young woman working in a hat store (!)—detract strongly. Such devices have their place (*The Thin Blue Line,* for example), but here they just seem an example of laziness or perhaps fear that people will get bored looking at too many photos. Also, Solberg, who decided to frame the story as a personal quest to uncover the "real" Carmen Miranda, frequently offers up her own—quite unrevealing—observations about Miranda's impact on her own life. She even stages dramatic re-creations of some of her dreams about Miranda. Her comments add nothing and the time would have been better spent on interviews with Rubén Blades, Caetano Veloso, or other artists like Rita Moreno, who provides some pungent, all-too-brief comments. (1 hr. 30 *mins.;* NR). *Film Forum.*

Casper—Bill Pullman is a psychic shrink who specializes in helping restless spirits find closure so they can move on to the next world. Christina Ricci is his lonely daughter who thinks he's gone off the deep end . . . until they move into a haunted mansion and she becomes friends with the eager-to-please Casper. Directed by Brad Siberling. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; Manhattan Twin; 62nd and Broadway.*

Congo—Angry gorillas quietly guard a lost city of unsurpassed wealth in Africa. Which is fine, until a multinational corporation decides to send in a team searching for diamonds of unmatched clarity that ends up being treated like so many bananas. That would be fine, too, except they send in *another* team. Directed by Frank Marshall. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Crimson Tide**—An absorbing and at times thrilling entertainment, this is a largely serious action movie with two grown-up actors, Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, going at full tilt. The U.S.S. Alabama, a nuclear sub with ballistic missiles, is sent out for a possible preemptive strike against Russian extremists. The heart of the movie is a series of remarkable struggles between the captain (Hackman), who wants to launch the strike without getting confirmation of his orders, and his executive officer (Washington), who refuses to give his formal assent. (Denby; 5/15/95) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; Lincoln Square.*

The Crude Oasis—A Kansas housewife trapped in a stultifying marriage has a recurring dream about a malevolent stranger. When she sees the man from her dreams at a local gas station, the woman becomes obsessed and follows him at night to a strange bar called the Crude Oasis. Then things get really strange. Written and directed by Alex Graves. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

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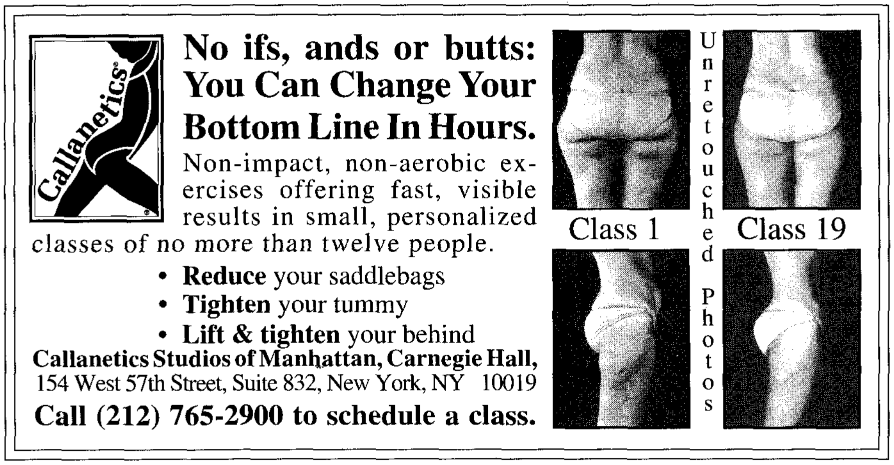
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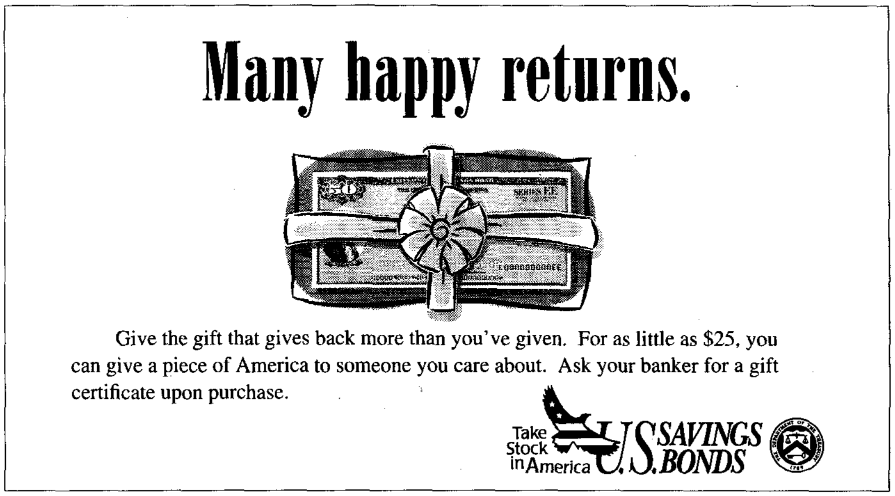
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★**Crumb**—In Terry Zwigoff's extraordinary documentary, there is shockingly little separation between life and art. R. Crumb, the underground-cartoon artist who devised such "comix" as *Weird* and *Zap*, complains that he was ignored by girls in high school, and he still exudes the resentment and fears of a cranky, put-upon kid. So does his art, and that's its glory, but it's disconcerting to discover that the successful artist, having transcended nothing, is as devoted to surly, other-annihilating rancor as a teen nerd burrowing in a basement. (Denby; 5/1/95) (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

Die Hard With a Vengeance—A mess, a shapeless, nonsensical exploding thing, with Bruce Willis trying to stop a fiendish bomber from terrorizing New York, and getting mangled and bloodied along the way. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; 84th Street Six.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min; R) *Village East.*

First Knight—See David Denby's review, p. 49. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Forget Paris—In Billy Crystal's pleasant but bland romantic comedy, the narration is perhaps the most intricate and creative element. It's about a contemporary couple, Mickey (Crystal), an NBA referee, and Ellen (Debra Winger), an airline executive, who are both right and wrong for each other and who keep falling apart and then coming back together. (Denby; 5/29/95) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *59th Street East; 62nd and Broadway.*

The Glass Shield—Writer/director Charles Burnett tackles the LAPD with this look at an eager young police officer who becomes disgusted with the corruption and prejudice he sees among LA's finest. With a fine cast, including Michael P. Boatman and Ice Cube. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th Street.*

Grosse Fatigue—French comic Michel Blanc (who was so good in *Monsieur Hire*) wrote, directed, and stars as himself in this clever black comedy about being a movie star. Peopled with other stars like Carole Bouquet, Phillipe Noiret, and Roman Polanski playing themselves (or, rather, our image of how they are), it shows Blanc's life spinning out of control as he seemingly behaves more and more crassly in public while denying such actions to his friends. The truth sends the story off into an absurdist romp that builds to a satisfyingly comic climax—only to continue on, making some rather dour and serious comments about the French film industry and celebrityhood. Quite amusing and worthwhile, if only because it explains once and for all how Gérard Depardieu makes so many damn movies. In French. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; 68th Street Playhouse.*

Heaven's a Drag—A London comedy about Simon (Thomas Arklie) and his HIV-positive drag-performer boyfriend Mark (Ian Williams). When Mark dies, Simon tries to carry on, even going so far as to remove all traces of Mark from his life and put away the unfinished panel Mark had been working on for the AIDS quilt. But when Simon tries to bring another man home, Mark's ghost pops up filled with Wilde-like witticisms and a refusal to go away until Simon mourns him properly. Directed by Peter Mackenzie Litten, this is progress of another sort—now, even gay films about drag queens who die of AIDS can seem boringly conventional. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love—A charming debut from writer-director Maria Maggenti that ventures into the world of teenagers brandishing humor, insight, and a copy of *Rubyfruit Jungle*. Randy (Laurel Hollomon) is fooling around with a married woman when she falls desperately in love (which is the *only* way teens fall in love) with Evie (Nicole Parker), a beautiful, wealthy black girl at her school who seems to have everything. Happily, Evie falls desperately in love with Randy, and the two of them spend the rest of the movie dealing with confused friends, angry parents, and basically having a wonderful time. With fine performances and a rock-solid script, this isn't even remotely cheeky or edgy—which makes it all the more deliciously subversive. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Indian in the Cupboard—The well-regarded children's book is given a faithful, clever adaptation in this movie about a boy who receives a seemingly nondescript cupboard and a plastic Indian for his birthday. When he stores the Indian in it overnight, the boy wakes up to find the toy has sprung to life. (The Indian was apparently plucked away from a normal life hundreds of years ago and thinks the boy is a Great Spirit.) Smart enough to keep adults engaged, the movie maintains a rather serious tone (the toys can suffer and die) as the boy learns about responsibility and respecting others. Like the old Disney films, the parents and other siblings are bland and forgettable. But the lead—Hal Scardino—is an enjoyably gawky kid, instead of the usual tiresomely cute child actor. Based on the book by Lynne Reid Banks. With Litefoot and David Keith. Directed by Frank Oz. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Movieland 8th Street; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Judge Dredd—Stallone keeps action-adventure on the front burner (it's good for the wallet) with this adaptation of the comic-book series about a world in decay where the judges serve as policemen, jury, and executioner all rolled into one. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

Little Odessa—Writer-director James Gray makes his debut with this thoughtful, low-key

Talent Teen Queen

It can be argued that the history of postwar American popular culture can be told through its teen movies, from *Rebel Without a Cause* to *Little Darlings* to *Heathers*. Even some of the most insipid ones (Jodie Foster's *Foxes*, for example, or Nicolas Cage's *Valley Girl*) fairly beg to be deconstructed. And no discussion of the genre would be complete without a reverent examination of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. Based on Cameron Crowe's real-life account of a year in a Southern California high school and directed by Amy Heckerling, *Fast Times* is a hilarious and uncondescending time capsule of early-eighties Southern California mall culture that holds up to repeated viewings surprisingly well. Sadly, the nineties have been a sluggish decade for the genre, but with the release July 19 of Clueless, students of teen cinema finally have reason to return their copy of *Sixteen Candles* to the video store and focus on the here and now. Very loosely based on Jane Austen's *Emma* and directed and written by Heckerling, the movie stars Alicia Silverstone (pictured) as Cher, a fabulous, popular babe being raised by her father in Beverly Hills (Mom died during routine liposuction surgery), who, like her literary counterpart, gets too involved in the lives of those around her. "Cher sublimates her sexual energy into makeovers," explains Heckerling. "Like Emma, she's a woman who's bent on meddling in other people's lives because of a fear of living in her own."

The *Clueless* script displays such an astounding ear for adolescent dialogue that one wonders why Heckerling stayed away from the territory she obviously has down cold for so long. "After *Fast Times*," she explains, "the whole preppy thing got really big, and I was offered a lot of movies in which girls wearing madras shorts lost their virginity. I thought, I don't want to be the teenaged-girls-coming-of-age director." So she took on gangster spoof *Johnny Dangerously*, which bombed, and next, career exigencies being what they are, took a hack job directing *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. "I had a theory in my head that men can bomb three times, but if women bomb more than once, they're shoved aside," she says. After getting back on track by directing two of the lowbrow but profitable *Look Who's Talking* movies, she turned her attention to picking through scripts, but was so discouraged that she decided the only way to say something new was to say it herself. "I still spend my time reading scripts and thinking maybe there's a great one out there," she says. "But I can't cheat. I have to write."

Kim France

Photograph by Elliott Marks/Paramount Pictures.

look at Joshua, a hit man (Tim Roth) who reluctantly returns to the Russian-émigré milieu of his childhood, Brighton Beach. His little brother, played by Edward Furlong, worships Joshua—despite his career choice—but his aging father (Maximilian Schell) won't speak to him. Vanessa Redgrave, as the ailing mother, delivers another oddly affecting performance that's quite different from her turn in *Howards End* but just as memorable. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

A Little Princess—This is a charming new version of the Shirley Temple chestnut about Sara (Liesel Matthews), a little girl sent from magical India to the drab Miss Minchin's School for Girls when her father goes off to fight in World War I. Even better than last year's *The Secret Garden,* this movie—like all good family films—offers hard truths and painful moments, not treacly banality, as Sara finds herself relegated to the attic and a job as cleaning girl. Directed marvelously by Alfonso Cuaron, it will be relaunched in the fall by Warner Bros. in the hopes of attracting the audience it deserves. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Manhattan Twin.*

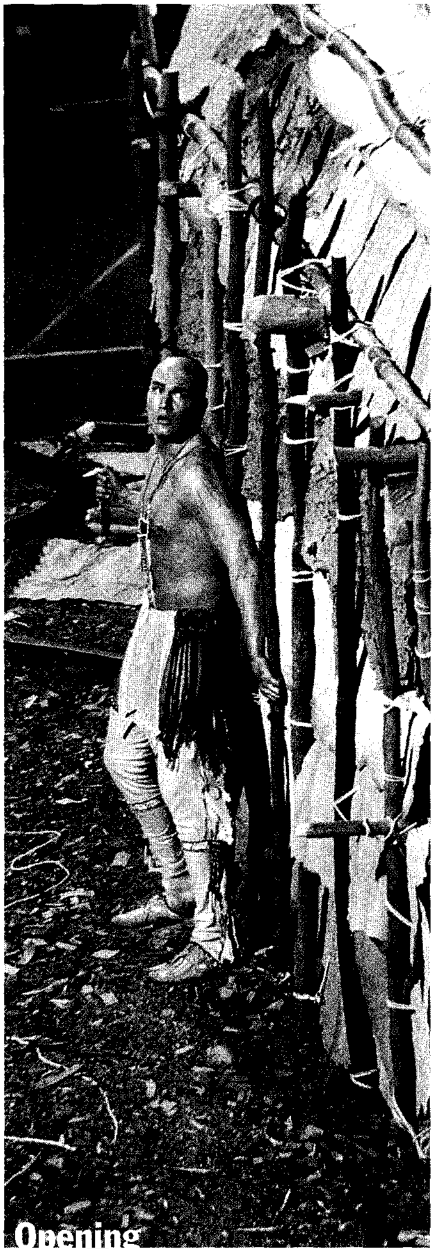
Living in Oblivion—Tom DiCillo—who wrote and directed the genuinely offbeat *Johnny Suede*—covers much more familiar territory in this comedy about the travails of independent filmmaking. Big egos and little talent are rampant as a harried director (Steve Buscemi) juggles a vain male star, a moody female lead, and the million little crises that pop up during shooting. An early sequence in which the crew tries again and again to film one particular scene builds quite well to an effective climax. Perhaps this was the basis for the short film DiCillo was shooting but decided to expand into a feature-length film. Regardless, the rest of the movie has no real point, trafficking in stock situations such as on-set romances and self-important craftspeople without offering anything new. With Dermot Mulroney, James Le Gros, and Catherine Keener. Winner of the screenwriting award at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Love and Human Remains—David (Thomas Gibson of *Barcelona*) is a former child actor who insists he doesn't even *believe* in love, much less want some, and yet finds himself drawn to a ridiculously young busboy at the restaurant where he works. He lives with his former lover Candy (Ruth Marshall)—who wants to believe in love but can't decide if she wants it with a man or woman—and is best friends with the very good-looking but very unhappy Bernie (Cameron Bancroft), who spends every waking moment picking up and dumping women. All three are stalked in one form or another by a serial killer. And despite all of this, it's utterly without interest. With Mia Kirshner. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers—If you have a kid under 12 years old, you *will* be seeing this big-screen version of the smash children's TV show. Here they battle an all-new villain: Ivan Ooze. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Murray Hill; Movieplex 42; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Nine Months—Yes, yes, we've heard all the Hugh Grant jokes. But this romantic comedy about a man whose perfectly balanced life is thrown into whack by a pregnancy serves as a significant step for many other people as well. Tom Arnold looks to repeat his probably freakish success in *True Lies* with another boorish sidekick part. (Arnold better invest wisely. How many times can he play the Jim Belushi role?) Julianne Moore tries to solidify her rising bankability from clout-enhancing turns in *Short Cuts, Vanya on 42nd St.,* and *Safe.* (She will.) Joan Cusack is denied another chance to show her talent beyond kooky shenanigans. (Maybe TV will give her a proper chance to shine.) And writer-director Chris Columbus hopes to helm his very own blockbuster—without the help of John Hughes or Steven Spielberg or Robin Williams or anyone. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street; 62nd and Broadway.*

Party Girl—A Holly Golightly for the nineties is how they're presenting Parker Posey's character in this comedy from co-writer and director Daisy von Scherler Mayer. Posey plays a downtown club girl torn between life on the party circuit and the allure of a career as a librarian. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*



Opening

Toy Story

Given the hegemony of Disney these days, any other studio trying to release a high-quality kids' movie (like Warner Bros.'s A Little Princess, which never reached the audience it deserved earlier this year, and will be rereleased next month) needs all the help it can get. For starters, Paramount's The Indian in the Cupboard (opening July 14), a clever family film about a toy Indian that springs to life, has some name recognition: It's based on the best-selling children's book by Lynne Reid Banks.

The Postman—A mildly diverting tale about an uneducated postman (Massimo Troisi) who befriends an internationally renowned Chilean poet sent into exile to his tiny island off the southern coast of Italy. When the postman falls in love with the most beautiful woman in town, the poet takes part—reluctantly at first—in the battle of words to win her heart. Rather charming for a while, until a sentimental, almost pathetic denouement bludgeons the viewer with the emotions it was quietly building to all along. In Italian. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Safe—Writer-director Todd Haynes's follow-up to his ambitious but uneven *Poison* is a solid, low-key drama about a woman (Julianne Moore) suffering from an unexplained illness that her doctor attributes to "nerves." But her attacks grow worse and worse, leading her to seek out help anywhere she can—specifically a fringe group that tells her she suffers from "environmental illness." She travels to an isolated camp for treatment, a place where people walk around with oxygen tanks and sometimes sleep in specially ventilated porcelain-lined "safe" rooms. Though his film is not strictly a satire (and there certainly aren't any villains here), Haynes quietly shows his skepticism for the group's methods without belittling the needs of the people who seek it out—clearly a parallel to the AIDS crisis and the many snake oil approaches to fighting it that have sprung up. And Moore can do no wrong. It tackles similar terrain as Michael Tolkin's *The New Age,* but without the heavy-handedness that marred that effort. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Sister My Sister—Based on a true story, this drama tells of two sisters (Joely Richardson and Jodhi May) who serve as maids to a tyrannical woman (Julie Walters) obsessed with decorum. They're given only a few brief moments of rest a day and grow closer and closer in the most intimate of ways. Walters's Madame Danzard realizes she is losing control over them but her every effort to make them behave only pushes the girls towards each other. Directed by Nancy Meckler. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Smoke**—Starts slowly and becomes immensely pleasing, a deceptively quiet winner among the hollow big bangs of the summer season. Directed by Wayne Wang and largely set in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn (writer Paul Auster's home turf), it's a celebration of gratuitous acts of kindness. Auggie (Harvey Keitel), who runs a cigar store, has a peculiar hobby: He takes pictures from the same street corner at precisely 8 A.M. every day. He shows the thousands of pictures to his friend Paul (William Hurt), a sad-sack novelist who hasn't written much since his wife died. Lost in thought, Paul wanders into the street and almost gets run over, but he's saved by a black teenager who calls himself Rashid. Paul takes the boy in, and the two begin an unstable friendship. There's a sweet-natured allure to all this tentativeness—the initial lack of obvious dramatic point, in its very oddity, captures our interest. (Denby; 6/19/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; 68th Street Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species—See David Denby's review, p. 49. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza .*

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory—Steven Seagal. Action. If you're thinking of seeing it, you already know everything you need to know. Like Chuck Norris and his one decent movie, *Code of Silence,* Seagal will probably find that the original *Under Siege* marked an unexpected high point, rather than a bold turning point. With Eric Bogosian. (2 hrs. ; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum.*

Wigstock: The Movie—God help the filmmaker if a documentary about the downtown happening that features some of the most flamboyant people and costumes imaginable wasn't at least *amusing.* But there aren't enough in-depth interviews to provide the personal background that made *Paris Is Burning* memorable or enough concert scenes (only bits and pieces from different years are shown) to give the performances their due. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Wild Reeds—A well-done French drama about a teenager in boarding school who finds himself drawn both to a charming peasant boy and militant right-winger Henri, who is worked up about

Photograph by Zade Rosenthal/Paramount Pictures.

the Algerian War. Unfortunately, both of them are attracted to the boy's beautiful best friend. Cowritten and directed by André Téchiné, the film played at last year's New York Film Festival. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love; Party Girl; The Postman; Safe; Smoke; Wigstock: The Movie.* Opening 7/14: *Living in Oblivion.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Die Hard; Congo.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Pushing Hands; Sister My Sister.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Crumb.* Through 7/18: *Carmen Miranda: Bananas is My Business.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Movieland 8th Street—42 E.8th St. (477-6600) *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers; The Glass Shield; Pulp Fiction.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Heaven's a Drag; Little Odessa; Love and Human Remains; Wild Reeds.* Opening 7/12: *Grosse Fatigue.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill; Pocahontas; Bandit Queen; Crimson Tide; Exotica; The Mystery of Rampo.* Opening 7/14: *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Batman Forever; Braveheart; Bridges; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Apollo 13.* Opening 7/12: *Nine Months.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Braveheart; Casper; Crimson Tide.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *First Knight.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Species.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Bridges; Die Hard; Judge Dredd; Species.* Opening 7/12: *Nine Months.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard; Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Bridges; Die Hard.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Forget Paris.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Two Daughters.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Species.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory; Die Hard.*

Metro Goldwyn Mayer Picture
Cavalcade of M·G·M Shorts
Featuring 34 Classic Film Shorts from the 30s & 40s

Laserdisc **After watching a newsreel, a cartoon, some coming attractions, and a live-action short, by the time audiences of the thirties and forties got to the actual *movie*, they were just about ready to go home. *Cavalcade of MGM Shorts* collects 34 of that studio's forgotten offerings, ranging from the comedic (Robert Benchley's "How to Sleep") to the informative (John Nesbitt's "Passing Parade" cultural series) to the unabashedly swanky ("Starlit Days at the Lido"). MGM/UA Home Video $99.98.**

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *The Incredibly True Adventure of Two Girls in Love.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Pocahontas; The Crude Oasis; The Postman.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Batman Forever; Die Hard; First Knight; Friday; Tales From the Hood.* Opening 7/12: *Nine Months.* Opening 7/14: *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) Opening 7/12: *Nine Months; Crimson Tide.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Little Odessa.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Judge Dredd.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Congo; Crimson Tide.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard; While You Were Sleeping.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Pocahontas.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Casper; A Little Princess.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; Species.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Power Rangers; Braveheart.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Belle de Jour.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Picture Bride.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Judge Dredd.* Opening 7/12: *Smoke.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Bullets Over Broadway; Circle of Friends; Clerks; Dolores Claiborne; Don Juan DeMarco; The Madness of King George.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Apollo 13.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) Opening 7/12: *Grosse Fatigue; Smoke.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Apollo 13; Die Hard.* Opening 7/12: *Nine Months.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pocahontas; Judge Dredd.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *First Knight.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Species.* Opening 7/14: *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Batman Forever.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Braveheart; Congo.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Bridges; Congo; First Knight; Species.* Opening 7/14: *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Bridges.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Braveheart.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Casper; Forget Paris.* Opening 7/12: *Nine Months.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Congo; Die Hard; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Bandit Queen; Burnt by the Sun; Devi; Love and Human Remains; The Postman; Smoke.* Opening 7/14: *The Big City; Living in Oblivion.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Braveheart; Bridges; Crimson Tide; First Knight.* Opening 7/14: *The Indian in the Cupboard.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *Pocahontas; First Knight.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Apollo 13.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; Crimson Tide; Die Hard; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Casper; Congo; Die Hard; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Pocahontas; Mighty Morphin; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Casper; Congo; Die Hard; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Bridges; Die Hard; First Knight.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Apollo 13; Species.* Opening 7/12: *Nine Months.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Mighty Morphin; Pocahontas; Batman Forever.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever; First Knight; Judge Dredd.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Friday; New Jersey Drive; Top Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Batman Forever; Casper; Congo; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Congo; Die Hard; Species.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight; Judge Dredd.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Braveheart; First Knight.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Species.*

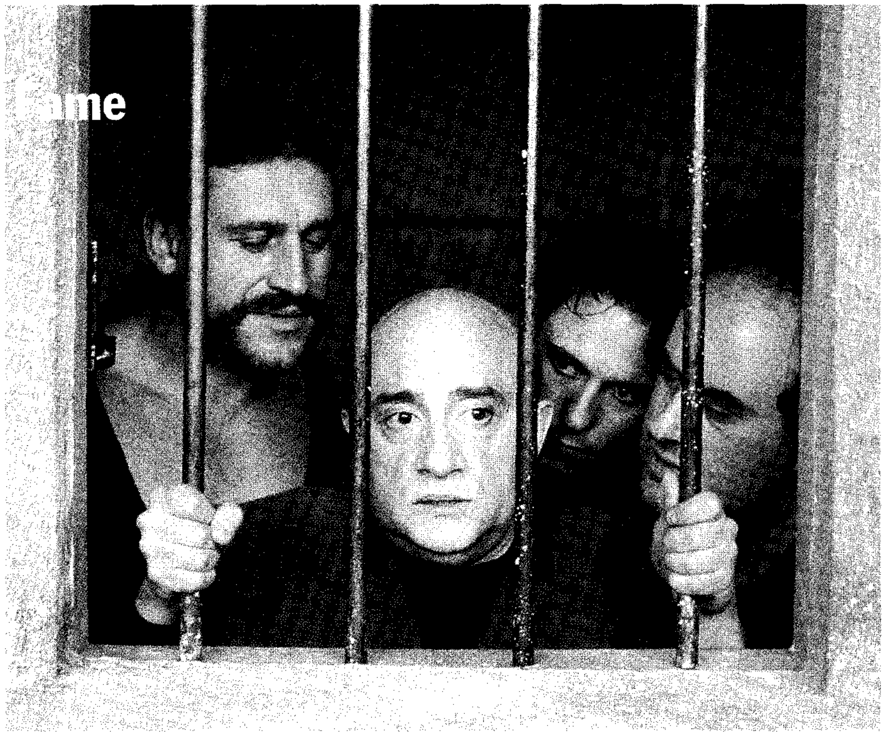
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Species.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd; Species.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bridges; Congo; Die Hard; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Opening

Trapped by Fame



Comic Michel Blanc—who's been a huge star in France for years—seems to behave reprehensibly in *Grosse Fatigue* (opening July 12), a satire on the travails of celebrityhood that takes a fantastical premise involving doppelgängers and carries it to a logical, frightening extreme. *Player*-like, the movie features Carole Bouquet, Phillipe Noiret, and Roman Polanski, among other French celebrities, playing exaggerated versions of their public personae.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Congo; First Knight; Species.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Bridges; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Batman Forever.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Batman Forever; Bridges; Casper; Crimson Tide; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Pocahontas; Congo.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apollo 13; Casper; Die Hard; Smoke.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Congo; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Die Hard; First Knight.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Pocahontas; Congo; Judge Dredd.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Bridges; First Knight.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Braveheart; Congo; First Knight.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Pocahontas; Batman Forever; Judge Dredd.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bridges; Casper.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Species.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Casper; Die Hard; First Knight; Species.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Bridges.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Species; Pocahontas.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever; Die Hard; Judge Dredd.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Power Rangers; Batman Forever.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apollo 13; Braveheart; Congo; First Knight.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Braveheart.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Pocahontas; Power Rangers; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bridges; Casper; Species.* Opening 7/14: *Under Siege 2: Dark Territory.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; First Knight.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Power Rangers; Pocahontas; Apollo 13; Batman Forever; Bridges; Congo; Die Hard; First Knight; Judge Dredd; Species.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two new IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica,* about the exploration and excavation of the shipwreck. The films are shown daily, with both offered as a double feature on Fri. and Sat. night. Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 7/30: "Orson Welles." 7/5: *Macbeth* (1948) and *The Stranger* (1946). 7/16: *The Lady From Shanghai* (1948) and *Touch of Evil* (1958). Through 9/1: "Laurel & Hardy and the Three Stooges." 7/11–7/14: *Sons of the Desert* (1933), with Laurel and Hardy. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—7/14: several shorts, including Rene Clair's *Entr'Acte* at 8; Dimitri Kirsanoff's *Rapt* (1934) at 9:30. 7/15 and 7/16: Jean Isidore Isou's *Venom and Eternity* (1951). 7/15: Five films by Georges Melies, including *Voyage dans la Lune* (1902); Jonas Mekas's *Diaries, Notes, & Sketches (Walden)* (1964–68). 7/16: Four films by Georges Melies, including *Le Voyage a Travers L'impossible* (1904); Rita Gam's "World of Film," from the PBS series, spotlighting India and Mexico; and "Austrian Avantgarde Cinema: 1955-1993," featuring five films by Mara Mattuschka, and several postwar pieces by Gunter Brus. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Film Forum—Through 8/10: "Blaxploitation, Baby!" 7/10–7/11: *The Klansman* (1974) and *The Thing With Two Heads* (1972). 7/12–7/13: *Black Caesar* (1973) and *Three the Hard Way* (1974). 7/14–7/16: *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* (1971). 7/17: *The Legend of Nigger Charley* (1972) and *Thomasine & Bushrod* (1974). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—7/12 and 7/13 at 8: "Capturing Choreography: A Tribute to Marge & Gower Champion." $12. Through 8/10: "Contemporary French Comedies." 7/10–7/11: *Heaven Sent* (1963) and *Bouddu Saved From Drowning* (1932). 7/13 and 7/15: *La Poison* (1956) and *Assasins et Voleurs* (1956). 7/14: *Quatorze Juillet* (1932) and *Volpone* (1940). 7/16: *A Woman is a Woman* (1961) and *Get out Your Handkerchiefs* (1978). "Movies for Kids." 7/15 and 7/16: *The Little Colonel* (1935). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/11: *Tous le matins du monde* (1992). 7/18: *Coup de torchon* (1982). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Jewish Museum—7/11 at 6:30: A screening of two shorts: Constance Marks's *Let's Fall in Love: A Singles' Weekend at the Concord Hotel* (1993) and Jonathan Berman's *The Shvitz* (1993). 1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 7/13: "Italia 1900–1939: The Fourth Italian Summer Festival." Films made or set during the early part of the twentieth century. 7/10–7/11: *Grandi Magazzini* (1939) and *Tempo Massimo* (1934). 7/12–7/13: *Open Doors* (1990) and *Love and Anarchy* (1973). 7/8 and 7/9: *1860* (1934), *The Innocent* (1976), and a documentary on Mussolini. 7/14–7/27: "Oui, Comedie: Comedy is Culture Too." 7/14–7/16: *La Totale* (1991), the basis for Arnold Schwarzenegger's *True Lies;* and *Les Bronzés* (1978). 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—7/16–8/20: "Film al Fresco," a series of outdoor screenings, with live music and menu from Le Madri keyed to the film. This summer's movies revolve around, unsurprisingly, food. 7/16: *Like Water for Chocolate* (1992). 7/23: *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife, & Her Lover* (1989). (Better eat quickly if you want to dine during that one.) 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 gains admission to movie and live music with no minimum on food or drink required.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/3: "Screen Plays: From Broadway to Hollywood, 1920–1966." An exceptionally wide-ranging look (including more than 100 films, plus screen tests and other marginalia) at works that jumped from stage to screen. 7/10: *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1925) and *Dodsworth* (1936). 7/10 and 7/16: *The Women* (1939). 7/11: *The Strawberry Blonde* (1941), *Christopher Bean (Her Sweetheart),* and *The Front Page* (1931). 7/13: *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* (1940) and *Blessed Event* (1932). 7/14: *The Barker* (1928), *Five Star Final* (1931), and *Tonight or Never* (1931). 7/15: *Craig's Wife* (1936), *Jezebel* (1938), and *Old Acquaintance* (1943). 7/16: *The Greeks had a Word for Them* (1932) and *Susan and God* (1940). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 8/13: "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Part of a museum-wide look at Hopper's profound influence on movies, photography, and other disciplines. 7/13–7/16: *The Killers* (1946) and *Vertigo* (1958). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

Photograph by Jerome Prebois/Miramax Zoe.

theater

Restoration Musical…Alfresco Furies

In the Belly of the Beast

Executed by the Nazis in 1945 for his role in a plot to assassinate Hitler, German writer and theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer became known after the war as the prototype of the modern Christian martyr. D. Paul Thomas (left) and Nicholas Hormann reenact his ordeal in Mr. Thomas's 'Bonhoeffer 1945' at the McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (279-4200).

Photograph by Bill Youngblood.

Broadway

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Buttons on Broadway—The comedian who Never! Got! A Dinner! gets his own one-man show on Broadway. Go figure. Still, it *has* been a long time since we heard "Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long." $25-$50. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/16. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chronicle of a Death Foretold—A musical adaptation, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Graciela Daniele, of the novella by Gabriel García Márquez, wherein—throughout several days of passion, guilt, and dance—a murder is anticipated. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/16. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller, starring Jerry Lewis as the Prince of Darkness, midlife-crisis division. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $44.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. From 6/20: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joely Fisher as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Almeida Theater; the limited run of 110 performances ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Cherry Jones (winner of both the Drama League's Distinguished Performance Award and the 1995 Tony for Best Actress in a Play for her work in the title role), Donald Moffat, Frances Sternhagen, and Michael Cumpsty; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated rela-

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

tionships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, supplants the original (1972) production of *Grease* this week to become the fifth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65.00. From 6/12: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama (winner of the 1995 Tony Award for Best Play) about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Play's the Thing—Life, as every theatergoer knows, is a play—at least, that is, if you live in a castle on the Italian Riviera, the setting for the Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar's lighthearted 1926 comedy about a dramatist who contrives a theatrical performance to reconcile two estranged lovers. Translated by The Master, P. G. Wodehouse. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun.at 2. *Roundabout Theatre, 1530 Broadway (869-8400). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94.) Betty Buckley stars as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bonhoeffer 1945—$20 in previews, $25–$27.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Begins performances 7/14 for a 7/19 opening. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. above the Promenade (279-4200).*

Lonely Planet—Steven Dietz's drama about living with AIDS. $27.50 in previews, $37.50 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opens 7/12. *Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan (254-6330).*

Lust—You think New York City is sexually licentious? Maybe so, but it doesn't even come close to Restoration London. An English four-brother team known collectively as the Heathers (Neil, Lea, John, and Charles) has had the bright idea—not a bad one, at that—of adopting William Wycherley's 1673 play *The Country Wife*, the classic farce about rakes and miladys at erotic play, into a musical comedy. Denis Lawson stars as the Byronic (and appropriately named) Horner, who's mad, bad, and dangerous to know. $35 through 7/12; $45 thereafter. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opens 7/13. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opens 7/16. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place bet. Perry and 11th St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club earlier this year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories has reopened a few blocks west, with Meara stepping into the role previously performed by Rue McClanahan. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 5., Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $30–$40. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Wed. at 5, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Crumbs From the Table of Joy—The first of Second Stage's new series of plays for teenage audiences on multi-generational themes follows an African-American family moving from rural South to urban North in the 1950s. $32.50–$35; students 18 and under, $7.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

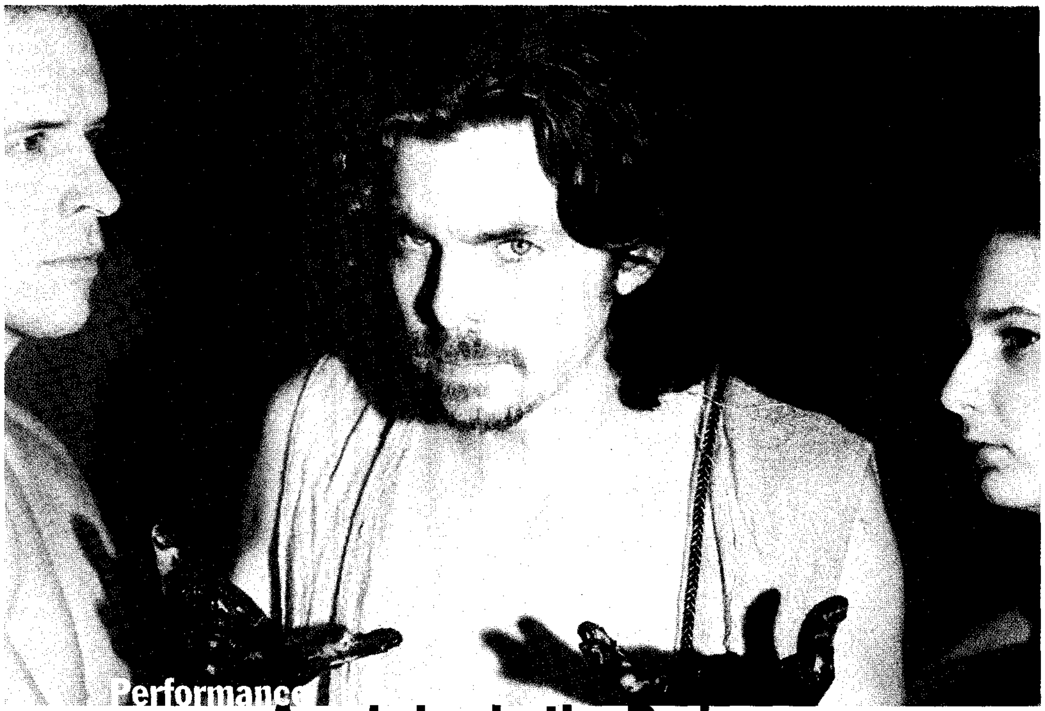
Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Opening

Sex, Lies, and Hoop Skirts

The Heather brothers—Neil, Lea, John, and Charles—admit it: They were a little worried, at first, about how to make sure their musical adaptation of *The Country Wife,* William Wycherley's 1673 comedy of manners, would prove "accessible" to modern audiences. Show-business instinct provided the answer, though. Among your accessibility-guaranteeing options in re a brilliant but elaborately wordy theater piece, renaming it *Lust* strikes us as one of the very best. (Their first choice was *The Licentious Eunuch,* but—well, you be the judge.) The show, opening this week at the John Houseman Theatre after runs in London and Philadelphia, follows the rake's progress of Horner, a Restoration libertine who, as one of the brothers phrases it, "puts it around that he's been castrated so he can make free with his friends' wives." Former rockers who drifted into theater via avant-garde dance experiments at London's Royal Academy in the seventies, the Heathers are mounting something like their own personal British invasion of America this year: With the present and/or planned transfers of *Lust;* their swinging-sixties West End hit *A Slice Of Saturday Night;* another musical, called *The Way Back;* and the straight thriller *Blood Money,* they're scheduled to have four new shows opening here within an eight-month period. That's to say nothing of their current work in progress, a play that will open directly Off Broadway in 1996 called *Gratuitous Sex and Violence.* "Do you think," they ask, "a title like that will attract people?" RANDALL SHORT

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.



Performance

Aeschylus in the Park

Greek tragic drama was originally composed for performance outdoors; it returns there, with the addition of a jungle gym or two, in Rakka-Thamm!!! Theater Company's environmental adaptation of 'The Eumenides' in Washington Square Park. The free production runs Thursday through Sunday at 8:00 P.M. through July 23.

The Donahue Sisters—It's a combination of Chekhov and Strindberg in the west of Ireland as three sisters—genteel Rosie, cynical Dunya, and domestic-minded Annie—reunite at the family homestead and long-burning resentments begin to emerge. Geraldine Aron's play features Alma Cuervo, Terry Donnelly, and Carolyn McCormick; directed by Nye Heron. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

Ecstasy—The director Mike Leigh, whose international reputation is based on films (*Naked, Life Is Sweet*) about English working-class families and lost souls looking for a little cheerfulness in tough times, is equally well known at home as the writer of stage plays mining a similar sociopolitical vein. In the New Group's production of this 1979 script, a young woman fends off loneliness and an abusive boyfriend, less depressingly than you might expect. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8:30. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf—In 1975, Ntozake Shange jolted African-American drama out of a tendency toward ponderousness with this jazz-flavored medley of poetry and prose about growing up black and female in mid-century America. Now the show is having its twentieth-anniversary production at the New Federal Theatre, its first home. Directed by the playwright. $15. Thurs.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. (279-4237).*

Fortune's Fools—The title of Frederick Stroppel's new play comes—you knew this—from *Romeo and Juliet;* everything else is relentlessly contemporary in this romantic comedy about four Generation-Xers looking for love. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Identical Twins From Baltimore—A new musical by Marc Mantell and Dan Alvy about a slim black singer and the twin sister who's indistinguishable from her except for being a 250-lb. white ballerina. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

john & jen—A musical family story by Tom Greenwald and Andrew Lippa. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

The Lobster Reed—Eda LeShan, the *Newsday* columnist, makes her playwriting debut at the age of 73 with a one-woman play about a senior citizen's victory over cancer after being abandoned by the medical community. Marilyn Chris stars; directed by Max Daniels. $30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Loose Lips—An irreverent, thought-provoking topical revue by Lisa Birnbach, Jamie Malanowski, and the editor of this magazine. The script is woven together from transcripts of the often outrageous, always unfortunate utterances of such high-profile personalities as Marion Barry, Prince Charles, Joy Silverman, Andrew Wylie, Orson Welles, Mickey Rourke, colleagues of Heidi Fleiss, and Clarence Thomas. This week, Candy Clark (*American Graffiti, The Man Who Fell to Earth*) is sitting in as guest host. Directed by Martin Charnin. $35 Fri.–Sat, $30 Thurs.; Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

One Woman Shoe—After playing five sold-out weeks in January and February, this comedy by the brother-and-sister team of David and Amy Sedaris in which six women from various points on the social scale express their personal *tsuris* through song, dance, and monologue has returned for an open-ended run. $15/TDF. Mon. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 10; no performance 7/14. *The Club at La Ma-Ma, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's *Frasier.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Party—Truth-or-dare high jinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Prisoner of Love—A theater piece adapted from Jean Genet's last novel by JoAnne Akalaitis (who also directs the production), Ruth Malaczech (who performs it), and Chiori Miyagawa, with an original score by Philip Glass. $22–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (302-6989).*

The School for Wives—In the National Asian-American Theatre Company's production of Molière's farce about a French aristocrat plotting to keep his wife-to-be faithful and education-free, actors from Asian cultures with a history of female oppression give the theme a special resonance. $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th Street Theater, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A stage adaptation of ABC's popular Saturday-morning cartoon series, which ran from 1973 to 1985 and introduced the work of composers and lyricists like Bob Dorough, Dave Frishberg, and Lynn Ahrens to the under-twelve set. $20–30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2. Through 8/5. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's hilarious one-woman show about growing up female and guitar-infatuated. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. No show 7/4. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and

Photograph by Joel Sokolov.

energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Sylvia—A. R. Gurney's latest foray into the emotional terrain of northeastern Waspism focuses on a New York City couple whose plans for their kid-free golden years are altered by the unanticipated factor of a small dog. With Mariette Hartley, John Cunningham, Derek Smith, and Sarah Jessica Parker as, uh, the dog. Directed by John Tillinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7, through 7/17. Thereafter, summer prices and scheduling are $45 on Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 5. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Tempest—Patrick Stewart (*Star*, as if you need to be told, *Trek*) stars as Prospero, the banished Duke of Milan who bends wind, wave, and benighted humanity to his will in the first of the New York Shakespeare Festival's annual free outdoor productions. Also featuring the rubber-limbed, and apparently jointless, Bill Irwin as that buffoon Trinculo. Tues.–Sun. at 8 at the *Delacorte Theater, Central Park;* closest park entrances are at 81st St. and Central Park West and 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Tickets are distributed at the theater from 1 on, and at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.,* from 1 to 3, on the day of performance only. Through 7/19. For further information, call *598-7100.*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $42.50–$45. Tues. at 7:30, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
It's Chilly Out There

Robert Gomes (left) and Michael Curry look for something more permanent than a passing sexual fling in 2 Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night, James Edwin Parker's play about life beyond the oppressive confines of urban gay subculture. Opening Sunday at Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place, between Perry and 11th Streets (279-4200).

Photograph by Robert DiScalfani.

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.;* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30 through 7/17. Thereafter: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Twelve Dreams—A Jungian fantasy about a widowed psychiatrist and his young daughter, from the playwright and librettist James Lapine. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/6. *Mitzi Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Beyond Therapy—A revival of Christopher Durang's 1981 farce about a man and woman whose romance begins with a personals ad and (nearly) ends in the respective offices of their insane psychotherapists. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. Through 7/29. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles St. (330-7607).*

Emotion—$15/TDF. Thur.–Sat at 8. Through 7/23. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave. bet. 22nd and 23rd Sts. (206-1764).*

Fanny's First Play—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/30. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

King James and the Indian—$12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/29. *Mint Theater Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (315-9434).*

The Last Magic Show—$12. Wed. at 8 and 10. *Playquest Theater Company, 4 E. 28th St. bet. Fifth and Madison Aves. (779-0170).*

A Man's World—$10. Wed. at 7:30, Thur. and Fri. at 8. Through 8/18. *Looking Glass Theatre, 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737).*

Moliere Unplugged—$12 at the door, $10 in advance; TDF accepted. Thur.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. Through 7/30. *Chapter 3 Theatrical Studio, 34 Third Ave. bet. 25th and 26th Sts. (684-6119).*

My Own Private Eyeshadow—$4. Mondays through 7/17 at 9. *Crowbar, 339 E. 10th St. bet. Aves. A and B (718-965-4718).*

The Nightwatch—$12. Thur.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/5. *Camilla's Theatre Gallery, 44 Walker St. south of Canal bet. Church and Broadway (925-9456).*

North of Providence / A Wild Card Like Deuces—$10. 7/13–16 at 8, 7/16 and 7/17 at 2. *Linhart Theatre 440 Lafayette St. (875-7457).*

Pinstripe Suite—Free. Tues.–St. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *HB Playwrights Foundation, 124 Bank Street (989-6540).*

The School for Wives—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (683-9772).*

Somebody I Love—$15. Thur.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3:30. Through 7/29. *Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).*

Summer Festival—Seven new one-act plays in a two-evening program; call for detailed listing. $15; $20 for both nights. Mon.–Sat. at 8., 7/17–8/19. *29th Street Repertory Theater, 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Timon of Athens—$10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/29. *American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).*

Too Much Light Makes the Baby Go Blind—Thirty (really brief) plays in 60 minutes, randomly selected and arranged from a repertory of more than 2,000. Admission is also (somewhat) random: $6 plus the roll of a single six-sided die. Thurs.–Sat. at 11. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (330-8087).*

(continued from page 23)

THE CULTURE BUSINESS

includes Henry Luce III and Beverly Sills—will have to slaughter the cow. "I know that Gerald Levin and Michael Fuchs know that we have to run our business the way that we have to," says the source. "But I think there's no way someone like Beverly Sills can go for this." Says a former Time Warner recording executive of Interscope: "They're history."

But Fuchs doesn't want to appear to be caving in to political and corporate pressures at the expense of artistic freedom. Warner's success under legendary executive Mo Ostin (also forced out by Morgado last year) came about because it was perceived as the place where artists were allowed to make records with a minimum of interference.

Finding a way out of the Interscope dilemma will be a test of Fuchs's corporate finesse. But there are ample precedents for face-saving spin control: David Geffen cut his ties with Rick Rubin's Def American Recordings after complaints about violent and misogynist lyrics on a Geto Boys album. Geffen artfully defended the group's right to say whatever it wanted—but added that he personally found it repugnant and didn't want anything to do with it. And even Ostin, whose reputation as a believer in artistic freedom was impeccable, quietly let the rapper Ice-T walk away from his contract after "Cop Killer."

Fuchs must be careful, however, not to make it appear that Warner is turning its back on a commitment to make the kind of records people want to buy. The last time that happened was in the fifties, when established mainstream pop labels like Columbia, Decca, and RCA Victor opted out of the R&B and rock-and-roll markets. Arguably, RCA never recovered.

If Fuchs can slough off Interscope gracefully, get the spotlight off Warner's music group, and mollify and repopulate management, then he can go back to offering those very nice hellos. But there are some who think the place will never be the same, that Time Warner is now a telecommunications company dominated—contrary to all the insider predictions at the time of the Time Warner merger—by Time Inc. executives: Indeed, the only division run by an executive from what was formerly Warner Communications is the Warner Bros. movie-and-TV studio.

When purged record executives Ostin and Krasnow were discussing the Morris firing on the phone recently, Ostin said, "Do you think they'll ask you to go back there?" "Mo," said Krasnow, "there's no more *there* there." ■

nightlife

Klezmer…Macmusic…Freedy Johnston

Concerts

Macintosh New York Music Festival—*The Mac-backed successor to the defunct New Music Seminar runs 7/17–7/22 at fifteen major clubs around the city. MNYM festival shows are hereafter designated with an asterisk (*). For complete information, call 343-9290.*

Black 47—The hip-hoppified Irish rock band leaves the dark and smoky comfort of Paddy Reilly's to help Celebrate Brooklyn, as the season-long festival is called. Let's hope they bring plenty of sunscreen. 7/15 at 3 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect West, Park Slope. (718-855-7882). $3 contribution.*

Black Sabbath—Come early for the legendary Motörhead, the band that put the *umlaut* in röck.7/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland. (307-71711). $20.*

Larry Coryell Quartet—The jazz guitarist. 7/11 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (983-4142). Free.*

Dick Hyman—The pianist-about-town toasts the music of master songwriter Hoagy "Stardust" Carmichael. 7/18 at 8 P.M. *92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100).*

Freedy Johnston and Alejandro Escovedo—A transplanted Kansan, Freedy Johnston probes the desperate lyricism of ordinary people, weaving it into punkwise country-rock songs whose choruses last like wistful memories. On last year's brilliant *This Perfect World,* his voice is unaffected enough to sound like a back-porch storyteller, but sure enough to have you singing his tunes long after the sun sets. He plays with Alejandro Escovedo, heir to the same legacy as percussionist family members Pete and Sheila E., but a former punk-rocker turned country-minded bard. 7/15 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS). Free.*

Klezmer Extravaganza—A roundup of the some of the greatest keepers of the klezmer flame: Brave Old World, Kapelye, the Klezmatics, Klezmer Conservatory Band, the Lipovsky/Mlotek/Warschauer Trio. 7/12 at 7 P.M. *Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, behind the New York State Theater, Amsterdam and 63rd St. (889-6800). Free.*

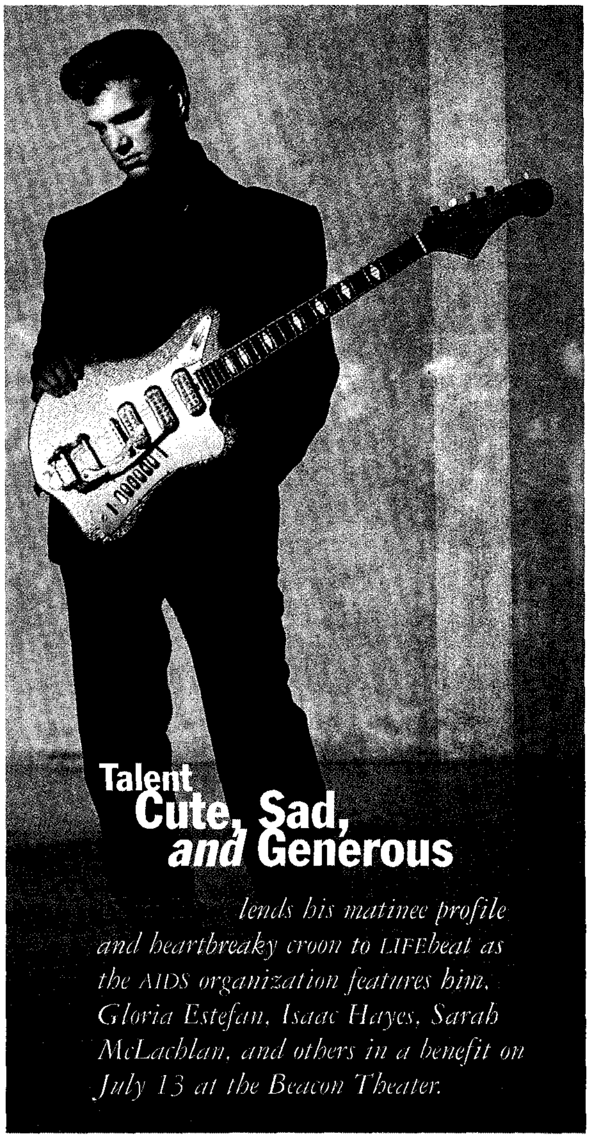
LIFEbeat—The AIDS relief organization presents its second annual concert, hosting an exceptionally diverse crew of do-gooders: soul-funk daddy Isaac Hayes, hunky Orbison manqué Chris Isaak, pop-funk crew the Dave Matthews Band, Latina disco diva Gloria Estefan, and wonderful singer-songwriter Sarah McLachlan. Supermodel Veronica Webb and *Comedy Central's* Bill Maher cohost. 7/13 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $50–250.*

Lollapalooza—Yes, it's still a few weeks off, but the first day of this alt-rock who's who is already sold out. Call now to see Sonic Youth, Hole, Cypress Hill, Pavement, Sinead O'Connor, Beck, the Jesus Lizard, and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones—probably the best lineup this festival has ever had—on one stage. 7/28 (sold out) and 7/29 at noon. *Randall's Island, Downing Stadium. (249-8870). $33.*

Sarah McLachlan and the Chieftains—Sarah McLachlan: the best Canadian singer since . . . hmmm. Anne Murray? Neil Young? Paul Shaffer? McLachlan has them all beat. She can shift from ethereal bedroom whisper to soulful belting, all in the service of soft-rocking ballads whose dreamy introspection often conceals a been-burned-before wisdom. She appears with those beloved masters of auld Irish music, the Chieftains, who bring a spellbinding virtuosity one would never imagine possible on instruments like the tin whistle and uilleann pipes. 7/15 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach. (516-221-1000) $28.50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.



Talent
Cute, Sad, *and* Generous

lends his matinee profile and heartbreaky croon to LIFEbeat as the AIDS organization features him, Gloria Estefan, Isaac Hayes, Sarah McLachlan, and others in a benefit on July 13 at the Beacon Theater.

Midsummer Night Swing—Boogie by the fountain as Lincoln Center presents "Classic Disco" night, with a special hustle contest, on 7/12. On 7/13, the music changes to Viennese waltzes and polkas, on 7/14 to Latin music by Descarga Boricua and on 7/15 to swing. Dancing at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center. 875-5102. $8.*

Todd Palmer—The clarinetist takes over Bryant Park for one week as part of the Young Performers Series, with harpist Margery Fitts and bassist Gered Egan. 7/10, 7/12, and 7/14 at 12:30 P.M. *Bryant Park, Sixth Avenue between 41st and 42nd Streets. (983-4142).*

Shirley Allston Reeves—As the original lead singer of the Shirelles, this New Jerseyite marked herself indelibly into our erotic subconscious, carrying such classics of adolescent love-angst as "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow," "Tonight's The Night," and "Dedicated to the One I Love." 7/13 at 1 P.M. *MetroTech Commons, MetroTech plaza, Brooklyn. (718-636-4100).*

Super Blue and the Love Band and Black Stalin—7/16 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage.*

Barry White—The bearded, chocolate-skinned maven of candlelight romance and funky seduction holds forth with a full band and, doubtless to say, some serious threads. Bring a date. With Chante Moore. 7/12 and 7/14–7/15 (sold out) at 8 P.M. *The Paramount. (307-7171). $40.*

Clubland

The Academy—A grand old theater, whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the 100,000th rendition of "Memory" being sung a few blocks away. 7/18: "I wanna be the one who walks in the sun," she yearned in the early-eighties, and in the sun she still walks. The fun-loving Cyndi Lauper stages her triumphant return to the stage. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 7/14: Linda Hickman. 7/21: Dick Gaughan, a founding member of The Boys of The Lough and Clan Alba, plays solo. *43 Murray, two blocks below Chambers. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight-lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/11: The Neilds; local faves 5 Chinese Brothers. 7/11–7/12: Tanita Tikram. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, low-rent bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/14: Tsunami; Edsel. 7/17: Bakamono. 7/19: *Spent;

Photograph by Michael Tighe.

Ugly Beauty; Gigantic; Gwen Mars. 7/19: *Enormous; Gigantic; Ugly Beauty; Spent. 7/20: *Skeleton Key; Cake Like; Dirt Merchants; Space Needle. 7/21: *Ivy; Ben Folds Five; Lida Husik. 7/22: *Jennifer Trynin; Thin Lizard Dawn;.Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 7/13: The buzz-heavy alt-rock band Green Apple Quick Step. 7/17: *Too Much Joy. 7/18: *China Drum. 7/19: *Fossil. 7/21: *Karen Atkins. 7/22: *Toshi Reagon. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A newish big-budged blueserie with comfortably downhome ambience and even more comfortable couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 7/14-7/15: Otis Clay. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 7/12: "Poetry Blast-Off," featuring young turks of spoken word John S. Hall, Maggie Estep, Bobby Miller, and others. 7/15: The Source; Tuba; Special Request; Cooly's Hotbox. 7/17: *Bobby Sichran. 7/18: "The Egg." 7/19: *David S. Ware; Supreme Dicks; Babe the Blue Ox; William Hooker Group. 7/20: *Bad Behavior; Screaming Headless Torsos. 7/21: *Three; Candy Machine. 7/22: *Norman Mayer Group; Strapping Fieldhands. 72.*416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 7/11: Alex Chilton. 7/17: *Innocence Mission; Candy Butchers; Katell Keineg. 7/18: *"Lounge Night" Baby Steps; Black Velvet Flag; the Legendary Jim Ruiz Group. 7/19: *Francis Dunnery; Lisa Germano. 7/22: *Rosie Flores; Jeff Buckley. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello ambience. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night "Soul Kitchen." "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/12: The Rake's Progress. 7/14: Warren Zevon. 7/17: *Boredoms. 7/18: *Sophie B. Hawkins; Joan Osborne. 7/19: *Buffalo Tom; Gigalo Aunts. 7/20: *Todd Rundgren. 7/21: *Alice Donut; Cop Shoot Cop; Ultra Bide. 7/22: *Boss Hog; Blonde Redhead. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/11: Charles Gayle Trio. 7/12: Shirk Circus; Jennifer Convertible. 7/17: *Asa Nisi Masa;Jason Lanier. 7/18: *"Queer Night" with Chris Cochran's Suck; Pretty;Tribe 8; Maul Girls. 7/19: *Laurie Anderson; Angel Corpus Christi. 7/20: *Murray Ataway; Gutterball. 7/21: *Gary Lucas's Gods and Monsters; Casper Brotzman Massacre. 7/22: *Arto Lindsay Trio.Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 7/15: The Bill Perry Blues Band. 7/18: Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers offer "The Ultimate Allman Brothers Tribute." *1558 Third Ave. (369-blues).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/12: Cake. 7/14: Kevin Salem; Fossil. 7/15: Jill Sobule. 7/19: *Catherine Wheel. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/11: Cake. 7/13: Toshi Reagon. 7/15: Alejandro Escevado. 7/18: *Supergass; the Daisies. 7/19: *The Hollowbodies;Wunderband, Grover. 7/20: *Love Battery; Eve's Plum. 7/21: *Low. 7/22: *Congo Norvell; Contortions. *217 E. Houston. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Fridays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe— The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Avenue A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue , presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. 7/13: "African Express and more Africa Mondo showcase." 7/15: Brazilian Energy Sounds; Brazilian Samba Reggae from Bahia. 7/16: "Rock De Los 90's." 7/17: *Giovanni Hidalgo & Band. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—Despite the neck-craning midstage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 7/14: Walter "Wolfman" Washington in the Bill Perry Blues Band. 7/15: Kid Creole and the Coconuts are together again and shakin' it live. 7/17: *Zhane; Miss Jones; Inviolate; Groove Theory. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

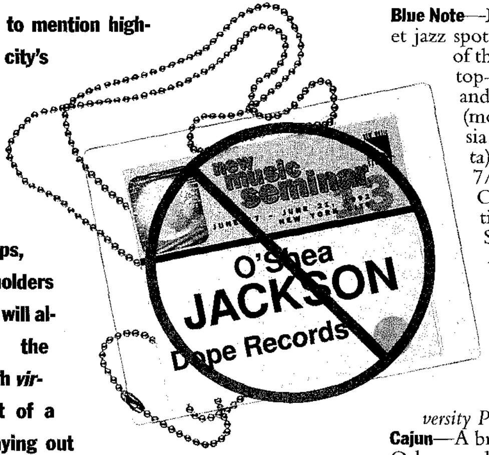
Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 7/14: Milo Z; Professor Spoon. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Happenings

No Music Seminar

Last summer, that fifteen-year-old multi-million-dollar rock-and-roll schmoozefest the New Music Seminar went belly up, leaving scores of workers unpaid, hundreds of bands disgruntled, and—worst of all—city-bound New Yorkers without a summer music orgy. Although several organizations have come forward to rectify this—each proposing its own vision of how folks might once again put on laminated badges, toddle from venue to venue, and push people around in line—one clear winner has emerged. The Macintosh New York Music Festival (July 17–23; see listings) has to be the most community-oriented (not to mention high-tech) music festival the city's ever seen. It has accomplished the cooperation of all the city's major bookers, opening CBGB, Fez, the Knitting Factory, SOBs, Tramps, and ten other clubs to holders of the $75 badges, and it will also—so nineties!—put the whole thing online. Though *virtual rock* may be a bit of a stretch, Macintosh is laying out some impressive hardware in its pursuit of a global mosh pit. And though only technophilic artists like Todd Rundgren and Laurie Anderson will actually be *performing* online (thanks to a special virtual-reality modem hookup), all of the venues will be linked by a Web site. Meaning that club-hoppers will be able to access such information as whether Boss Hog has gone on yet at Tramps, whether they're still letting people in, and whether they suck—all without having to leave the Mercury Lounge. And maybe next year, should technology continue its brave march forward, we won't have to leave home at all.

CHRIS NORRIS



Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. 7/11–7/16: Duke Ellington Orchestra under the direction of Mercer Ellington. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Closed through July 30. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Cajun—A brassy, brightly-lit bit of New Orleans, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 7/11-7/16: LaVerne Butler. 7/18-7/23: Panma Francis and the Savoy Sultans. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

The Five Spot—Highly-rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 7/14-7/15: Regina Carter. *4 West 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. Every Monday is Tess Marsalis and the Swing Daddy Big Band. 7/11–7/15: The Geoff Keezer Trio. 7/18-7/22: The Sonny Simmons Trio. Sets Tues.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun. at 8:30 and 10 p.m. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. 7/20: Nora York. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 7/11–7/16: The well-traveled drummer Billy Hart leads a sextet of young'uns. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Sev-

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

enth Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/11-7/16: Jazz pianist Oliver Jones and his trio. 7/18-7/23: Canadian jazz singer Ranee Lee, one of the most-likely-tos working the style of Sarah Vaughan, holds forth with a quintet, hopefully singing with as much luster and maturity as she does on her record *I Thought About You. Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard— The Vanguard continues its month of saxophonists with the mighty Stanley Turrentine. Mr. T has thankfully put aside recent fusionoid pandering and returned to what he does best: swinging his big, bad, gruff tone over unhurriedly bluesy straight-ahead. He plays 7/11–7/17. Monday, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambiance and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, this posh 300-seat arena features mostly "headliners"—i.e., comedians you've seen on television. 7/12: Al Franken hosts "Comedians in Recovery." 7/13-7/15: Margaret Cho; Danny De Vito; Larry Amoros. 7/16–7/23: Mario Cantone. 7/19: Hot 97 Radio's "Phat Comedy" Series with Ed Lover and Doctor Dre. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 7/10-7/16: Kevin Brennen, Ray Romano, Dave Attell, Larry Amoros, and Rick Crom. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/10–7/16: Andres Fernandez; Glenn "Mr. Bullhorn" Super; Gabe Abelson. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Rebar—The audience sits on well-worn couches and the comedians try things they've never done before. It's hit and miss in terms of comedy, but always entertaining. Mondays at 8. *Eighth Ave. at 16th St. (627-1680).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—7/17: For one night only, Freddie Cole, brother of the angelic Nat King, holds forth at 8 and 10 P.M. Phillip Officer, two-time winner of the Manhattan Cabaret Association award for best male vocalist, makes his debut at Manhattan's best cabaret room this week with a show titled "Moonlight Serenade: Songs of a Summer Night," featuring songs by Joni Mitchell, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Johnny Mercer, and Harold Arlen. Through 8/5. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings through August, this East Side trattoria is offering a combination package of Italian food and opera standards performed by artists from Lincoln Center. Dinner at 7; show at 8. $35. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/29, folk singer and urban bluesman Richie Havens brings his street-inflected style to this venue sixty-five floors above the nearest street. Top of the World, Ma! Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet (they used to be a quartet, but, hey, things change) has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Terri Klausner sings the music of Duke Ellington. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething women dressed for bed by themselves in leggings and oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdam Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. You may require a few martinis to shell out $18 for a burger deluxe. Luckily this swank mausoleum has thirteen on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit, and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. Yes, that was Ray Kelly sipping on a Manhattan. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Performance

Klezmania

Governor Pataki has declared this Yiddish Heritage Week. So the official music is, of course, klezmer. And rarely is it done better than by Kapelye, the Klezmatics, Klezmer Conservatory Band (pictured), Brave Old World, and the Lipovsky/Mlotek/Warschauer Trio—all playing at the New York All Star Klezmer Extravaganza on July 12 at Lincoln Center.

in concert

Disco Night?...*I Was Looking at the Ceiling*

Classical Music

Monday, July 10

West Village Chorale—Performs Handel's *Messiah,* Parts II and III, as part of its Audience Participation Sings series. *Church of St. Luke's in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (570-7301), at 7:30; $10.*

Tuesday, July 11

Maxim Anikushin—The pianist performs Bach, Beethoven, and Stravinsky. *Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Lane, just south of South Street Seaport (721-0965), at 12:30; free.*

Wednesday, July 12

Midsummer Night Swing—Vicki Sue ("Turn the Beat Around") Robinson performs on Disco Night, complete with a hustle competition, as part of Lincoln Center's dancing-under-the-stars series. *Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5102), lessons at 6:30 and dancing at 8:15; $8.*

Thursday, July 13

BargeMusic—A trio performs Haydn and others. *Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Francis Heilbut—The pianist performs Mozart, Schumann, and others. *Green Auditorium, 40 W. 68th St. (866-2086), at 1; free.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Orion Music's Viennese Orchestra performs. See 7/12.

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Strauss's *Der Zigeunerbaron,* an opera-in-concert, with Beverly Sills narrating. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Friday, July 14

Midsummer Night Swing—Conga king Patato Valdez and others perform. See 7/12.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/13.

Summergarden—The garden is open for free admission at 6; concerts are at 8:30. Composers performed this weekend include Shifrin, Foss, and others. Through 8/26. *Museum of Modern Art, use entrance at 14 W. 54th St. (708-9491), at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, July 15

Midsummer Night Swing—The Stan Rubin Orchestra performs on Classic Swing Night. See 7/12.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/13.

Summergarden—See 7/14.

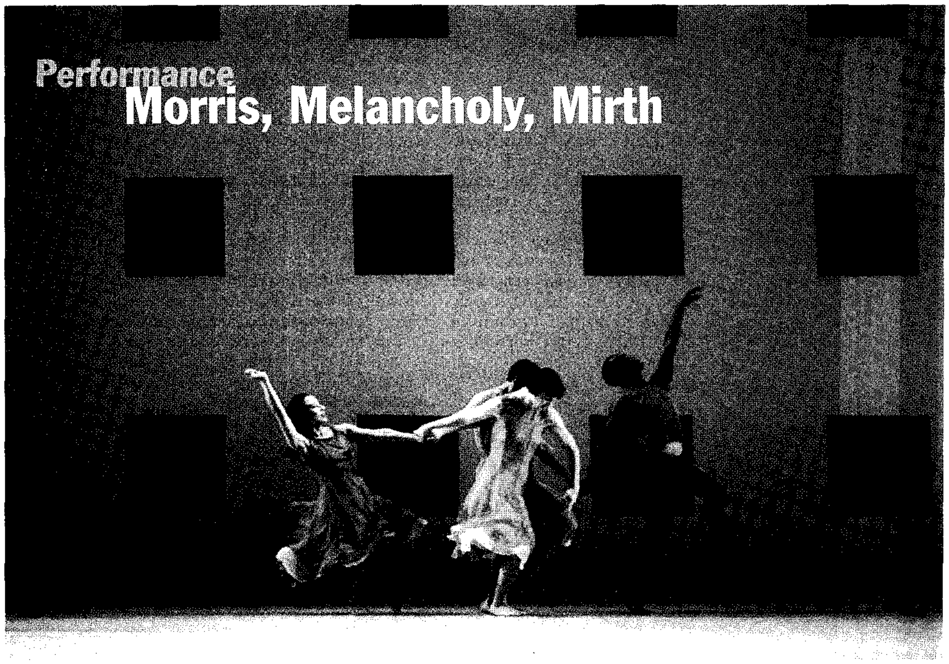
Sunday, July 16

Aston Magna—Made up of specialists in period performance, it performs chamber works by Bach. *Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. and Broadway (666-9266), at 5; $15.*

BargeMusic—See 7/13. This performance at 4.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Performance
Morris, Melancholy, Mirth

The Mark Morris Dance Group revives *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato* July 12–July 15 for the Serious Fun! festival. Morris's elaborate, vibrant piece is a groundbreaking combination of extensive sets, costumes, dance, two poems by Milton exalting the goddesses of mirth and melancholy, and music by Handel. At the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $15–$40.

Opera

John Adams/June Jordan/Peter Sellars—7/11–7/15 at 8, 7/15 and 7/16 at 3: *I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky. John Jay Theatre, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $35.*

American Opera Projects—7/13 and 7/20 at 12:15 and 1:15: Four singers and an accompanist perform "I Hear America Singing," selections from American operas and musicals. 7/13 performances: *Greeley Square, 32nd St. and Broadway;* 7/20: *Herald Square, 34th St. and Broadway (967-3433); free.*

Opera Manhattan—7/10 and 7/13 at 8: A semi-staged concert version of scenes and acts from three late-Romantic French works. Includes Magnard's *Guercoeur,* Chausson's *Le Roi Arthus,* and Reyer's *Sigurd.* Fifty percent of net proceeds will go to AIDS organizations. *St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (279-4200); $20–$28.*

Dance

Ballet Long Island—7/14 at 9, 7/15 at 8, 7/17 at 9: Debra Punzi's company makes its New York City debut. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor (934-0077); $10.*

Eva Dean Dance Company—7/11–8/6: Celebrates its tenth season with open rehearsals and performances at the Boat House in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Rehearsals 7/11–7/21, Tues.–Fri. at 10 A.M.–1 P.M. Performances 7/23, 7/30, and 8/6 at 3. *Boat House in Prospect Park, Brooklyn (718-857-8368); free.*

Fifth Annual Dances for Wave Hill—7/12–7/30: Site-specific works by dance-theater artist Victoria Marks, accordionist Guy Klucevsek, and the Kipos Company. 7/12 at 6:30 and 7/16 at 5. *Wave Hill Park, Bronx (718-549-3200); free on Wed. and $4 on Sun.*

Mark Morris Dance Group—7/12–7/15 at 8: Performs *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato,* Morris's acclaimed evening-length work set to Handel's oratorio of the same name. The text includes two poems by Milton celebrating the goddesses of mirth (L'Allegro) and melancholy (il Penseroso). Part of the Serious Fun! festival. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500); $15–$40.*

Noche Flamenco—Through 7/30: The eight-member Madrid-based ensemble performs solos and duets. Extended for three weeks after a sold-out five-week run. *Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, bet. First and Second Aves. (924-0077); $15–$20.*

O Samba! Dance Theater—7/13–7/15 at 8: Performs *Preto Velho,* which illustrates the passing of wisdom from one generation to the next in the cultures of Bahia, Brazil, and Benin, West Africa. *Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. (228-5068); $10.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Through 8/4: The witty dance company debuts three premieres. One, a duet, heralds an appearance by founding members Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Pilar Rioja—Through 9/20: The flamenco dancer presents the premiere of *Martinete* and other works. Mon. at 8, Tues. at 3, Wed–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 7. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (889-2850); $25.*

Photograph by D. Pierre.

New Antipodes...Old Danes

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ray Johnson—A memorial exhibition of collages and mail art, including works on loan from Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Jasper Johns, and others; through 8/18. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Batiste Madalena—These original movie posters, made to advertise such silent screen classics as *Sally of the Sawdust* and *The Road to Mandalay*, were executed between 1924 and 1928 for the display cases of George Eastman's Eastman Theater in Rochester, New York; through 8/18. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Tina Aufiero/Karen LaMonte—Recent glass works by both. Through 8/19. YWCA, 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9781).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Alexis—Recent large-scale paintings from the series "Stolen Diaries" that depict enigmatic narratives based on the text by Gertrude Stein and draw on the Steinian ideas of "continuous present" and universal biography; through 8/12. Dahn, 39 Wooster St. (343-1420).

Leigh Bowery—The performance artist, who was a model for the painter Lucian Freud and died last year, is remembered in this tribute exhibition of photographs (by Fergus Greer, Annie Liebovitz, Bruce Bernard, and others), video clips, and costumes; through 7/28. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

R. Crumb—Watercolors, drawings, and prints from the sixties through the eighties, including original art for magazine covers, record-cover designs, and humorous drawings from the artist's sketchbooks; through 7/29. Cutler, 379 W. Broadway (219-1577).

Jiri David—The artist, who is Czechoslovakian and teaches at the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague, takes photographic portraits of people he considers influential, then cuts the images in half and joins two right sides or two left sides together in diptych format; through 7/28. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Yuri Dyshlenko—A commemorative exhibition of paintings from 1975 through 1994 and postcard-size studies by this Russian artist (1936–1995) who was known for his mysterious narrative imagery; through 7/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Philip Guston—The artist's "Poem-Pictures," collaborations with writers and poets in which he integrates fragments of their writings into his own graphic imagery; through 7/28. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166).

Peter Halley/Ettore Sottsass—New large-scale paintings./Furniture and ceramics from the late fifties through the eighties. Through 7/28. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Nadiya Jinnah—Abstract paintings on molded clay that suggest landscapes; through 7/22. B.A.I., 575 Broadway (941-5588).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Barry Le Va—Four recent sculptures and related drawings; through 7/28. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Glenn Ligon/Scott Burton—Created in collaboration with the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia, this series of eight punching bags is the artist's examination of black male identity and the stereotyping of aggression/Sculptures that have not been previously exhibited. Through 8/31. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Emil Nolde—The largest private exhibition ever held in the United States of the German Expressionist's works on paper, including watercolors and prints of flowers, figures, seascapes, and landscapes; through 7/23. McEnroe, in cooperation with Galerie Michael Beck Leipzig, 41 Greene St. (219-0395).

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Multi-panel gestural abstract paintings; through 7/21. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Sue Rees and John Bepler—A collaborative computer-controlled installation in which fabricated musical instruments interact with motorized devices and household appliances to create motion and sounds; 7/12–28. Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway (966-9520).

Monique Safford—Paintings whose imagery is derived from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century line engravings published for purposes of male titillation; through 7/28. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Xavier Veilhan—An installation on the theme of the medieval knight and his horse that suggests a similarity between the heraldic system of medieval Europe and the contemporary use of signs; through 8/12. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Mark Beard—A window installation of two old master-style allegorical paintings that contrast the prevalence of violence and the treasuring of high and low culture in America; through 8/31. Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Place (998-6780).

Jonathan Borofsky—Two twenty-foot-tall human figures, one painted black and the other white, each of which has a glowing red light in its chest that pulses with the sound of the artist's heartbeat; through 8/19. Grand Central Terminal Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7262).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Paintings by the Hungarian masters Istvan Csok, Sir Philip Laszlo, Mihaly Munkacsy, and Sugo Scheiber; through 9/9.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). The gallery's annual summer talent show, featuring works by 40 emerging artists; through 7/22.

57th Street Area

Borgenicht—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Works by six contemporary Korean artists; through 7/28.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Making Waves," with paintings and works on paper by Blaine, Brandt, Dodd, Freilicher, Kraft, Rickert, Sullivan, Wexler, Wilson, others; through 8/25.

Joseph—745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500). Art furniture and decorative objects by Bennett, Castle, Holzapfel, Maruyama, Zucca, others; through 9/1.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Collages by Bearden, Cornell, Greene, Ossorio, Rauschenberg, Ryan, Tanning, others; works on paper by Fairfield Porter; through 8/25.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Paintings and drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Grosz, Heckel, Klimt, Pippin, Schiele, others; through 9/8.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). Figurative paintings and sculpture by Buck, Neel, Minich, Treiman, Vermeersch; through 8/18.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Summer Days: American Views, 1850–1940," with paintings by Breck, Duveneck, Hassam, Henri, Prendergast, Ritman, Sargent, Twachtman, others; 7/12–9/1.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Paintings and drawings by Aponovich, Assael, Chapman, Hollowell, Ingle, Massad, Noel, Rand, others; through 8/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). "Whateva," with works by Berry, Corn, Giovinco, Horvath, Micros, Penrose, others; through 7/28.

Basilico—26 Wooster St. (966-1831). "Summer Fling," a constantly changing group show in which various artists have been asked to choose a partner/collaborator; through 7/28.

Beitzel—102 Prince St. (219-2863). "Insight," with works by Bailey, Bramson, Greene, Hammond, Heffernan, Hristoff, Lucero, McCarthy, Messer, Moore, Mull, Munson, Saunders; through 7/28.

Bravin Post Lee—80 Mercer St. (966-2676). For this exhibit, titled "Country Cöde," the gallery invited 30 galleries from around the world to each send one work on paper by one of their artists, the only stipulation being that the artist live and work in the gallery's country of origin; through 7/28.

Cooper—155 Wooster St. (674-0766). Works that rely physically or conceptually on the architecture of corners, by Andre, Antoni, Beuys, Cadere, Flavin, Gober, Gonzalez-Torres, Horn, Piper, Sander, Shapiro, Weiner; through 7/28.

Cristinrose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). Works with floral imagery by Bleckner, Campus, Finley, Fuss, Merola, Palmer, Samaras, Stathacos, Wilson, Woodruff, others; through 7/29.

Dillon—431 W. Broadway (966-2977). Abstract works by Cunningham, Rabinowitz, Siegel, Tremel; through 7/27.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). Works by artists who show with the Brooklyn-based galleries Sauce, Pierogi 2000, Momenta Art, and Four Walls; through 8/4.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by Hendrick, Lloret, Roch, Thompson; through 8/5.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of New York landmarks by Abbott, David, Haas, Lordi, Ross, Warner, others; through 7/28.

In Khan—415 W. Broadway (226-6484). Sculpture and paintings by Othoneil, Ritchey, Werner; through 7/28.

Kelly—591 Broadway (226-1660). Works that incorporate the use of alphabetical letters, by Bing, Dill, Kirili, Samba, Sawka, Zarina; through 7/31.

Klagsbrun—51 Greene St. (925-5157). An exhibit curated by Jeff Koons that benefits D.E.A.F., a nonprofit organization committed to developing equality and awareness for the deaf, with works by Arslanian, Grigley, Kippenberger, Koons, Kruger, Mori, Morris, Oehlen, Salle, Schnabel, Tillmans; 7/12–28.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "As Big as Life," with works by Abramovic/Ulay, Casebere, Garfield, Reichek, Ruff, Rideal; through 7/28.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (941-0012). Works by de Kooning, Hague, Mitchell; through 7/28.

Merians—76 Greene St. (334-9099). For the show "Smells Like Vinyl," 150 participating artists, writers, and musicians were asked to make compact disc-sized watercolors of their favorite record album covers; through 8/19.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Works by Bigler, Brindley, Harnett, Lloyd, Shapiro, others; through 7/28.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Images of animals in paintings and sculpture by Arnold, Carlson, Dodd, Lieber, Pace, Rupp, Sullivan, Winter, others; through 9/23.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge (212-206-6674). "Art in the Anchorage 1995," features projects by Joan Bankemper, Karen Giusti, Tim Collins & Reiko Goto, Ilya Kabakov, Hope Sandrow, Maura Sheehan, others; 7/13–9/14.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St., Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Outdoor sculptures by Geller, Jensen, Lesnewski, Nicol, Sussman, Zemel; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. 12–5; $2 suggested donation. "In Three Dimensions: Women Sculptors of the 90s," features indoor and outdoor works by more than 125 women; through 1/14.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Works by photographers who have have little or no exposure in New York, among them Arentz, Bamberger, Bitner, Courville, Beahan/McPhee, Wright; through 8/31.

E-13—47 E. 3rd St. (982-0882). "America: Points of View," with works by Ashley, Boebel, Brophy, Laughton, Maraia, Olsen; through 8/13.

Harold Feinstein—Photographs of New York City buildings taken between 1989 and 1994 whose abstract prisms of shadow and light bring to mind Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings of New York cityscapes; through 9/15. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave. (935-3960).

Charles Harbutt—Pictures from the past 30 years by the former Magnum photographer; through 8/11. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "PhotoDiary: Lynn Goldsmith." Large-format photographs of musicians; through 7/16. "Ruth Orkin: Retrospective"; through 7/16. "Lucky Strikes: Photographs by Toby Old"; through 7/16.

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "An American Century of Photography: From Dry-Plate to Digital, The Hallmark Photographic Collection"; through 9/10. "Eyes on an Era: Photographs by Irving Haberman"; through 9/10.

Herbert Matter—Black-and-white photographs from the early thirties that were used for travel posters by the Swiss Tourist Office, and a group of portraits and fashion photographs from the late forties; through 9/2. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Large-scale photographs by Cadieux, Close, Coplans, Cox, Hellebrand, Horsfield, Jacobson, Serrano, Sherman, Stivers; through 9/1.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Contemporary and vintage photographs of water by Alper, Callahan, Cook, Cratsley, Jenshel, Meatyard, White, others; through 8/11.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Works by Bieber, Bitner, Moore, Priola, Schlesinger; through 8/11.

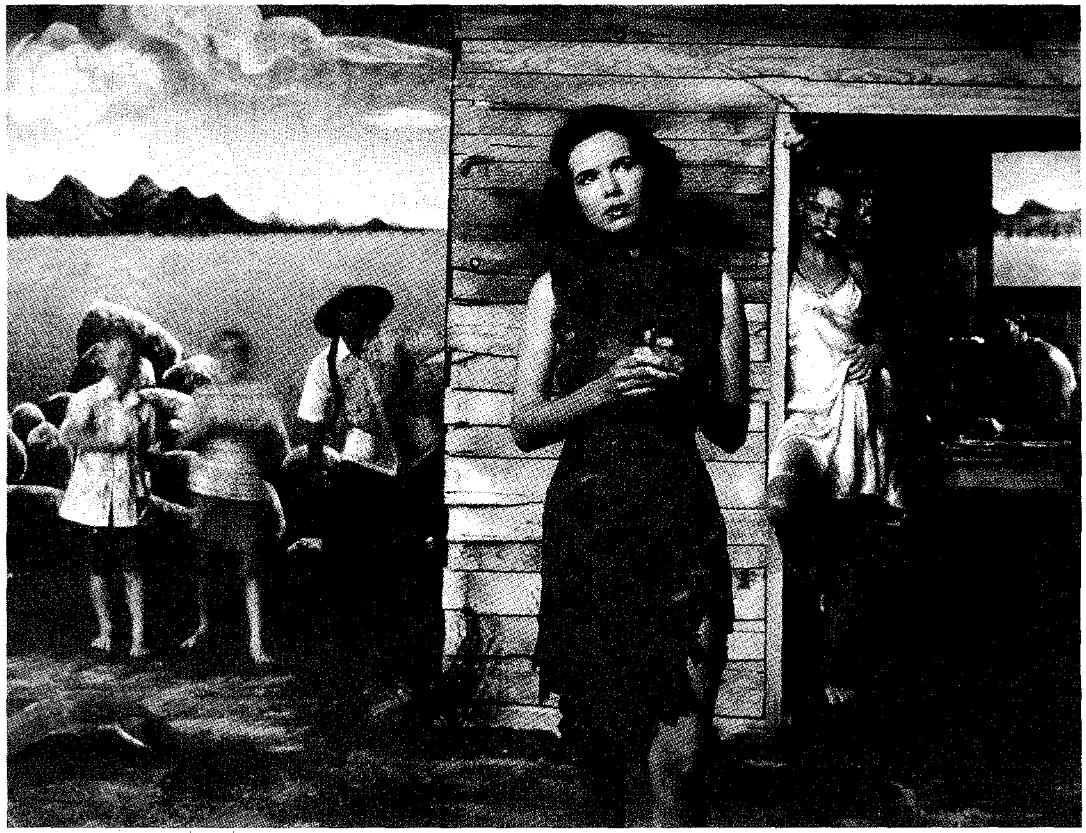
JoAnn Verburg—Multi-panel portraits and still-life images that celebrate simple events of everyday life; through 8/18. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Contemporary and vintage prints under eight-by-ten inches, by Bravo, Courtney-Clarke, Hofer, Starr, Tice, others; through 9/1.

Opening

Avant-Garde Australia

Now that 'Crocodile Dundee' is just an aging bit of pop folklore, we can at last embark upon deeper readings of culture down under. Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia (at the Guggenheim SoHo through August 6) excludes conventional images (shrimp-barbecuing cowboys) and is a more diverse, if less simplistically paradigmatic, view of life in Australia. Works range from Tim Johnson's postmodern, collaborative paintings to Tracey Moffatt's highly saturated, B-movie-ish Cibachromes (below).



Photograph courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum SoHo.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Marriage in Form: Kay Sekimachi and Bob Stocksdale." 7/13–10/1. . . . "Junichi Arai: Post-Industrial Craftsman." 7/13–10/1. . . . "Facets of the Same Nature: A Survey of Contemporary Dutch Ceramics." 7/13–10/1. . . . "Diane Itter: A Retrospective." 7/13–10/1. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Art in the Service of Science." An assemblage of works by renowned naturalists and artists (Mon.–Fri. 10–5). Through 12/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Traces: The Body in Contemporary Photography." 7/14–9/10. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Fifteenth Annual Exhibition." 7/14–9/10. . . . "David Padilla Cabrera y Linda Matalon." 7/13–9/10. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thur. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum— "More Room for a View: Large-Scale Works on Paper."

Through 11/5. . . . "Nardo di Cione in Context: Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum. Through 1/30/96. . . . "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951. Through 8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Field for Dreams: An 18th-Century Bedcover." Through 8/20. . . . "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/20. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 8/20. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dahesh Museum—"Pleasures of Rural Life: Domestic Scenes and Animals in Academic Art." Paintings by Bouguereau, Hunt, Jacque, others. Through 9/23. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tue.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—"The Golden Age of Danish Art: Drawings From the Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Copenhagen." Through 8/13. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.– Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Georg Baselitz." A survey of the German artist's paintings and sculpture from the past three decades. Through 9/17. . . . "Josef Albers: Glass, Color, and Light." Through 9/17. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antipodean Currents: Ten Contemporary Artists from Australia." Through 8/6. . . . "Gary Hill." Video installations by the Seattle-based artist. Through 8/20. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5; $3 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic." Through 7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes; through 7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Painted Roundel in the Lowlands: 1480–1560." Through 8/20. . . . "Herter Brothers: Furniture and Interiors for a Gilded Age." Through 7/30. . . . "Decorating the American Home, 1850–1900." Through 7/30. . . . "Assyrian Origins: Discoveries at Ashur on the Tigris; Antiquities from the Vorderasiatisches Museum, Berlin." Through 8/13. . . . "Art and Empire: Treasures from Assyria in the British Museum." Through 8/13. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." Through 10/15. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Auld Acquaintances: Famous Music from the James Fuld Collection." Through 8/27. . . . "The Fox and the Grapes: Aesop Through the Ages." Important editions of Aesop's tales, ranging in date from the third century to the twentieth. Through 8/27. . . . "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Quilt Show." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Artist's Choice: Elizabeth Murray." For the fifth exhibit in this series, the artist Elizabeth Murray selected works from the museum's permanent collection by 70 women artists. Through 8/22. . . . "The United Nations in Perspective." Through 9/26. . . . "Video Spaces: Eight Installations." Through 9/12. . . . "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Through 8/22. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms*." Through 7/11 . . . . "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection." Through 8/22. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Now: Contemporary Cityscape Paintings." Through 12/31. . . . "Union Settlement Association: 100 Years of Leadership in East Harlem." Through 11/5. . . . "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation." Through 7/30. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Contemporary British Architecture: Recent Projects from the Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition." An overview of current trends in British architecture. Through 9/17. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. 12–8, free 5–8); $3.50; $2 seniors and students.

National Museum of the American Indian—Three exhibitions featuring approximately 500 Native American objects from the museum's collection. 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasury of the Past." Paintings, sculptures, and historic objects and documents from the museum's collection. Through 9/17. . . . "On the Avenue, Fifth Avenue." Through 9/17. . . . "Inventory: Christian Boltanski." An installation that is a museum display of actual belongings of a contemporary New Yorker. Through 9/17. 2 W. 77th St (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Writers in Wartime: Looking at World War II from the Berg Collection." Through 10/7. . . . "What Price Freedom?" A selection of objects from the library's collections that exemplify moments in history when people took great risks to express themselves freely. Through 1/6/96. . . . "The Collecting Adventure, 1895–1995—Part I: Documenting Pop and Avant-Garde." Through 9/1. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tue.-Wed. 11-6, Thur.–Sat. 10-6; free.

Queens Museum of Art—"Yukinori Yanagi: Project Article 9." Through 7/16. . . . "The View from Within: Japanese-American Art from the Internment Camps, 1942–1945." Through 7/16. Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12-5; $3; $1.50 students and seniors.

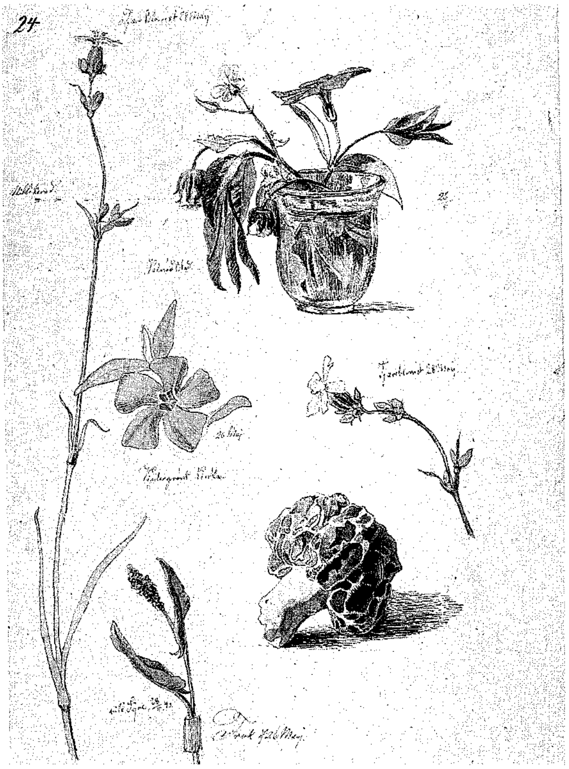
Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"Florine Stettheimer: Manhattan Fantastica." A retrospective of paintings by this chronicler of thirties and forties New York intellectual and bohemian life. 7/13–11/5. . . . "Views from Abroad." The first of three exhibitions organized by directors of European museums that looks at the artistic relationship between America and Europe during the twentieth century. Through 10/1. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Imagination." An exhibition that explores the artist's influence on American creativity in the twentieth century. Through 10/15. . . . "Edward Hopper and the American Cinema." Through 8/13. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8, Fri. 11-9; $7, $5 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8 and Fri. 6–9).

On View

Cultivated Grief

In the first half of the nineteenth century, artists in Copenhagen responded in a curious fashion to the devastation and economic depression suffered following the Napoleonic Wars. They produced delicately optimistic, ultrarefined drawings, like Johan Thomas Lundbye's *Sketch of Flowers* (below)—one of 72 works in the exhibit "The Golden Age of Danish Art," at the Frick Collection through August 13.



Photograph courtesy of Art Services International.

Auctions

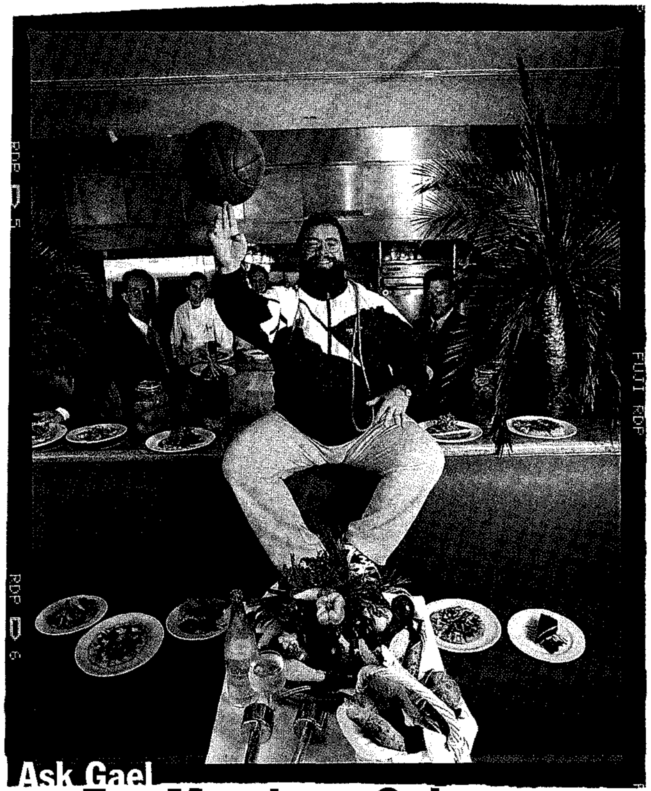
Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/12 at 10: "Victorian Furniture & Decorative Arts." On view from 7/6.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 7/13 at 10:15 and 2 and 7/14 at 10:15: "Arcade Furniture & Decorations." On view from 7/6.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 7/13 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 7/10.

restaurants

Au Bon Café...Village Taverna...Say Cheese



Ask Gael

For Members Only

I need lots of incentive to work out.

If taste buds could vote, they'd say, sign up at Reebok. No other gym has great sunsets at dinner and Drew Nieporent—restaurant mastermind of the moment—watching the pots. He gets his own trainer as part of the deal. We tagged along with a muscleman pal and fell for the gorgonzola-beet pizza, gingery somen noodles with seafood, gently grilled salmon with morels in warm pea vinaigrette, and grilled lamb with cucumber-mango salad. Expect greens everywhere, of course. In the cafeteria too. Dishes lower in fat and calories are printed in boldface.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—A cherrywood bar, tapestries, and three fifteen-foot windows lend grand atmospherics to this Northern Italian downtowner, where food is prepared tableside. Try the homemade grappa. *1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blauberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blauberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. *260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grand Deli—A prime example of Lower East Side fusion: huge portions of glatt kosher deli/Chinese concoctions, like Sino strip steak, created by Chef Lee, formerly of Bernstein-on-Essex. *399 Grand St. (477-5200). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of classy noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, TM.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeo-

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Restaurants

Come, Les Gamins

The kind of restaurant that Robert Arbor is bent on cloning—authentically Left Bank cafés that exude an atmosphere of slightly disheveled, linger-all-day charm—is one that would seem to resist duplication. And yet, with his third Le Gamin Café just opened in Chelsea this spring (183 Ninth Avenue, at 21st Street), the 30-year-old Frenchman, along with partner Hervé Aussazis, has turned an impeccably *parisien* model into the utter antithesis of soulless cappuccino mills around town.

Arbor, who used to be sous-chef at Chase Manhattan's executive dining room, has discovered a market for his brand of Euro-insouciance. "I like relaxed people, when they don't think about what they have to think about," he says. Certainly, the international loungers who frequent his two cafés and one restaurant, Les Deux Gamins (a fourth venture failed when Arbor gamely tried to re-create the *gare*-café concept in the Gray Line bus terminal) radiate a most un-Manhattan-like calm as they sip big bowls of Lavazza café au lait, eat simple French meals like ratatouille crêpes and croques-monsieur, and smoke. About half his staff is French, and the others know the language as well as the . . . languid . . . style of service.

This type of compatriotism goes both ways. When Arbor opened the first place in a kitchenless storefront at 50 MacDougal Street in 1992, he was taken into the fold of the SoHo French-restaurant mafia. His friends at the patisserie Ceci-Cela set him up with the perfect East Harlem baker to customize his sandwich baguettes. Jean-Claude Iacovelli (of Jean-Claude and Caffe Lure) and the owners of Provence lent him their stoves to cook his food, which he transported down the block on a little red wagon. Now everything is prepared in the kitchen of Les Deux Gamins (170 Waverly Place), and Arbor has time to amble around his empire and sip espresso with regulars. In traditional mini-mogul style, though, he will not rest until there are Le Gamins dotting the nation. "Philadelphia, Boston, San Diego . . . from here to Los Angeles."

Robin Raisfeld

ple and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I—M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

L'Udo—This cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant has rough-hewn walls with fascinating frescoes and outdoor seating that welcomes warmer weather. A changing art exhibition is hung on the walls around the garden. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

C3 Restaurant—Henry James's Village was never like this: crawfish-and-turkey-sausage paella, coconut-curry salmon and lobster-and-shrimp ravioli are some of the dishes on the eclectic menu. Traditionalists can stop in for tea after a stroll through Washington Square Park. *103 Waverly Place (254-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept —Parisian bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de ca-

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

nard. Smokers welcome, *bien sur. 181 West 10th St. (645-8023). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I—M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($).*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the *Daily News*, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 P.M., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th—42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's *nothing* discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Beulah—Delightful southern specialties prepared by chef-owner and former baritone opera singer Alexander Smalls. Petal-yellow walls and high wainscoting soothe, and wonderfully private banquettes against one wall make dining on sophisticated southern fare a delight. *39 E. 19th St. (777-9700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—*The* Late Show With David Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th—42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I—M) ($).*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is *no* small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Foro Italico—A casual and intimate, rustic dining room serving traditional Italian dishes like broiled veal chop and angel hair pasta with seafood. *455 W. 34th St. (564-6619). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frank's—A New York original that used to open for lunch at 9 A.M. for local meat-packers. Things are tamer now—lunch is served at noon—but the steaks are as good as they've always been. *85 Tenth Ave., nr. 15th St. (243-1349). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

Simply Pasta—A casual, Northern Italian spot that claims to have the best tiramisu in town, as well as a host of pasta specialties. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd—56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—Above all else, this countrified dance hall is a destination if you're in midtown and fancy a hoedown. The Texas-style barbeque is there if you work up an appetite. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

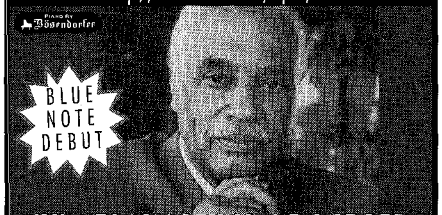
The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in

Opening

Old Grecian Formula

Sotirios Karamouzis, an owner of Ninth Avenue's International Grocery, semi-celebrated emporium of spices, grains, olives, and cheeses, has recently opened Ithaka (48 Barrow Street) for the most selfish of reasons: "I wanted a place to eat real Greek food," he says. "But *no* gyros, and *no* falafel," he emphasizes. The menu is heavy on fish, lamb, and greens, prepared simply with little more than lemon and oil, and Karamouzis entrusts his Athenian chef, Haris Hajipaskevas, with most of the menu. The tsatsiki, melitzanosalata, and taramosalata, however, come from International, and the "stupid greens," which, like dandelions, grow anywhere, from the owner's garden in Bayside.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



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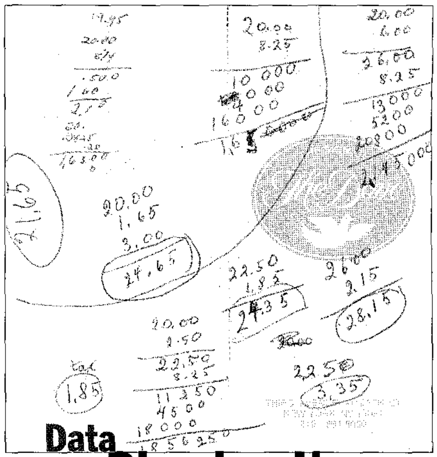
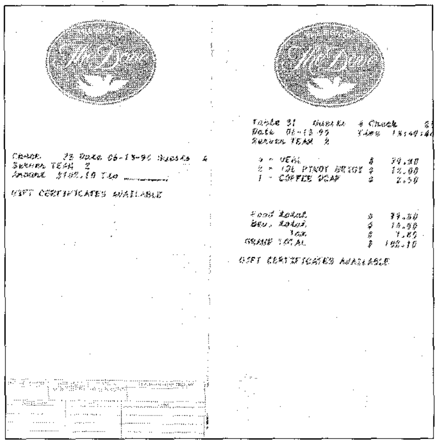


Data
Divvying Up

Best thing about prix fixe menus? No haggling over the bill. Except, it seems, in the case of the recent Restaurant Week, which drew all sorts of hungry bargain-seekers to places like the Sign of the Dove, where a waiter recovered this record of intricate reckoning. One hundred and two dollars split four ways might seem like an easy division; but for these exceptionally parity-obsessed customers, the trick appears to have been figuring out tax and tip for those who splurged and ordered the decaf and wine.



the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: the Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reigns to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trump Tower Café—Light Italian cuisine to replenish energy expended shopping in this gilded emporium. Salads, pastas, sandwiches, and risotto served on two garden terraces five floors up. *725 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (754-4450). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd—56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hub-bub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/726). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Felissimo Tea Room—A new take on department-store dining, with a "haiku tea" and tarot-card readings on the top floor of a turn-of-the-century townhouse. *10 W. 56th St. (956-0082). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that staggery, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th—60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Russian Tea Room—Hollywood's commissary in Manhattan and a Carnegie Hall hangout, too. But does that make staff rudeness obligatory? Stick to the caviar and blinis with icy vodka. And come for tea. Cabaret upstairs. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts.*

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540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-eastsider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ohio City—Only in New York is Midwestern home cooking marketed as an ethnic specialty. "Classic American" chow like stuffed pork chops, oven-fried chicken, and rhubarb pie. *1501 Second Ave., at 78th St. (717-4045). (I—M) MC, TM, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tiramisu. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I—M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also, Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St (234-6114). (I—M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

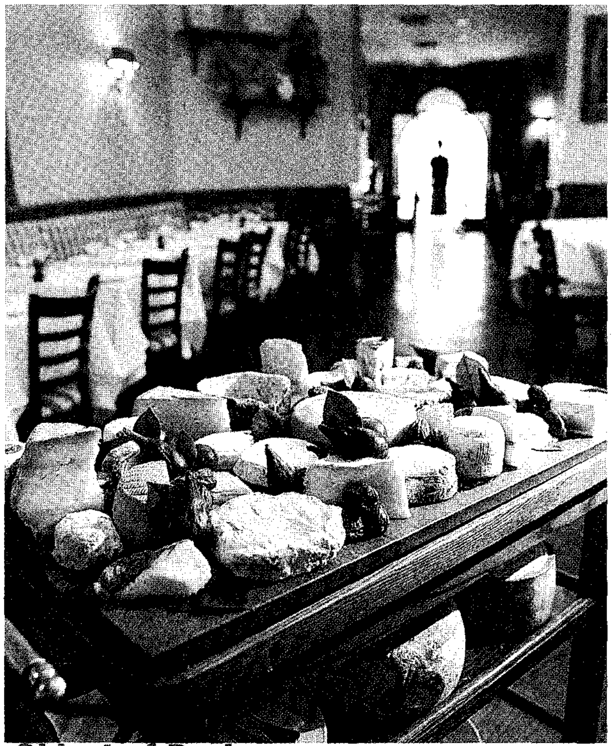
Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox*

Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).

Triad—The restaurant in this bar/café/theater offers eclectic regional American food like roast barbecued salmon with mashed sweet potatoes and black-bean salsa, crab and couscous cakes with avocado sauce, and grilled calves' liver. *158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*



Object of Desire
Cheese That Stands Alone

"He's a little obsessed," says a waiter at Picholine (35 West 64th Street) of chef Terrance Brennan's passion for Cabrales wrapped in sycamore leaves, soft and runny Pavé D'Affinois, and rustic Reblochon. These and two dozen other intensely flavorful wedges and rounds, which Brennan tends lovingly, serving them only at the peak of ripeness, make the most voluptuous cheese course in town.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Roll N Roaster—A Sheepshead Bay landmark serving generous portions of inexpensive American fare. Try such homey favorites as roast beef with pan-drippings gravy and baked sweet potatoes with cinnamon and brown sugar. *2901 Emmons Ave. (718-769-5831). (I) MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Jeff Harris.

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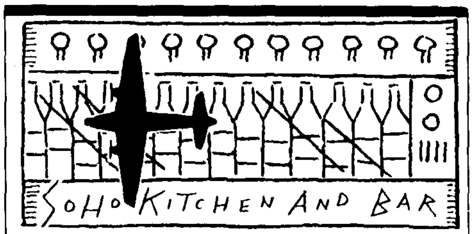

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the mix

Fireside Face-offs...On the Waterfron

John Leonard's TV Notes

Twitch and Shout (7/11; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is a "P.O.V." entry about Tourette's syndrome in which photojournalist Lowell Handler, himself afflicted with the hereditary neurological disorder, wanders the North American continent in search of fellow victims—an actress, an artist, a logger, a professional basketball player—who have made their agitated peace with a body that seems to race "250 miles an hour" while the mind inside is faint with exhaustion. Laurel Chiten produced and directed this astonishing hour.

The Desperate Trail (7/12, 15, 16, 18, and 23; various times; TNT) stars Sam Elliott and Linda Fiorentino in a TV Western as dark as Eastwood's *Unforgiven*. Elliott, for once, is not a nice man. Fiorentino, as always, is the kind of woman to which such a category doesn't apply.

Cairo (7/10; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) is the second installment of the eight-part "Clive James Postcards" series in which the English critic is as snotty about Egypt this week as he was supercilious about New York last week. Belly dancing! Pyramids! Omar Sharif!

My Dinner With Abbie (7/14; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is a delightful creation in which the late Yippie and "Jewish Road Warrior" spends his fiftieth birthday in a New York delicatessen talking to director Nancy Cohen, who's pretending to be Ba ba Wawa or Diane Sawsaw, about everything from reincarnation to vasectomies. Instead of a meeting of minds, an adjournment.

Convict Cowboy (7/16; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showtime) stars Jon Voight, Kyle Chandler, Ben Gazzara, and Marcia Gay Harden in a TV neo-Western about rodeo roustabouts who manage to male-bond inside the durance vile of penal servitude, to which they've been sentenced for crimes unworthy of their inner children and grand illusions. Not enough Harden, too much of everybody else.

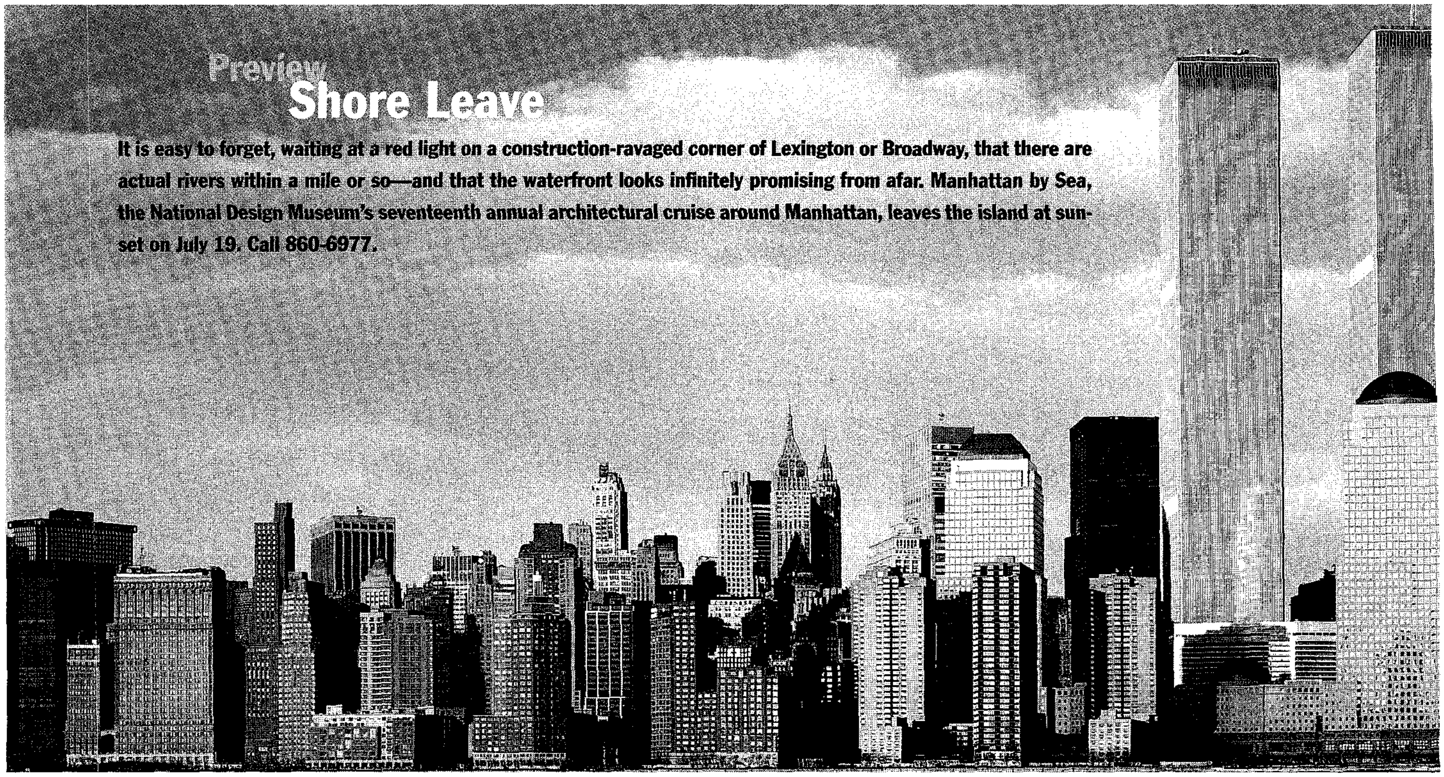
Radio **Summer festivals in remote parts are risky things. Ardent patrons, willing participants, hallowed ground, and hype can somehow amount to less than the sum of the parts. So the organizers of Music Mountain, the oldest continuous chamber-music festival in America and the only one devoted to the string quartet, can deal in the requisite superlatives with deserved pride. WQXR will broadcast the series from Connecticut's Gordon Hall on Saturday evenings through September 30. In concert this week: the Colorado String Quartet (above) and pianist Angela Cheng. (7/15 at 9 P.M.; 96.3 FM.)**

Radio Highlights

New Jersey State Opera—7/15 at 1: A recorded performance of the NJSO Gala Concert of Choral Treasures, including excerpts from operas by Verdi, Mascagni, Mussorgsky, and others. Featuring soprano Pamela Kucenic-Motisi and bass Alexander Anisimov. Alfredo Silipigni conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Casper Citron"—7/15 at 10 P.M.: Astronaut Alan Shepard tells the story of America's race to the moon; Carl Sagan discusses evolution with his wife, Ann Druyae. William D. Hartung talks about America's arms trade; Dr. Bonnie Reichman, associate professor of medical oncology at the Cornell University Medical Center, talks with Dr. Alan Sickles, chief surgeon at the Guttman Institute, about the question of mastectomy. WOR, 710 AM.

"Symphony Hall"—7/10: Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G and Wieniawski's Violin Concerto No. 1 in f-sharp. 7/11: R. Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* and Berwald's Symphony No. 1 in g, "Sinfonie sérieuse." 7/12: Vivaldi's Symphony



Preview

Shore Leave

It is easy to forget, waiting at a red light on a construction-ravaged corner of Lexington or Broadway, that there are actual rivers within a mile or so—and that the waterfront looks infinitely promising from afar. Manhattan by Sea, the National Design Museum's seventeenth annual architectural cruise around Manhattan, leaves the island at sunset on July 19. Call 860-6977.

Photographs: top, Peter Schaaf; bottom, Paul Thompson/Int'l Stock.

in A and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 in d. 7/13: Sibelius's Karelia Suite and Nielsen's Symphony No. 2 in b. 7/14: Finzi's Five Bagatelles for Clarinet and Piano and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 in A. 7/17: Bach's Violin Concerto in a and Schubert's Symphony No. 6 in C. 7/18: Brahms's Academic Festival Overture and Dvořák's Symphony No. 8 in G. 7/19: Abel's Symphony No. 3 in E-flat and Borodin's Symphony No. 1 in E-flat. 7/20: Pla's Flute Concerto in B-flat and Svendsen's Symphony No. 2 in B-flat. Every weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Something Wonderful: A Celebration of Oscar Hammerstein's 100th Birthday"—7/12 at 8 P.M.: Dozens of friends, relatives, and colleagues join host Susan Stamberg for a remembrance of Broadway's great lyricist. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

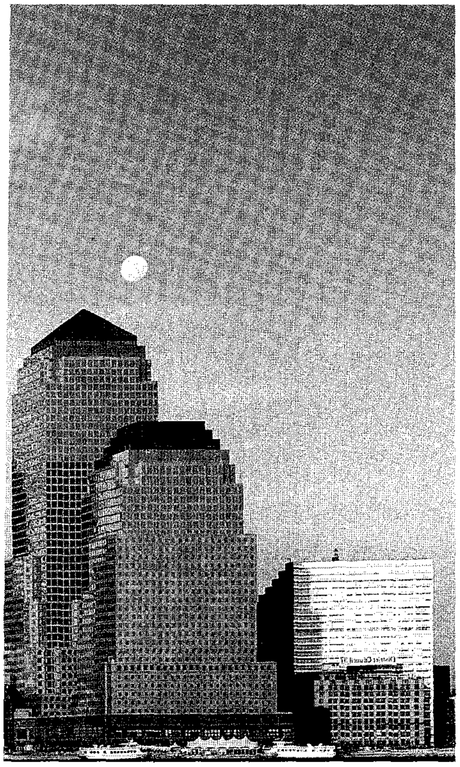
"Sunday Night Opera House"—7/16 at 8: Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys.* With Jean-Philippe Courtis, Dolores Ziegler, Barbara Hendricks, Eduardo Villa, Marcel Vanaud, Michel Piquemal, Philippe Bohee, and the choir and philharmonic orchestra of Radio France. Armin Jordan conducts. WQXR; 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/10: *84, Charing Cross Road* author Helene Hanff; Robert and Gerald Jay Goldberg on their new biography of Ted Turner. 7/11: Frederick Karl on George Eliot; Eduardo Galleano on his stories of ghouls and fools; Lowell Handler, narrator of *Twitch and Shout,* a documentary about Tourette's syndrome. 7/12: Sarah Jessica Parker and A. R. Gurney on the new play *Sylvia;* grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper. 7/13: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser on current events; poet and essayist June Jordan; Pilobolus founders and artistic directors Robby Barnett and Jonathon Wolken on their return to the stage. Every weekday at noon on WNYC-AM 820.

Recorded Music

Foo Fighters *Foo Fighters* (Capitol)—Q: What's the last thing a drummer says to his band? A: "Hey guys, how 'bout trying one of *my* tunes?" This old scenester's joke takes on a poignant resonance when the band in question is Nirvana, whose songwriter happened to be the best of the decade. Given the competition, it's no surprise that drummer Dave Grohl saved his writing efforts for his own band, the Foo Fighters. What's a bit more surprising is that the tunes—written, sung, and played on guitar by Grohl—aren't half bad. Tight Beatlesque harmonies carry many of these melodies and Grohl sings assuredly (remember he, not Novoselic, sang back-up), if derivatively, in the raw-throated style favored by his former employer. The record's full of catchy if not particularly groundbreaking variations on the melody-infused morass that was grunge and the lyrics key into the more poetic moments of dudespeak. As Grohl sings on one convincing rocker, "I'm alone, and I'm an easy target." He's right, but there's no real reason to take aim.

CHRIS NORRIS



D'Angelo *Brown Sugar* (EMI)—When this 21-year-old sings "I got a jones in my bones," said jones is clearly for the past as much as anything else. Sultry falsetto, steamy Hammond organ, chicken-scratch guitar, funky clavinet—these old-school soul textures fill this debut with such warm nostalgia that it would be hopelessly "retro," if D'Angelo's singing wasn't so gospelishly earnest, his writing so crafty. He shows a clear debt to Marvin Gaye and Prince—the latter especially, since he plays all instruments and sings all background vocals. But he brings an abstract playfulness to these languid gospel-and-funk workouts that makes him just right for hip-hop's artier crowd. Tellingly, the record's co-produced by Ali Shaheed Mohammed, from rap's gourmets of vinyl, A Tribe Called Quest. And there's plenty of gangsta-age cynicism to keep it in the present. The title track's an ode not to a fine sistah but to the sweet leaf—brown though, Philly style. C. N.

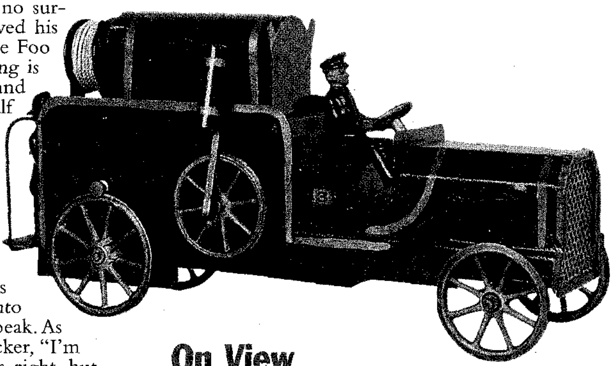
Franz Schrecker *Die Geziechneten* (London)—This lush record comes from "Entartete," a word that means "degenerate" in German and a series that's dedicated to music that was, 60 years ago, deemed as such by the Nazis. Like many of his fellow degenerates, Franz Schrecker was wildly popular in the thirties and not a little risqué. The libretto of the opera *Die Geziechneten* (roughly, "the stigmatized") concerns a beautiful woman for whom orgasms are fatal and her adventures with a misshapen dwarf. The lurid, pre-Freudian themes were doubtless responsible for at least part of *Die Geziechneten's* tremendous popular success, but the music—wildly colorful with dazzling instrumental work and florid vocal lines, a cross between late-Strauss, Scriabin, and Puccini—is a legitimate marvel, one studied carefully by such composers of the era as Alban Berg. Still, for decades all that survived of this fantastic work was the official Nazi review: "His extravagant and perverted operas have poisoned the souls of the people." Surely the Republicans would understand. C.N.

The Written Word

June Jordan and Bill T. Jones—The poet reads from her libretto *I Was Looking At the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky;* the dancer/choreographer reads from his forthcoming memoir *Last Night on Earth.* 7/13 at 8:30, SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield; enter the park at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.

Tours

"The Heart of the Park: *More* Secrets of Central Park"—A sequel to Sidewalks of New York's park tour. In Olmstead's backyard, explore the Rambles, climb through the Shakespeare Garden to get to Belvedere Castle, learn the curse of the Obelisk, and see the site where its deadly power seems to have led to murder. Meet at the northwest corner of Central Park West and 72nd St., near the subway entrance. Call 517-0201 for scheduling information. $10.



On View

The Fire Last Time

When Swedish nightingale Jenny Lind came to America in 1850 for a series of concerts, she ordered that a large part of the proceeds be given to the widows and orphans of New York firefighters. When the prince of Wales came to America in the same century, the city's Fire Department got out the carriages reserved for show and held a torchlight parade on Broadway. The ceremonial engines are too expensive now, and famous singers tend to gravitate toward more conspicuous causes, but the romance of firefighting persists. School buses routinely line up in front of the New York City Fire Museum on Spring Street, and PaineWebber will borrow the best of its collection for an uptown exhibition opening July 14.

At "Reflecting Reality: Toys, Lamps, and Lanterns from the New York City Fire Museum" (see "Kids"), the emphasis is distinctly not on the aftermath of tragedy or the camaraderie of disaster or why the drama of the job is undimmable, but on how the work itself got done. Even the miniature cast-iron fire engines—beautiful in their craftsmanship and their faithfulness to the real stuff—are artifacts of competence. Like all the pieces in the show (searchlights, horse yokes, fire axes, alarm boxes, helmets, archival photographs, an ancient fireboat sign), they mark progress. And they are all liable to send you to the main collection on Spring Street, where you are reminded that nothing, at least not petty detail, matters in the face of the fire. A canine diploma of honor does not even bother to note the hero's breed ("Just Dog," it reads). Another plaque informs us that "for safety reasons, covered crew cabs were mandated for all vehicles after the 'civil disturbances' of the late '60s to protect equipment and personnel." It is the most glaring reference to a population unmindful of nature's havoc, and maybe the best example of the difference between them and us. **LINDA HALL**

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Sports

Seeing Stars in Arlington—The Yankees send four to the Midsummer Classic 7/11, including manager Buck Showalter, who will lead the AL squad. Showalter selected catcher Mike Stanley and outfielder Paul O'Neill as reserves. Wade Boggs will be making his ninth straight start at third base. Bobby Bonilla will be the lone Mets representative, a backup infielder behind such notables as Barry Larkin of the Reds and Atlanta's Fred McGriff.

Yankees Calling—Even the Bronx Bombers can't win games on offense alone. With Jimmy Key out for the year and in need of surgery for a torn rotator cuff, Melido Perez on the disabled list, and Scott Kamieniecki still rehabbing his elbow in Florida, the Yankees pitching staff—with the exception of Jack McDowell and Sterling Hitchcock—is borrowed from Columbus. The wait for Strawberry continues, with his arrival date pushed back yet again by a strained left quadricep and soreness in his left shoulder. The All-Star break ends early for the Yanks, who face the Royals at the Stadium for one game 7/12. AL Central cellar dweller Minnesota visits the Bronx 7/13–16.

If at First You Don't Succeed . . .—The Mets have lost to the best, and now they've been beaten by unknowns as well, like Cubs third baseman turned pitcher Kevin Foster. The Mets need the three-day All-Star vacation to find yet another new option. The not-so-Amazins try to climb out of last place yet again as NL West–leading Colorado visits Shea 7/13–16.

"Screw the Rangers. Screw the Devils."—Mike Milbury had some choice words for the local competition as he was named the sixth head coach of the New York Islanders. Milbury, a former Boston Bruins defenseman, was a hockey analyst for ESPN in 1994, following an aborted coaching stint at Boston College. He has also served as head coach and assistant general manager of the Bruins.

Riley Replaced by Dapper Don—In a move that surprised almost no one, the Knicks named Don Nelson as their new head coach. Nelson, whose last NBA assignment was with the Golden State Warriors, replaces Pat Riley, who resigned last month. Nelson takes over a squad that had no 1995 draft picks, and lost Greg Anthony to the Vancouver Grizzlies in the expansion draft. And that isn't saying anything about the advancing age or high emotion levels of the players who remain.

Locked Out of a Chance at Basketball Big Time—The Doral Arrowwood Summer League has been canceled as a result of the lockout. The League was to feature veterans, free agents, and rookies from the Knicks and five other teams—including the expansion Toronto Raptors. The games have not been rescheduled.

JANE ALLISON HAVSY

Online

International Arctic Explorers— The Scholastic Network welcomes home the explorers who have been detailing their four-month-long arctic adventure across 2,000 miles from Russia to Canada via the North Pole. The team will be on America Online: 7/11 at 8 P.M.

Peter Bogdanovich—The famed director of *Paper Moon* (1973) and *The Last Picture Show* (1971), will answer questions about his movies and his experiences directing, in the L.A. *Times* area of Prodigy: 7/12 at 10 P.M.

Cyndi Lauper—Singer, actor, and dancer—the triple threat who gave women of the eighties their mantra will be taking questions on America Online: 7/12 at 10 P.M.

Andrew Nagorski—The Moscow-bureau chief of *Newsweek* who was expelled from the Soviet Union in 1982 has spent most of his career writing about the post-Communist political, economic, and social trends in Eastern Europe. He'll be available to answer questions on Prodigy: 7/12 on 10 P.M.

Discovery Crew—Two NASA astronauts, commander Terrence Henricks and pilot Kevin Kregel, will answer questions from orbit. They will appear in the @times area of America Online: 7/14 at 3:30 P.M.

Retrospective

Limbaughs of Yore

The Museum of Television & Radio offers during the next few weeks of its ongoing FDR on Radio series an easily overlooked program replete with political legends. "Roosevelt and His Adversaries" presents three detractors who used radio as adroitly as the president: Charles Lindbergh, Senator Huey Long, and that fascinating bigot Father Coughlin. Call 621-6800.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Television & Radio.

Marsha Warfield—Comedian of *Night Court* fame is a great stand-up. Catch her on America Online: 7/14 at 10 P.M.

Conferences usually last about one hour. All conferences are subject to change or cancellation.

If you want to do some outdoors exploring this summer, here are some online sites to browse: *http://outside.starwave.com/outside/online/* is the address for Outside Online, a great site that's clean and well organized with adventurous ideas.

Web sites devoted to North American parks: *http://www.worldweb.com/ParksCanada-Banff/*: the French- and English-speaking site devoted to Banff and Lake Louise in Canada.

http://www.kbt.com/gc/: the address for an excellent web page devoted to the Grand Canyon.

http://acs1.byu.edu/~uhlerjw/yellowstone.html: the address for a Yellowstone site that has promise.

http://sci.dixie.edu/NationalParks/nationalpark.html: the site for all the extraordinary parks in Utah.

The commercial online services also have areas that are devoted to the outdoors traveler:

America Online's Outdoor Adventure Online service and CompuServe's Outdoors Network display most of their respective outdoors-related material with links to various forums.

Send comments to runnette@emedia.net

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Going for the Bait...

Children's Events

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Kids of all ages can coach their feet to do the salsa, merengue, and mambo at the second annual **"Latino Carnaval."** Choreographer Maria Torres hosts. 7/16 at 2 and 4. Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5102); admission $3.◉

Going Ape—A weeklong celebration to honor the public debut of no fewer than five gorilla babies, including the now-famous, as-yet-unnamed twins—born a year ago in August. Events will include a naming ceremony, performances by an eco-band called Annie and the Natural Wonder Band, environmental magic by Dolly the Clown, and a zoo-wide scavenger hunt. 7/15 to 7/23. Call for a complete schedule of events. Hours are Mon. through Fri. 10 to 5, and until 5:30 on weekends and holidays. **Bronx Zoo/Wildlife Conservation Park,** off the Bronx River Parkway at Fordham Road. Easily accessible by public transportation (718-367-1010). General admission is $6.75, $3 for children ages 2 to 12; free on Wednesdays.

Around the World in Eighty Days—Travel around the world by hot-air balloon, train, ship, and camel in **Theatreworks/USA's** production of Jules Verne's classic. Continuing a seven-year tradition, plays are free. Through 8/5. Show times are Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. at 11 and 1 (7/6 and 7/10 public performances are at 1 only), Wed. and Sat. at 11. No performances Sun. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are available at the box office beginning at 10 the morning of the performance; first come, first seated. ●

Artistic Ventures—Treasure hunts designed for children ages 5 to 10 accompany MOMA's current show of "Mutant Materials in Contemporary Design." Treasure-hunt kits—with odd squishy and rubbery substances—are loaned out on a first-come, first-served basis for use in the museum (from 2 to 4 only); through 7/27. The Edward John Noble Education Center, **The Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9795). Free with museum admission: $5 for students and seniors, $8 others.

"Schoolhouse Rock Live"—Theatre BAM of Chicago presents a musical, adapted from the long-running Emmy Award–winning cartoon series, that combines math, grammar, history, and science with a raucous sing-along score. For elementary-school-age children on up to adults. Wed. through Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10, Sun. at 2; through 8/5. **Atlantic Theater,** 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200). Tickets: $20 to $30.◉

Big Bugs Invade Bronx—Children can run underneath herds of 25-foot ants. Bugs and beetles—all fashioned from tree saplings, vines, and bark by sculptor Dave Rogers—prowl the **New York Botanical Garden** from 7/8 to 10/2. Tues. through Sun., and Mon. holidays, from 10 to 6. 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is free for children under 6, students and seniors $1, others $3.

Post-prehistoric—The dinosaur skeletons have been cleaned, relit, and in some cases completely reconfigured since we last saw them in 1992. **American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). Hours are Sun. to Thurs. 10 to 5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10 to 8:45. Suggested donation: $3 children, $4 students and seniors, $6 others.

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Onscreen Idiocy—Laurel and Hardy and *The Three Stooges* can be seen Tues. through Fri. in a program called "Dumb and Dumbest" at the **American Museum of the Moving Image.** Through 9/29 at 10:30 and 1. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520).

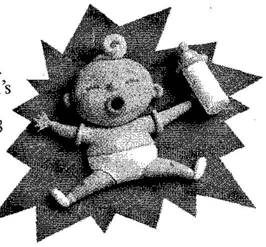
Reggae Rhythms—Staten Island celebrates some other islands with limbo dancing, stilt-walking, steel-pan music, and stories told by Christine Campbell. Current exhibits at the museum include Wonder Water, Bugs and Other Insects, and Adventures in Three Dimensions. 7/16 from 1 to 4. **Staten Island Children's Museum,** Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). Admission is $3.25 for anyone over 2 years old, and an additional $1 to listen to the storytelling.◉

Cartooning—Original sketches of the Jetsons, model-sheet drawings for Pebbles and Bam Bam, and a Magilla Gorilla pitchboard are all at the Museum of Television and Radio in an exhibit called **The World of Hanna-Barbera.** Biweekly programs accompany the show. See *Scooby Doo, Where Are You!, Hong Kong Phooey* episodes 7/11 to 7/23 at 12:15 and 4:30. 25 West 52nd St. (621-6600). General admission: $6; children $3, students $4.

Feeling Fishy—"Aquanauts" gives 4- and 5-year-olds a chance to touch fish scales, sing, dance, and consider how whales breathe. Identical sessions are given 7/26 and 8/9. **The Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation,** West 8th St. and Surf Ave., Coney Island. (718-265-3474). $20.

Fire!—Junior fire-fighting enthusiasts will enjoy a chance to look at both toys and equipment from earlier eras. An exhibit called "Reflecting Reality: Toys, Lamps, and Lanterns From the New York City Fire Museum" is on view 7/14 to 9/15, Tues. to Sun. 10 to 4, and Thurs. evenings to 9 in July and August. **PaineWebber Art Gallery,** 1285 Ave. of the Americas, bet. 51st and 52nd Streets. Admission by suggested donation is $1 for children under 12, $2 for students and seniors; general admission $4.

Bookish—Delve into books made by artists, as well as sketches and mock-ups that show the book-making process. Then make one of your own with materials provided. The exhibit, "Children's Books by Artists," is at **Printed Matter** 7/8 through 8/26. Hours are Tues. to Fri. 10 to 6, Sat. 11 to 7. 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).



"50 Ways to Fool Your Mother"—A children's concert brings to a close the citywide **Just For Fun** Festival. Host Bill Harley, a regular commentator on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered," may be known to your children as the singer of the pint-size hit "Grown-ups Are Strange." Also performing: Dan Crow, Mr. Al, Anna Moo, and Dana. 7/16 at 3. Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West (718-855-7882); requested contribution $3.

Worldwide Web—**The Gumbling Gryphons** engage audience members in a riverside performance of West African and Caribbean folktales about *Anansi the Trickster Spider,* with masks, singing, chanting, and some trickery of their own. 7/15 at 6. Hudson River Park, Battery Park City Warren St. at the river (267-9700). ◉●

Fanfair—Catch views of the Manhattan skyline from a Ferris wheel known as the Gentle Giant and from the top of scarier rides too—the Thunderbolt, Tornado, and Tomahawk. **The Roosevelt Island Family Fair** is 7/13 to 7/21, Mon. through Thurs. 5 to 11, Fri. and Sat. noon to midnight, Sun. noon to 11. Just north of the tram on Roosevelt Island (832-4540). Gen. admission $2; $1 children under 10.◉

Time Again—A musical for children called **The History Mystery,** performed by a cast of children ages 8 to 17, takes the audience on a journey backward in time, where they meet the likes of Martin Luther King Jr., the Wright Brothers, and Benjamin Franklin. Suitable for ages 3 to adult. Opens 7/14. Performances through 8/13 are Mon., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2 and Sat. at 1 and 3, with additional performances Sun. 7/16 and 8/13 at 1 and 3. TADA!, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are $6 for children, $12 for adults.

Happening

Hook, Line, and Hoping

A lot of the city kids who dangle their skinny borrowed bamboo rods into Brooklyn's Prospect Park Lake during the annual Fishing Contest angle the way they would play a game of schoolyard tag. A squeal of triumph goes up if a fish nibbles at the bait and swims away, as though physical contact alone were the goal. But tugging the fish out of the water has its rewards, too, and prizes are given out in many categories, including "Most fish caught by an angler 5 years of age and under." July 18 to 22, 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; north end of the lake at the Rustic Shelter near Wollman Center. Anyone under 16 can participate. Groups of five or more should pre-register by calling 718-287-3400. Free.

Photograph by Mary Gregg; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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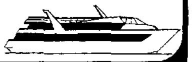

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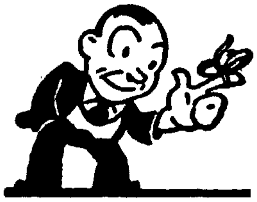

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Very Successful Entrepreneur, 33—Handsome, stable, 5'10", good build, boater, leading an interesting life - wishes to love a truly beautiful younger woman who is sincere, humorous, and looking for a comfortable life. Photo/note. 8426 ✉

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Petite Pleasure—Jewish, 37, green eyes, long legs, playful, pampering, pretty perfectionist - seeks savvy, stylish, secure man. Photo a must. 8413 ✉

A Bergen County Beauty—46, tall, nonsmoking Jewish professional, widow, financially secure, with two grown, wonderful kids. I work out every day and love playing cards and laughter. In search of over-40, nonsmoking Jewish mensch, intelligent, educated, tall and classy. You are successful and love people and life. Please send photo with note. 8475 ✉

Special Man Seeks Special Woman—Accomplished, 57, classy, loves arts, cafes Knicks, Sunday Times, romantic settings. My good looks, wit, laughter, caring and sensitive being wishes to share the adventures of life with a woman of substance, objective beauty - slim. Be kind, caring, sexy, sensual and bright...and we have a match. Photo, please. 8449 ✉

Like A Fine Wine—Jewish female physician, 42, very attractive, wide range of interests, seeking intelligent, successful, confident man with senses of adventure and humor, to experience what life has to offer. Note/photo/phone. 8485 ✉

Affluent, Artistic, Loving LI Exec—41, never married, fit, athletic and cultured, seeks petite, fit, active and marriage-minded lady, 20s-30s, so we can spoil each other rotten. Photo appreciated. 8447 ✉

I'm Too Sexy For These Ads—Too sexy by far. Attractive, single Jewish male, 31, surgeon, with sense of humor, seeks bright, beautiful, slim, in-shape, single Jewish female, 24-32, to share all that life has to offer. Note/phone/photo. 8439 ✉ ☎

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Attractive, Shapely Blond—46, seeks man for intimacy, fun, humor, great home cooking, sharing "stuff", etc. 8342 ✉

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Broadcast News By Day—Carnegie, the Met by night. Pretty, slim, savvy lady seeks handsome professional man, 45-59, for Bach and beyond. Note/photo. 8441 ✉

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Handsome And Genuine—Jewish guy, 43, 5'8", attorney, many interests, seeks slender Jewish gal, 30-40, 5'3" plus, easy-going, with sense of humor, for fun times, lasting relationship. Photo. 8241 ✉ ☎

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Sincere Guy In Slick Single World—Handsome, 5'8", 160, 51 (looks 45), man - college teacher/successful CEO, seeks attractive, slim, sensitive, under-45, educated female whose interests range from museums to moonlight dinners leading to serious relationship. Send recent photo/note/phone number. 8399 ✉

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Special Lady—5'3", 122 lbs, long auburn hair, big brown eyes and a great smile. I'm warm and charming, pleasant, generous and sweet yet intelligent, with good values, sophisticated, down-to-earth and witty - former business owner, Jewish (you need not be). I am seeking an entrepreneur/CEO or professional-type gentleman (38-59/under 5'11") for a lasting relationship. Enjoy: theater, restaurants, sports, travel, etc. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 8401 ✉

Not Just Another Pretty Face—Independent, loving, bright, divorced woman, looking for a smart, caring male partner, 45-55, to share life's ups and downs. Must love hugs as much as I do. Note/phone/photo. 8298 ✉

Successful Businessman—Seeking slim, attractive Asian woman in her 30s, to share fine dining, NY nightlife and Hamptons. I am 45, 5'10", Jewish, slim and handsome. Photo, please. 8309 ✉

Older Woman Wanted—Single white male, extremely attractive, financially independent. You: 62 plus, sexy, alluring. Phone/photo. 8415 ✉

Man Of Your Dreams—Blue-eyed, very handsome, great body, sophisticated and rugged, educated, successful Jewish businessman who is sensitive, caring, humorous and serious - looking for a female, 18-35, petite, pretty, sophisticated and sexy, for friendship and possible future. Note and photo a must! 8319 ✉

Very Attractive Asian Beauty—27, 5'4", 110 lbs, smart, professional, loves to work out, looking for a nice (inside and out), tall guy, for friendship and possibly more. Note/phone/photo. 8424 ✉

My Aim Is True—Handsome, romantic, very successfully self-employed, single Jewish male, 36, lives north Jersey. Very fit - loves travel, biking, camping, candlelit dinners, holding hands, sunsets from mountaintops and long weekend getaways. I don't wish to have children, but value family and friends greatly. Seek bright woman with sunny outlook, who is athletic, attractive, has similar interests and wants commitment. Note/photo please. 8432 ✉

Gay Lady—Seeks pretty woman for pretty gay times. 8465 ✉ ☎

Sweetheart Seeks Braveheart—Classic, energetic beauty seeks great guy, 40s, warm, funny, fit, successful. 8443 ✉

Handsome Judge—Athletic, intellectual, artistic, seeks pretty, slim Jewish professional, 35-45, with similar interests. Photo a must. 8466 ✉

Successful, Humorous—Good-looking entrepreneur seeks 35-45-year-old woman who appreciates discovering life but values simplicity. You are a fit nonsmoker, health-conscious woman. Photo. 8417 ✉

Considerate, Sincere—Professional Jewish male with traditional values seeks kind, down-to-earth female to 38, to enjoy the gift of love in marriage and family. Photo appreciated. 8469 ✉

Gay White Female—PhD, 43, financially independent, tall, shapely and attractive, looking for a musician to enjoy my biggest pleasure - music. I love Clapton, Cohen, Dylan, Petty, Seeger...among others. East Hampton and FL residences. 8453 ✉

Share With Me—Fine restaurants. Enjoy tennis, biking and long walks. I'm 45 and seeking male, 40-50, to share the fun. Photo please. 8472 ✉ ☎

Investment Banker—47, tall, handsome, seeks affectionate female companion to share international travel, dining, romance. You should be bright, sophisticated, attractive, adventurous, 25-35, with flexible schedule. Note/photo/phone. 8456 ✉

Frequent Traveler—Pretty, auburn-haired, slim, late-30s lady, international fashion media executive, never married, at home at corporate dinners and family barbecues. You are confident and successful, with a great sense of humor. At present, I spend part of my time in Asia, so I hope you enjoy great Eastern cuisines served in lush tropical settings. Note/photo. 8446 ✉ ☎

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New York Magazine Party
2 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door. Tickets may be purchased at the door for $40.

For more information, please call "Strictly Personals" information line only at 212-545-3668

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Oscar-Winning Smile—Fast-moving film finance executive, eager to meet his leading lady. Harvard undergraduate and MBA - financially independent, active runner and rollerblader with the physique to prove it, eager for the right relationship to share life's excitement and riches. Note/photo. 8458 ✉

Classy Asian Lady—MD, 33, 5'5", slim, athletic, beautiful, feminine, loving, family-oriented. Seeks a fit, tall, very successful, intelligent, ambitious, caring man, 30-45. Photo essential. 8450 ✉

Wanted:—A mensch to love and cherish - by attractive, spontaneous, slim, Jewish-British widow, 52, 5'5", central NJ. If you love life and are looking for a serious long-term relationship, please reply with phone and photo. 8264 ✉

Romantic, Single White Male, 38-50—Desired by single black female, 37, warm smile, lover of life. We are affectionate, available, professional, financially secure, fit. Let's enjoy life! 8461 ✉ ☎

Extremely Selective—Single white male - 36, great-looking, blue-eyed Ivy Leaguer, seeks a long-term relationship with a sharp, sarcastic, slim, beautiful lady, any race. Nonsmoking. Photo! 8454 ✉

I'll Never Kiss And Tell—Because I am a true gentleman - Westchester, (914), handsome, tall, trim and fit, athletic, well-groomed, educated, successful professional in my 40s. I love boating, vacation travel, riding, nature and outdoors. I'm seeking a beautiful (inside and outside), slender woman, in excellent physical and mental condition, a nonsmoker - who is unencumbered, free-spirited and is ready for an honest, monogamous relationship leading to marriage. All replies with recent photo/note/phone will be answered. 8474 ✉ ☎

40s, Divorced Male—5'8", handsome (really), nonsmoking, brown/brown, olive skin, biceps and broad shoulders, north Jersey boy, into fitness, dancing, good conversation. In search of single, divorced female, nonsmoking, 28-40, shapely, beautiful in and out. Photo please. 8407 ✉ ☎

Attractive LI Male—Widower, 58, Jewish (nonreligious), stockbroker... secure financially, fit physically and emotionally, wide range of interests, well-built, 5'8", athletic - seeks attractive woman for a long-term, caring relationship. Photo appreciated. 8486 ✉ ☎

Long-Legged, Blue-Eyed Jewish DDS—Bright, caring, honest and successful woman (5'11", 33). I enjoy tennis, traveling, biking, fine dining and the Hamptons. Seek a tall, professional nonsmoker - Jewish male with a big heart (30-44). Note/photo (please). 8452 ✉

Reformed Loner Seeks Match—Jewish male, 35, 6'4", 180, fit, environmental attorney, bright, strong but shy, into guitar, sports, outdoors, laughing. You: 25-32, 5'6" or up, slim, sharp, down-to-earth go-getter. Note/photo. 8410 ✉

Pretty, Educated, Cultured—Green-eyed, 30, 5'6", slender, Ivy League. I love travel, adventure cycling, literature, the arts... And you? Photo. 8451 ✉

Gay White Professional—38, 6', athletic/muscular build, handsome, successful, fun, passionate, seeks upbeat, sincere, healthy, fit, vital, established nonsmoker, 34-44, who desires a long-term relationship. Letter/photo. 8402 ✉

Intrigued On CPW—Slender, green-eyed blond, 5'4", 40, with a good set of genes and eclectic tastes, would like to meet an attractive, smart, warm, fun and humorous man, 35-45. If you enjoy outdoor activities as much an evening at the theater, and are wondering, as I am, whether these "mating calls" can lead to something meaningful, please reply with note and photo. 8463 ✉

33, Single Jewish Male, Physician—New to town, seeking single Jewish female, 20-31, who is professional, intelligent, thin, outgoing, pretty and lots of fun. 8429 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—Healthy, trim, good-looking professional. Likes travel, walks, movies, dinner parties. Looking for same. Me: 46. You: 35-50. Send photo. 8448 ✉ ☎

Handsome Physician—44, 6'2", Jewish, fit, widower. Golf, tennis, working out a plus. Seeks Jewish woman, 32-40, 5'6"-5'10", slender, beautiful figure, intelligent, athletic, affectionate, sincere, for lifetime of fun and romance. Note/photo please. 8436 ✉ ☎

Woman To Woman—Very pretty, spirited, successful, cultured, West Side, 50ish professional woman seeks feminine, high-powered, warmhearted, 40-50ish East Sider. 8105 ✉

Handsome Physician, 42—Sincere and adventurous, world traveler, seeking emotionally and physically fit, attractive, nonsmoking woman, 20s or 30s, who is satisfied with herself and life. Let's see what may develop. Note/photo. 8479 ✉

Juliet, Juliet, Wherefore Art Thou?—Romantic, creative, humorous, handsome Ivy-educated Jewish Romeo, 29, seeks ambitious, caring, petite Juliet - for picnics in the park, walks along the shore and candlelit dinners for two. Note/photo. 8427 ✉ ☎

The Only Honest Woman In NYC—All these other women lie! It's no fun being a superwoman and alone! I am very pretty, petite, blond Jewish divorcee, 45, from northern NJ, who likes taking care of a man. I have a bubbly, fun personality. My idea of exercise is going for a massage and a manicure! I am well worth getting to know. I am tired of fix-ups and would really like to meet someone sophisticated, kind, funny and cute, who is looking to share a comparable life style with me. No games! Letter/phone/photo. 8391 ✉

Handsome Professor/Novelist—40. Great athletic build. Seeks tall, Rubenesque lady. Photo. 8433 ✉

Good-Looking Professional Man—27, 5'11", French upbringing, seeks single white female, 23-30, to share life's pleasures. Photo with your note. 8457 ✉

Gay Woman, A Class Act—38, smart, sophisticated, pretty, feminine, accomplished and highly educated professional with passion and quick wit. My loves include jazz, bookstores, small creatures, meringue, the ocean, intense conversation. I seek an emotionally compelling, bright and attractive woman, 35-45, a kindred spirit, for a serious yet playful relationship. 8459 ✉

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Very Pretty Blond—5'4", blue eyes, 138 lbs, 38 - feisty, intelligent, great sense of humor, spontaneous, somewhat sophisticated, passionate and romantic... seeking same in a single male. 8409 ✉ ☎

Stunning, West Side, Green-Eyed—Blond beauty, tan, great body, warm soul, 5'3" - loves tennis, rollerblading. Seeks Jewish male, 40-50, handsome, full head of hair, soul mate, ready for relationship, respect and passion. Photo/note. 8431 ✉

University Professor With Tenure—Seeks bright career lady. I am Jewish, affluent, athletic and come from a distinguished NJ family of authors. Like writing health and medical articles/books. Would love to meet an MD, JD, PhD, MBA or similar type, 30-39, who seeks marriage with future children. Also love flying planes, composing music, NYC treasures. 8473 ✉ ☎

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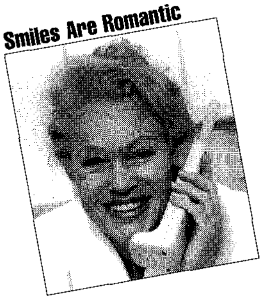

Dr. Dorfman graduated with honors from the University of Pennsylvania. He has edited many dental articles, journals and *text books. He is a member of Mensa* and the American Dental Association.

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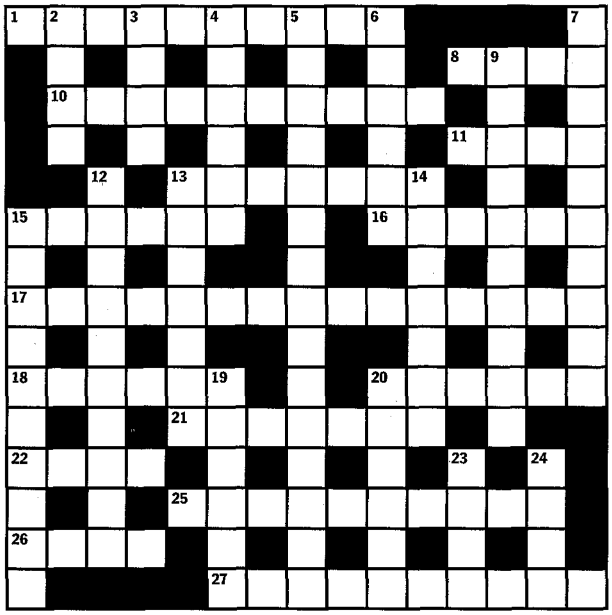
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Arrives carrying papers and concentrates. (10)
8 I play the part of a novice and people adore me. (4)
10 Writing formed from pretty pictures in miniature. (10)
11 Woman who has her place in the heart of selfish people. (4)
13 Range provided by writer which the muses follow. (7)
15 Covers walls with lots of questions. (6)
16 Church dignitary discovers cross in unstarted quest. (6)
17 Give me brainy priests for conversion to this religion. (15)
18 Read part of London into the ceremony. (6)
20 Get up when the dances go crazy. (6)
21 A cockney got up about four and was inclined to wear out. (7)
22 Consumption of energy needed in race. (4)
25 Office in which one has a language in one's head. (10)
26 Something to wear which may be seen in the window. (4)
27 An experiment in moistures gives signs of time. (4-6)



DOWN

2 Bad language used in employing a coat hanger. (4)
3 Fails in a test for marks of rank. (4)
4 Comes after although the United Nations sees it differently. (6)
5 Objecting to the psychiatrist, but it does wash! (6-9)
6 Lying on her back a girl is without something to fix her clothes. (6)
7 Helps me when involved with the bad and accursed. (10)
9 Resolves to stop means of production. (10)
12 Posh part of shoe caught by girl. (5-5)
13 Rattle on about old boy being concerned with will. (7)
14 Wide area of water where vessels are in the river. (7)
15 Daily to follow for sport. (5-5)
19 Royal currency needed for mission. (6)
20 Is of service when a verse is not fit. (6)
23 Woman with two degrees. (4)
24 Look upwards to practise conservatism. (4)

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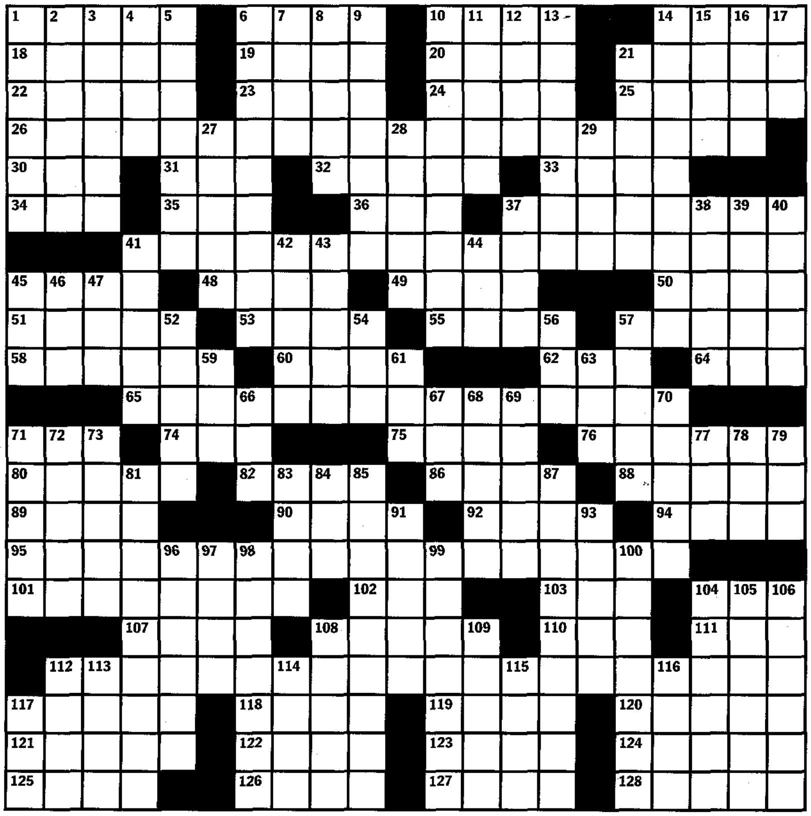
'Fractured Hemingway': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Fail to harmonize
6 Elephant's child
10 "Ask —— questions . . ."
14 Old Glory
18 Oscar de la ——
19 False witness
20 Nonpareil
21 Perfume give-off
22 South America's "backbone"
23 "I'm in" bet
24 Partner of null
25 Stubborn critters
26 Exposé of model agencies?
30 Uno plus due
31 Daughter of Cadmus
32 Swelling
33 Deliver a diatribe
34 Pine tree's relative
35 Soviet abbr.
36 Hurray, to José
37 Neighborhoods
41 Book about offshore drilling?
45 Hawaiian island
48 Adjust the piano
49 WW II battle town
50 Collar accessory
51 State of India
53 Has an evening meal
55 Tonto's "Kemo ——"
57 Printers' directions
58 Little angel
60 Emit fumes
62 By way of
64 Cry of discovery
65 Essay about getting off welfare?
71 Sch. affiliate
74 Make a stab at
75 Suffer audibly
76 "Nightline" newsman
80 Fra Filippo ——
82 Tool for a duel
86 Get ready, for short
88 Main artery
89 —— extra cost
90 Start of a Shakespearean title
92 Teasdale or Delano
94 Frog's acquaintance
95 Success story about filial correspondence?
101 Idol worshipers
102 French business abbr.
103 Oxford tutor
104 Attraction at Bath
107 Dramatis personae
108 Having surges of wind
110 Plus
111 Rocky hill
112 Novel subtitled "No Eating After Lunch"?
117 Actress Winger
118 "The Time Machine" people
119 Scat!
120 Better than a birdie
121 Gridiron measurements
122 Jotted reminder
123 Troupe's trip
124 Mata Hari's colleagues
125 Greek god of love
126 British carbine
127 Hurok and Linowitz
128 Future plants

DOWN

1 Cunning
2 "The Raven" maiden
3 Fergie's prince
4 Goulash, e.g.
5 Cannabis product
6 Noisy
7 "—— We Got Fun?"
8 Machine tool
9 Liberty
10 Symphony divisions
11 Name on the A-bomber
12 Singer Sedaka
13 Instructed the waiter
14 Like the most productive orchards
15 Be a couch potato
16 Brothers of songdom
17 What limos guzzle
21 "—— of Sundays": Updike
27 First symptoms
28 Lugosi, et al.
29 Diplomat's asset
37 Elitist
38 Prefix with porosis
39 Opposite of o'er
40 Unverified assertion
41 Kin of a crown
42 Harden to hardships
43 Pepe ——, cartoon skunk
44 In the style of
45 Fleetwood ——
46 Lenten Wednesday
47 Employ
52 Civvies
54 Observe
56 Memorable Gabor
57 Where Pago Pago is
59 Tippler's oasis
61 Airline to Amsterdam
63 Kind
66 Nursery-rhyme "pocketful"
67 Prune a tree
68 Anklebones
69 —— a time (singly)
70 Leopard's markings
71 Poet Sylvia
72 Tax to the church
73 Temporary breath stoppage
77 For
78 Scheduled-plane info.
79 Terhune dog
81 Mail from vacationers
83 Buddies
84 Some B'klyn trains
85 Art of public speaking
87 Rapacious ones
91 Rustling sound
93 In unison
96 Tara family
97 Hatching place
98 National hymns
99 Gives a second exam
100 Divest of clothing
104 Cheap cigar
105 Contributed to a common fund
106 "Gunsmoke" star
108 Folklore dwarf
109 Rodeo yell
112 Precious
113 Longest river of Spain
114 "—— a Song Go . . ."
115 Baseball mishit
116 Scruff
117 Hide the gray



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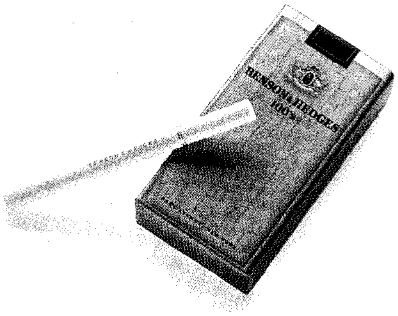

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